he Saturday Evening Post · October 8, 1966 · 35c

POST

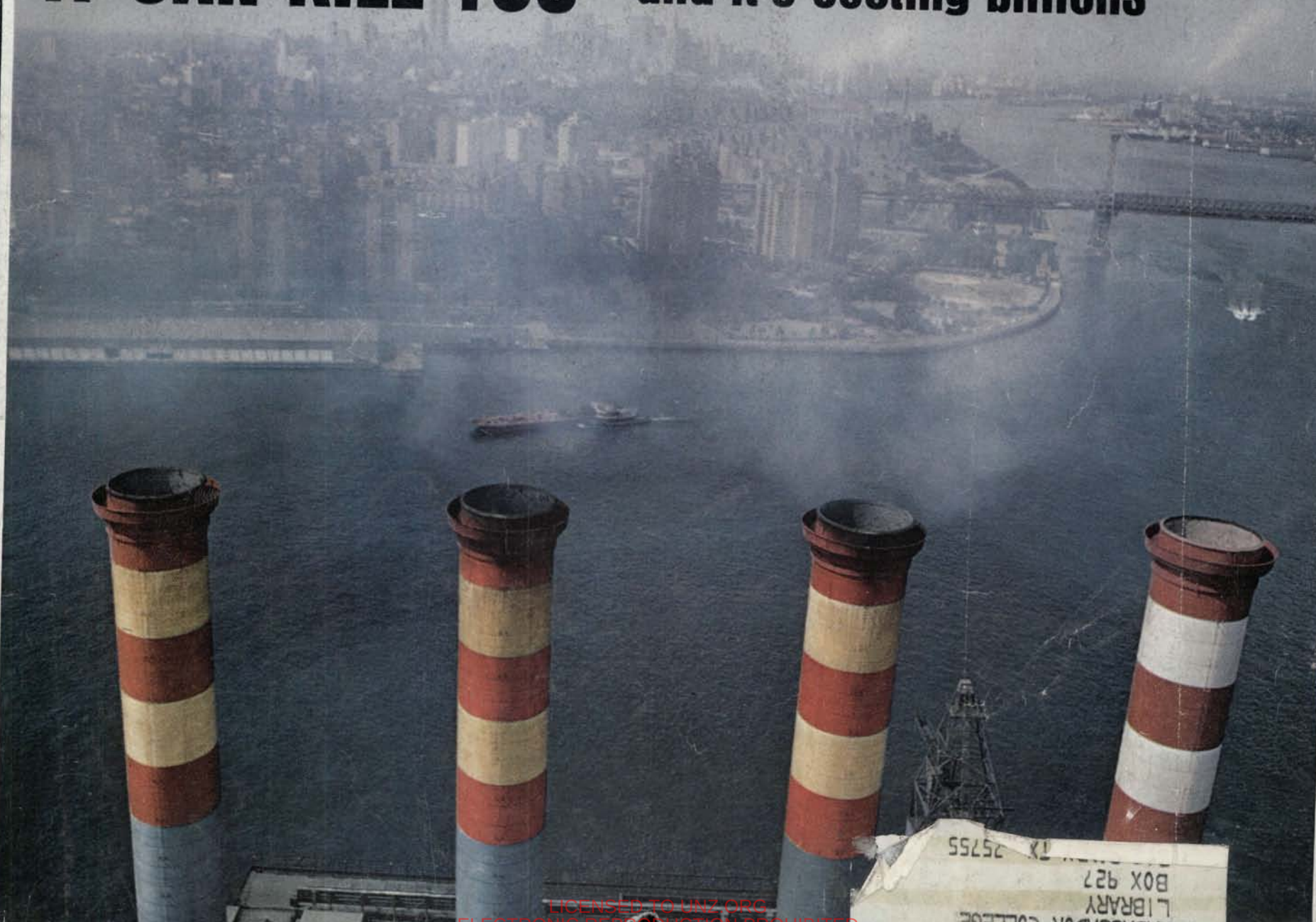
A doctor argues we should legalize
ABORTIONS

Part 2 THE POWER OF
LYNDON JOHNSON

GIRLS in search of HUSBANDS

The national scandal of
AIR POLLUTION

IT CAN KILL YOU—and it's costing billions



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air pollution.
Doctors check effects
of smog pumped into
eyes and nose

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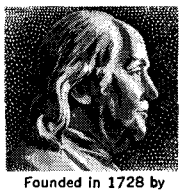
The Saturday Evening
POST



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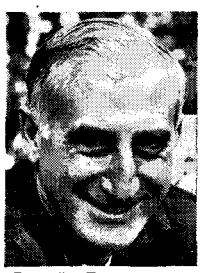

Ben H. Bagdikian

Sally Reukauf and John Launois

BEN H. BAGDIKIAN, author of the story on air pollution, says his chief advantage for this particular article is that he possesses the largest nose of anyone on The *Post* staff. In 1962, living in Washington, D.C., Bagdikian and his family all developed symptoms which they passed off as hay fever or asthma. While doing the pollution story four years later, he learned that in 1962 the whole eastern part of the country had been in the middle of a large-scale "inversion"—an acute pollution problem. Working with Bagdikian were photographer JOHN LAUNOIS and *Post* story manager SALLY REUKAUF. TREVOR ARMBRISTER, a contributing writer, gives full credit for his profile of Oskar Werner to photographer PHILIPPE HALSMAN. Preferring "discussions with friends" to interviews, the actor could converse with Halsman on such topics as Nietzsche and Schopenhauer. Armbrister gleaned much of his material while listening to the talk./Cover photo by JOHN LAUNOIS.

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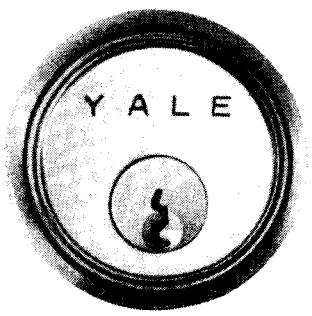

Peace core

Don't ask for trouble. Ask for Yale.

Letters

Issue over issue

Editors:

Never have I read such a wide variety of interesting articles as appeared in your August 27 issue. All the way from religion, politics, the Beatles, a murder trial to sports. What more could a reader want?

IRVING C. KEENE
Hope, Maine

Gentlemen:

Pictures and pictures and stories of the Bumbling Beatles, 12 pages on the trial of Candy, plus nothing much before or after except two stories that I have no time to read. Did the whole force go on vacation just before this issue?

MARTHA ROBERTS
Denver, Colo.

Dear Sir:

I am truly disappointed in the August 27 issue. First of all, what do the thinking people care about the Beatles? What inspiration have I received from reading a rehash of the Mossler-Mel murder trial? And while I have nothing against the Kennedys and Johnsons, we get fed up with their publicity and pictures in every magazine we oper.

MRS. W. GRAY WILLIAMS
Rocky Mount, N. C.

Dear Sir:

I should like you to know that the August 27 issue of the *Post* is one of—no, [it is] the finest magazine I have ever read. From stem to stern it was superior.

J. B. TANNISH
Ashtabula, Ohio

"Beatlesse"

Sirs:

Manolete and Carlos Arruza would surely turn in their graves if they could see the "cuadrilla" on your August 27 cover. A quartet of clowns, if I ever saw one.

D. MARTINEZ
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sir:

"Here they are again—the Beatles." So reads the cover of the August 27 issue. Why??? Especially when one of the Beatles recently stated: "The Beatles are more popular than Jesus." Such irreverence! Such irreverence!! Such irreverence!!!

STEPHEN TADIE
Peoria, Ill.

And this is merry old England,
The home of the Beat and the Mod,
Where the Queen gives high rank to Beatles,
And the Beatles out-rank even God.

PAT FOX
Maryville, Tenn.

Dear Sir:

The Beatles' lack of respect never disturbs me; it's the absence of talent that hurts.

CHARLES G. WOLFE
Grafton, W. Va.

Gentlemen:

James Morris's article on the Beatle Movement was, by far, one of the most beautifully written and warmly honest summaries of the effects these four have produced that I have read to date. [THE MONARCHS OF THE BEATLE EMPIRE, August 27].

GEORGIA BEACH
New York, N. Y.

Dear Post:

You have explained the marvelous feeling I have for them as I never could. I truly feel sorry for people who aren't their fans—they will never know the joy, the pure, swinging joy I get from knowing that there are the Beatles.

KATHY ELLIS
Lake Oswego, Oreg.

Dear Sir:

Mr. Morris brought out the honesty which these lads have maintained in their image: Mr. Morris's "beatlesse" could come to mean "uninhibited truthfulness."

PAUL CESEWSKI
Dundalk, Md.

How to pray

Dear Sir:

If we believe that God at least keeps pace with his creation, why do we pray as if He cannot understand the contemporary forces that seize, drive, delight, disgust and dissipate us, and in a syntax only Shakespeare would understand?

The Rev. Malcolm Boyd discusses a problem with which many more ministers are wrestling [OUR PRAYERS ARE MEANINGLESS, August 27]. I applaud his candor and share his struggle and discovery in this matter.

EDWIN R. LINCOLN, *Minister*
Cheshire, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

I hope Reverend Boyd's ideas help Jesus become a little more popular.

MRS. JAMES GARRISON
Albion, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

The *avant-garde* may be fine for some, but the whole of Christianity is not young. Christ may run with Reverend Boyd, but if he pauses and sits with the old, he is serving just as well another generation with another set of religious scruples and ideals.

CHERRIE DUBOIS
Reading, Mass.

Dear Editor:

I certainly do not agree with the Reverend Malcolm Boyd. I was taught to pray by rote at my Grandmother's knee, "Now I lay me down to sleep," which has stayed with me all of my life. I learned its meaning gradually.

MYRTLE ALDRICH
Roseville, Ill.

Gentlemen:

I said the prayer, "Are you running with me, Jesus?" and I knew I was really talking to God, and He really heard me. From now on my prayers are going to be "me"—not a dull chant I've repeated for years till there's no meaning, no love in them. Thank you, Father Boyd, and thank you, *Post*. You've done a lot for me.

LINDA DRUMMOND
Los Angeles, Calif.

Continued on page 10

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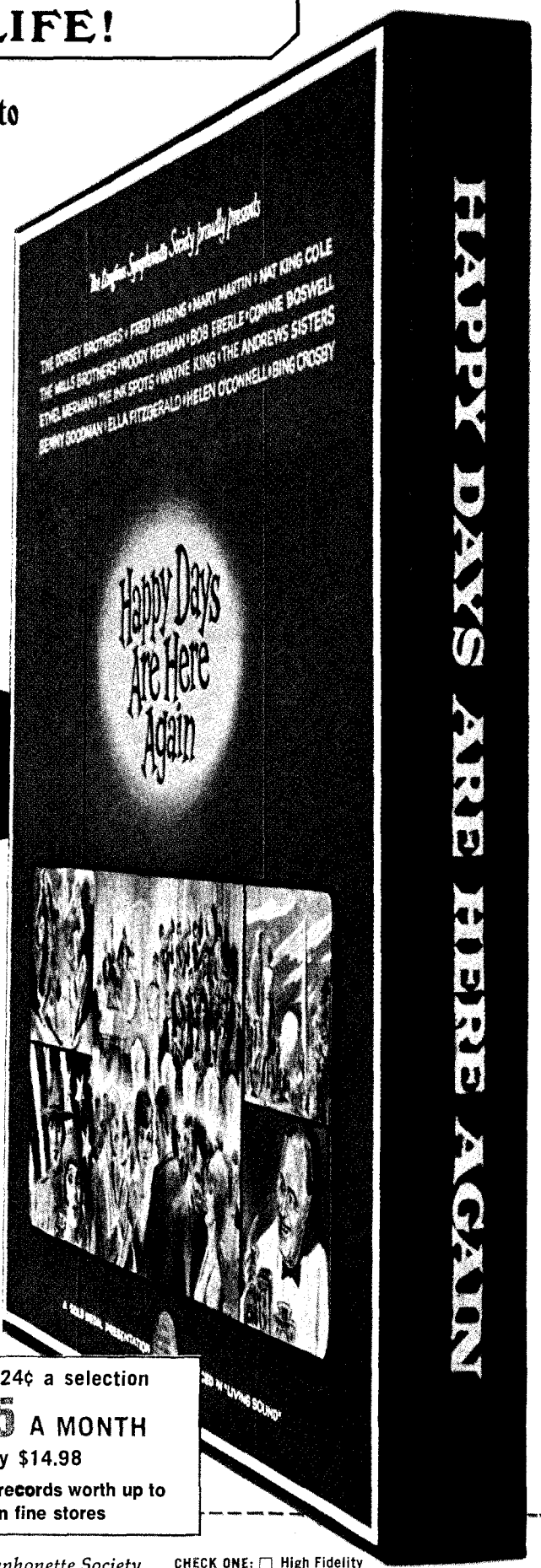
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What memories those performers and melodies bring back—and they are yours to keep, to cherish for years to come.

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The Modernaires	Chattanooga Choo Choo	Ted Weems	I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now
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Ted Lewis	3 O'Clock In The Morning	Sammy Kaye	Deep Purple

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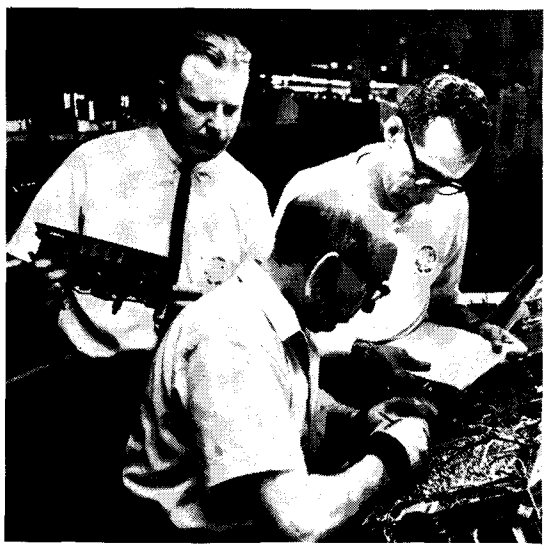

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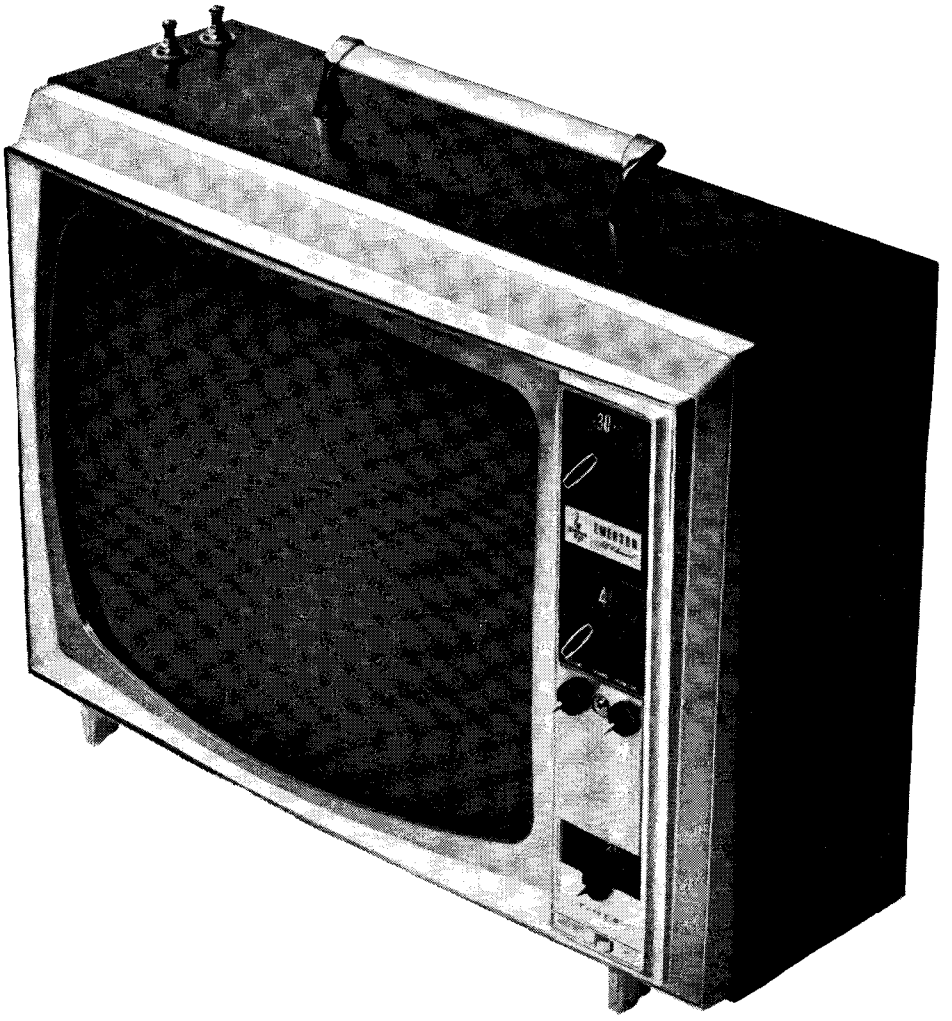

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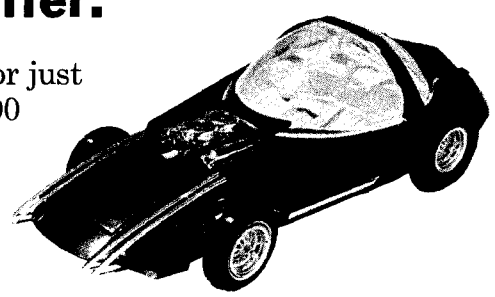

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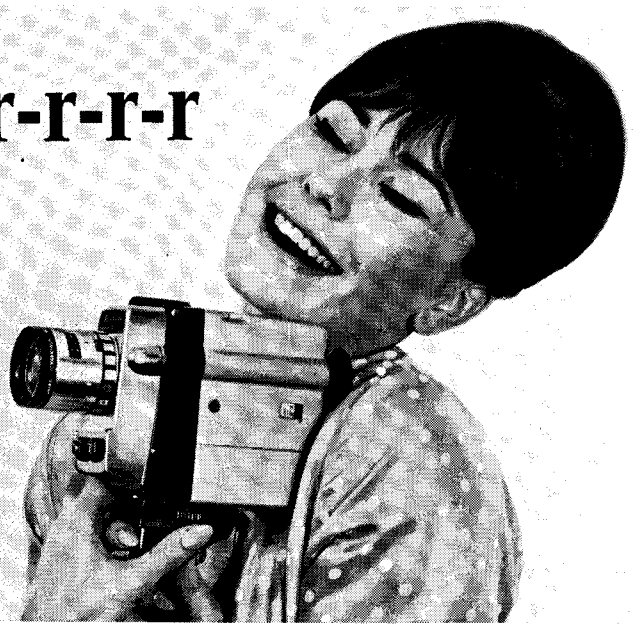

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Letters

Verdict for Candy and Mel

Sir:

You probably won't print this—but I found THE TRIALS OF CANDY AND MEL disgusting [by Lewis H. Lapham, August 27 and September 10]. Intelligent people who read your magazine can only be repulsed by this sordid garbage.

BONNE NESBITT
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Lewis Lapham's coverage of the trial of Candace Mossler and Melvin Powers moved me to commend his efforts to afford the public a very earthy and complete report.

MRS. LYNNE KOBRIN
Opa-locka, Fla.

Owl and Pussy-Cat

Dear Sirs:

What a gem of a cartoon [August 27 issue, p. 66]—the castaway sighting rescuers, and up sail the Owl and the Pussy-Cat. Shades of Edward Lear and our childhood.

MRS. JOHN COOK
Ridgewood, N. J.

Monster or masterpiece?

Gentlemen:

For sheer horror I have never read a better story than THE MASTER OF THE HOUNDS, by Algis Budrys [August 27]. A masterpiece.

ETHEL L. HUGHES
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Editors:

A singularly vicious and sadistic story! The impression of death by a brutish animal will stay with me for quite some time. I hope you are satisfied.

Algis Budrys has created a monster.

JANE ZIER
Seattle, Wash.

Life and death

Dear Sir:

Michael Shaara's IN THE MIDST OF LIFE [August 27] is one of the most frightening—and inspiring—true stories I have ever read. I recognized in myself many of the conditions which led to his "death." I have resolved to relax a bit more—that new book or scholarly article doesn't *have* to be ready next year—and to remember that I'm a human being, not a machine.

Thanks for printing this warning to us victims of the Age of Anxiety.

WADE H. HALL
Associate Professor of English
Kentucky Southern College
Louisville, Ky.

Dear Sir:

When Mr. Shaara said that the Intensive Care Room at Tallahassee Memorial Hospital was the "only place within at least 100 miles equipped to handle the problem," he was either misinformed or uninformed. The John D. Archbold Memorial Hospital is less than 35 miles away and we have had an Intensive Care Unit for four years. A cardiac arrest procedure has also been in effect for four years.

I feel sure that you could find a number of hospitals within Mr. Shaara's 100-mile radius equipped to give the same service.

EMILY R. JERGER
John D. Archbold Memorial Hospital
Thomasville, Ga.

Hurricane Bobby

Sir:

Although I respect Stewart Alsop as a writer, I just cannot believe he is serious in THE KENNEDY HURRICANE [August 27]. Robert Kennedy is certainly not regarded as a hurricane in this area nor among people from other areas with whom I have had contact. Rather, I find that he is generally regarded as something of an adolescent with inordinate political ambitions, admittedly very shrewd, with a grandiose conception of family dynasty but without ability.

H. ALAN DALE, SR.
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Editor:

A very good article by Stewart Alsop. Not only the United States but the whole world needs Robert Kennedy, his talents and leadership. The sooner he becomes our President, the better off we will be.

MRS. PETE BALESTRA
Campbell, Ohio

New Monopoly

Gentlemen:

Thanks to Normand Poirier, I now know how to play Monopoly the way it should be played. [PLEAD INSANITY AND SKIP THREE TURNS, August 27]. But one change: On space 18 after passing Go (now *Golden Leisure Housing Development*) let's build a house—come to think of it, let's build a whole subdivision—and name it *Poorhouses*. After income tax, clogged waterworks notwithstanding, that'll be home to me.

GERALD J. BAYLES
Hammond, Ind.

A.F.T. democracy

Dear Sir:

Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., in his article MCCARTHYISM IS THREATENING US AGAIN [August 13] refers to a teacher who was expelled from a local of the American Federation of Teachers. It is very difficult for the national union to intervene in such a matter, because membership in the A.F.T. is controlled by the local unions, which have a great deal of autonomy.

Although charges of unfair treatment of members by locals of the A.F.T. are extremely rare, we are now setting up a public review board to hear any such cases should they arise.

The A.F.T. has a long history of defense of the academic and civil rights of teachers, and there is no possibility that our attitudes will change now or in the future.

CHARLES COGEN
President, A.F.T.
Chicago, Ill.

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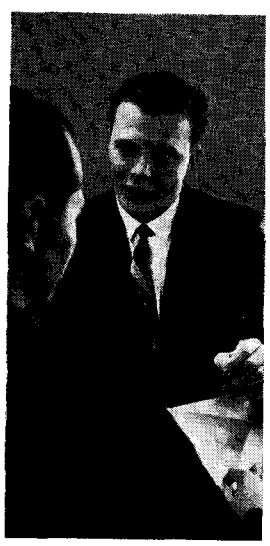
Paul Cummings, candymaker in Salt Lake City, shown here with one of the beavers he keeps on a beaver ranch in Farmington, Utah

"I could hit it big with beavers. Who needs life insurance!"

"But a MONY man pointed out how most of my investments were speculative... whereas life insurance is unique with its ironclad cash and protection values."



Paul Cummings talks it over with MONY man Spence Clark.

"'I'm looking for good investments,' I told MONY man Spence Clark. 'Like my beavers, or my candy business. I've got enough life insurance!'

"But Spence made me see things differently. He showed how life insurance is an investment, too. He told me the return I could about expect with MONY's favorable dividend history and low net cost. And how it gives protection for my wife and two daughters no matter what happened to my other investments.

"I was interested, so he planned a program for me. He pointed out how life insurance could help me take care of all the things I wanted...college for the kids, mortgage for our home, early retirement for me. I'm going to be very unhappy if I can't retire when I'm 50. But Spence has helped me see to that, too.

"I really feel Spence has paid as much attention to me after I bought as before. Which reflects great credit on him and his company, MONY."

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'67 Dodge Coronet

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And on this side is a very expensive-looking automobile. It just looks expensive. This is Monaco. When you figure everything that comes standard with Monaco, it's less expensive than some cars to which you have to add all the extras, at extra cost. Let's start inside. Choose from lavish cloth-and-vinyl upholstery on the 4-door sedan or all-vinyl on hardtops. With the Monaco 500, choose bucket seats with center console or bucket seats with a center cushion and pull-down armrest for a third passenger. Now, just so we don't bore you with lists, we'll just say that Monaco has everything from lush carpeting and padded instrument panel to illuminated ignition switch and ashtray light. And . . . retractable front lap belts . . . sorry, we got carried away. So will you. Especially with its vigorous 383-cu.-in. V8 at your command. '67 Monaco. A big reason for coming our way. The Dodge Rebellion wants you.

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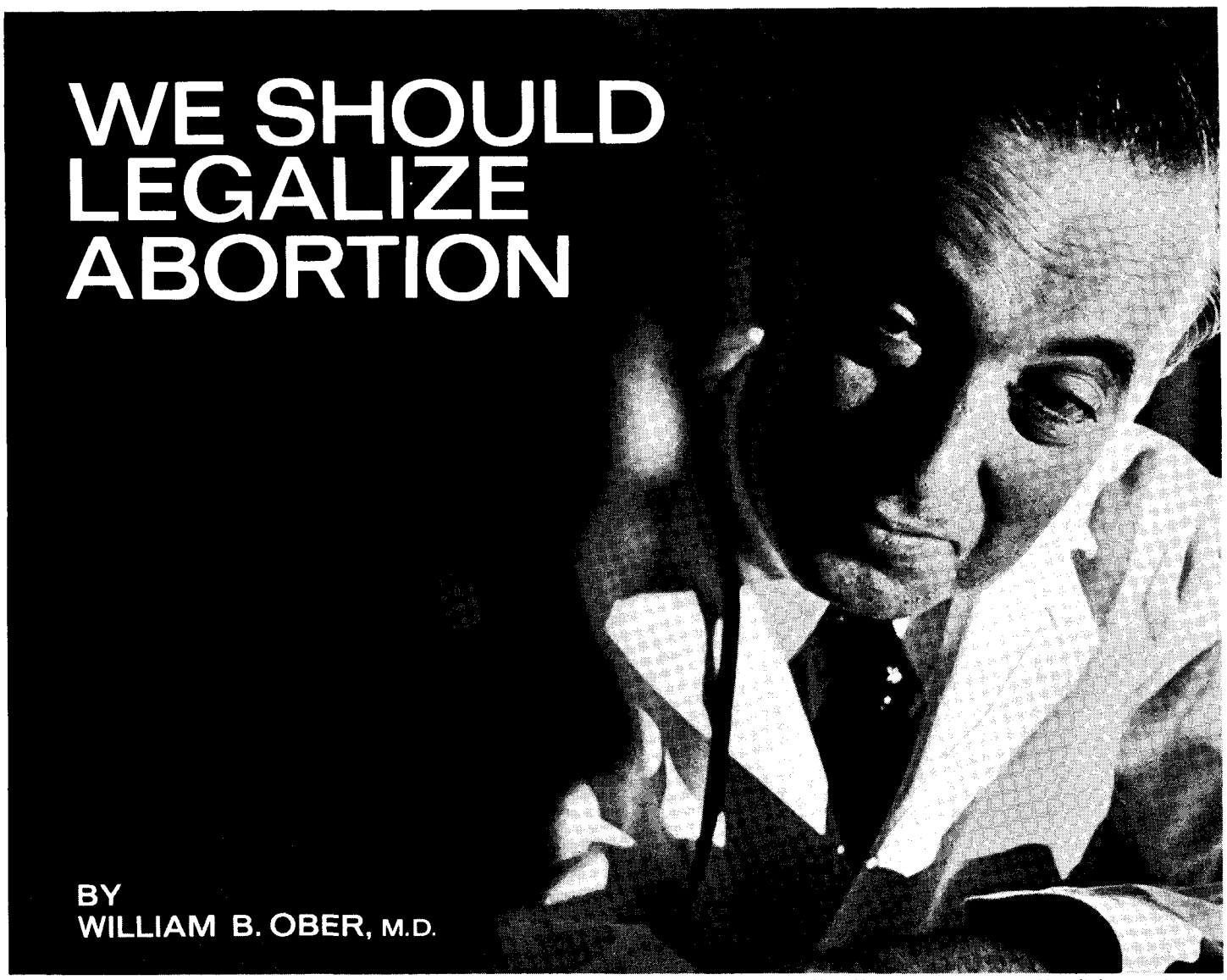
WE SHOULD LEGALIZE ABORTION



BY
WILLIAM B. OBER, M.D.

The author is director of laboratories at New York's Knickerbocker Hospital, consultant to the Margaret Sanger Research Bureau and the New York Fertility Institute, associate professor of pathology at New York Medical College and a diplomate of the American Board of Pathology.

I have been a doctor for 20 years and it has become more and more obvious to me that our moral and legal attitudes toward abortion are absurd. Even our usual idea of the woman who wants an abortion is foolish—a stereotype: the small-town girl who comes to the city and meets a slicker, the unchaste woman who cares only about escaping the consequences of her frivolity, *et cetera*. In fact, according to estimates from reputable sources, 800,000 abortions are performed in this country each year on married women who are already the mothers of two or more children. In all, a million abortions are performed annually, more than 99 percent of them illegally. I submit that these women are the victims of irrational doctrines and have a claim on our sympathies and also the right to all the help their doctors can give them.

What, for example, should a human being with medical skill do when he is confronted with a case like this? Mrs. Fletcher is 34, very happily married for 12 years, mother of a boy and a girl. Three years after their girl was born she became pregnant again, but the baby died during the fifth month and her uterus had to be emptied. She then developed a serious infection, was critically ill for six weeks, and had to undergo painful medical treatment for a year and a half. As a result she became deeply fearful of having another pregnancy. Mrs. Fletcher and her husband practiced contraception, but now, some seven years later, she finds herself pregnant again, and she is terrified. For two weeks she has cried; she cannot stand the sight of her children.

Should the doctor prescribe a tranquilizer, pat her on the back and assure her that she will grow to love the new baby? Should he refer her to a psychiatrist? Mrs. Fletcher is not psychotic and she is too intelligent to be taken in by such halfway measures. After some polite verbal sparring, Mr. Fletcher, who has been in the waiting room, comes out with what has been on everyone's mind: "Doctor, isn't there some way in which she could have an abortion?" Sorry, old chap, not legally.

Miss Jones is even less organized. She is 14. She is loved by her family, does well in school and doesn't even date regularly as yet. But she is pregnant by a man old enough to be her father, a friend of her father's, a perfectly reputable businessman who drove her home from a baby-sitting chore after he'd been at a party. He is not an evil man and he isn't sure how it happened and, obviously, neither is she. Is the doctor actually supposed to tell Miss Jones that she must bear that child?

The question posed by such cases is to what extent society should subordinate individual human values to the codes it has inherited from generations with somewhat different values, different goals, and certainly a different role assigned to women. State and church use "moral" objections to prevent abortions, and yet permit some abortions. I submit that there is no moral difference among abortions, whether the fetus is the result of rape, incest or rich conjugal love. By what right does state or church claim a jurisdiction superior to that of the woman involved in pregnancy? I believe that every woman should be able to have an unwanted pregnancy aborted at her own request, subject only to the consent of her husband and the advice of her physician.

It is almost axiomatic that one cannot legislate morality, and also that one of the best ways to get rid of an unpopular law is to enforce it rigidly. The lack of humanity in such an approach is made evident by the fact that although we occasionally prosecute an abortionist, the woman involved is never brought to book as an accomplice. As usual, when medical problems, legal statutes and social forces intersect with a question involving sex, there is a great deal of hypocrisy. We say one thing in public but we mean another, and we certainly do something quite different in private.

The abortion laws, which make it a felony to cause the "unlawful" interruption of a pregnancy, have a rather strange and little-known history. The New Testament is silent on the subject, and the prohibition of abortion by the Christian Church appears to derive from the Sixth Commandment. But the situation is not really that simple. Aristotle, who incidentally had recommended abortion "when couples have children in excess," laid down the dogma that life did not begin and so abortion was permissible until "quickening," when the mother felt life in the womb. This did not happen, according to Aristotelian law, until after 40 days in the case of male infants and 80 days in female infants. This 40-day, 80-day rule was preserved in the Justinian Code of the 6th century (though how practitioners could distinguish between embryos is not revealed) and it dominated European abortion laws until the 19th century. The Roman Catholic Church maintained the 40-80 rule from 1244 to 1869, and only then were all abortions prohibited by the church. In Anglo-Saxon law, abortion was an ecclesiastical offense, not a criminal one, until the reign of George III, and the statutes enacted in the late 18th and early 19th centuries still distinguished between an abortion procured before quickening and one performed later. It was not until 1861 that England passed legislation against abortion without respect to the time of gestation, and American policy was modeled after the British. The shifting ground of both church and state law makes it plain that such laws are not God-given and immutable.

One senses in these shifting laws both Puritanism and the attitude that women and children are chattels, a man's property. They are punitive; they seem to say to the pregnant woman, "You've had your pleasure, now pay the price." It is a felony in New York to perform an abortion "unless the same is necessary to preserve the life of the woman, or of the child," though the abortion that preserves the child's life is hard to find. Forty-two states have written into their statutes the necessity to preserve the life of the mother. And the burden of proof is on the defendant.

Needless to say, many members of the medical profession recognize their obligation to the patient. A celebrated case which illustrates this occurred in England in 1938 when a prominent London surgeon, Aleck Bourne, aborted a 14-year-old girl who had been raped by several soldiers. He performed the abortion in one of London's best-known hospitals, then notified the police. Dr. Bourne's defense (he was acquitted, I am delighted to say) rested on the statement that "I cannot draw a line between danger to life and danger to health. If we wait for danger to life, the woman is past assistance."

The medical profession all over the world is constantly confronted by problems as grave as Dr. Bourne had on his hands, and in this country it has attempted to solve them in a characteristically red-blooded American way:

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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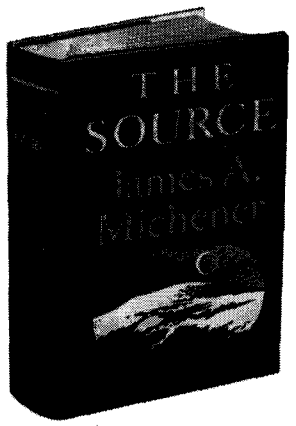

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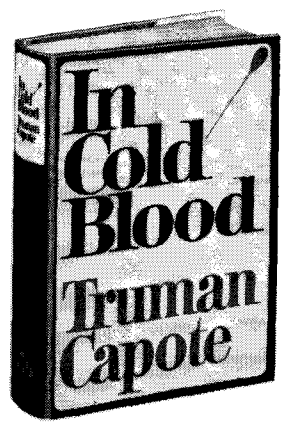

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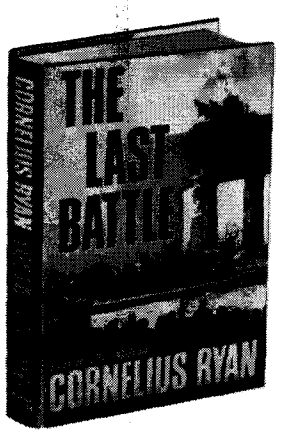

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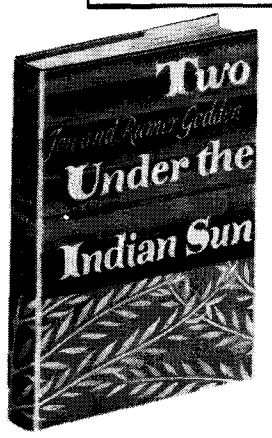

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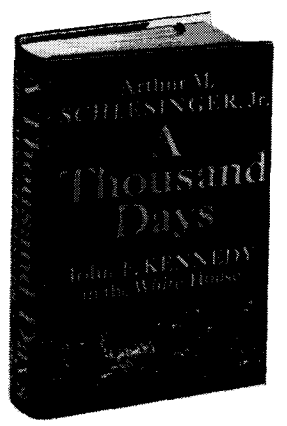

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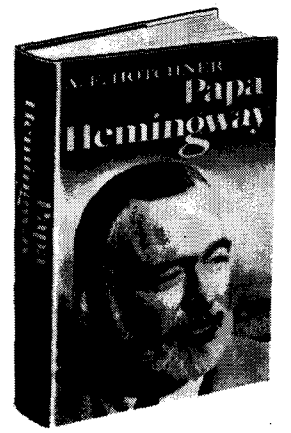

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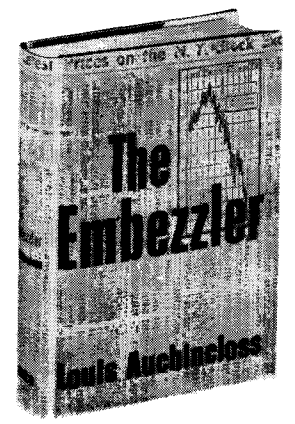

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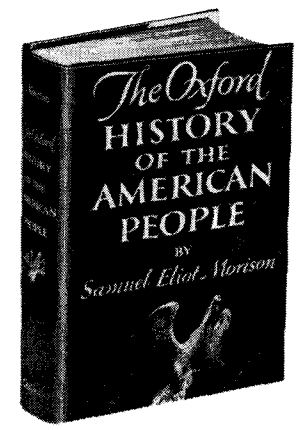

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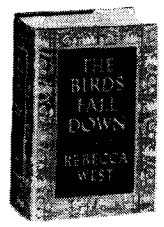

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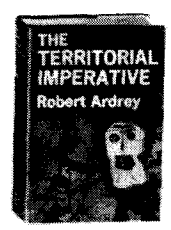

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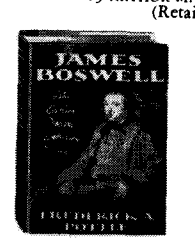

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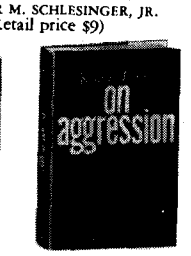

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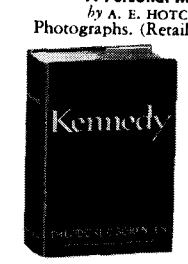

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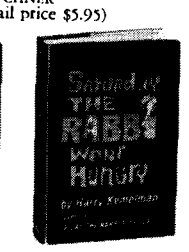

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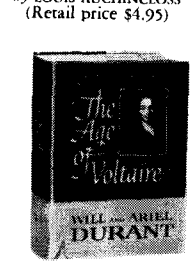

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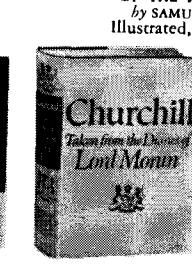

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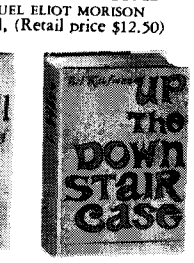

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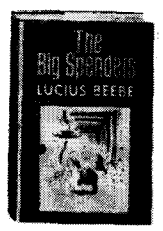

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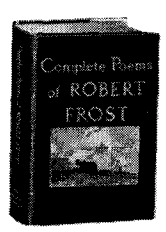

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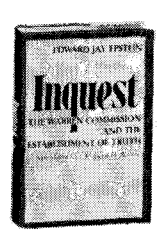

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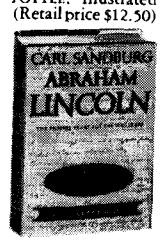

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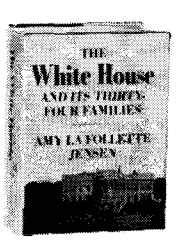

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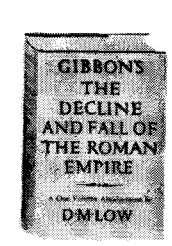

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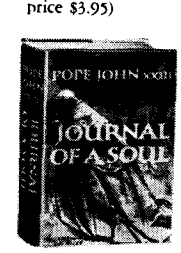

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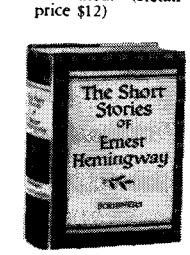

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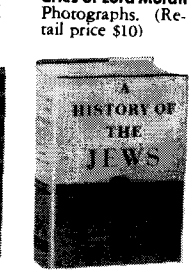

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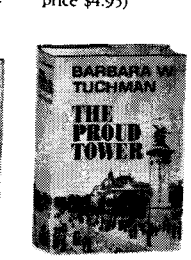

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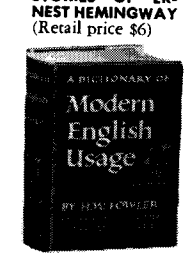

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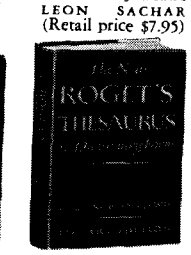

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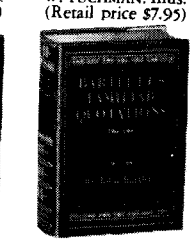

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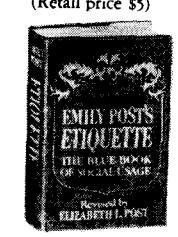

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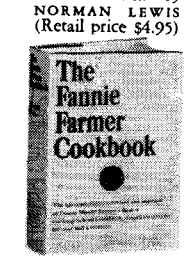

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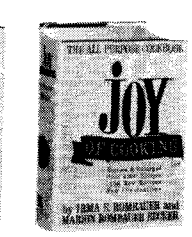

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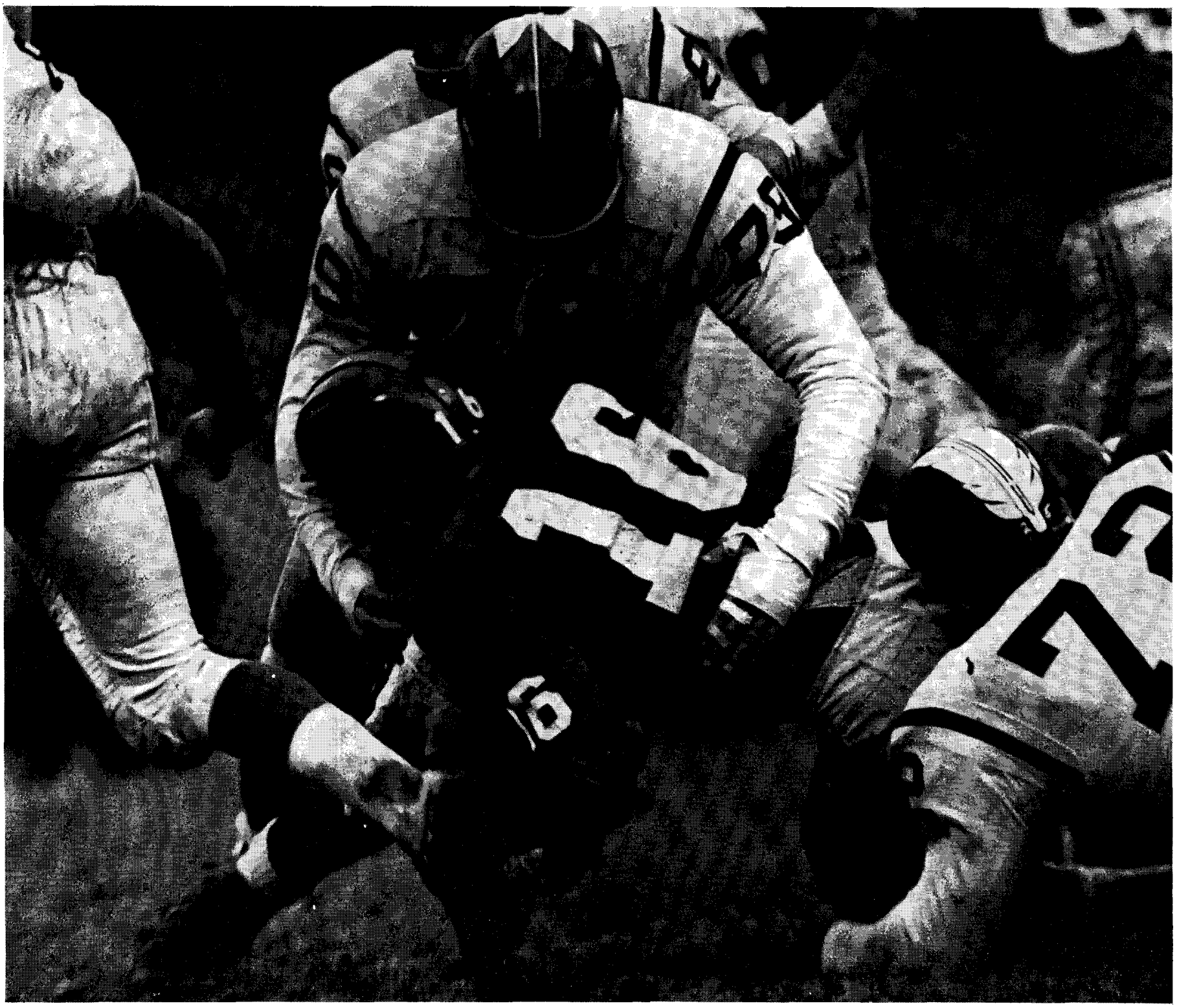

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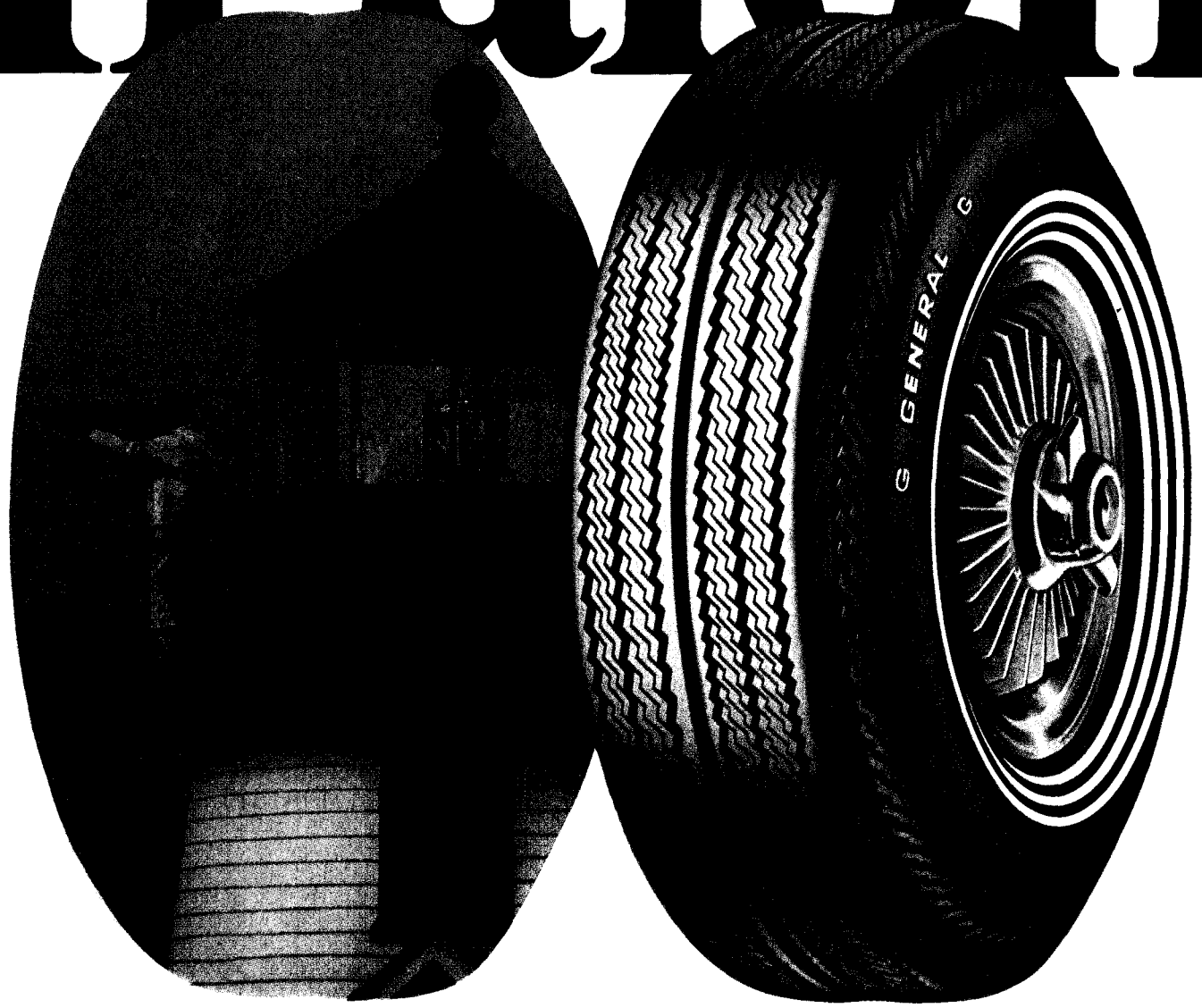

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It has created committees. As a result, the number of medically approved abortions keeps shrinking so that now about 8,000 are being performed annually, even while one million women are participating in a perilous felony, though an early abortion done in a hospital has less risk than a tonsillectomy.

In practice, each hospital set up its own Abortion Committee to pass on applications. This had all the calm reasonableness that one expects from the intelligentsia. But committees are not responsible for patients. Soon committees began to pride themselves on how few abortions they sanctioned. Women with serious rheumatic heart disease or longstanding diabetes wouldn't die in childbirth. They would die at home or in another hospital. Curiously, I have never heard of a female obstetrician being assigned to an Abortion Committee.

In due time, it became evident that the largest number of abortions sanctioned by committees was for psychiatric reasons. Accordingly, the committees developed safeguards. One large hospital found it expedient to lay down the local ground rule that in order for interruption of pregnancy to be considered for psychiatric reasons (1) the patient would have to have been a psychiatric patient before she became pregnant and (2) her psychiatrist had to be on the staff of that particular hospital. Requirement (1) did little to help the woman who may have needed psychotherapy before she became pregnant or whose pregnancy produced emotional problems, and as for safeguard (2), there seems little reason to believe that a doctor's affiliations have anything to do with his patient's needs.

As matters now stand, the woman with money has very little trouble in securing an abortion. Either local connections unearth a practitioner, or she can fly to Sweden or to Puerto Rico. The poorer woman is driven into the hands of the unskilled operator, and in New York City the Negro and Puerto Rican death rate from criminal abortion is 10 times as high as that of the white population.

Many women without money are terrified of pregnancy and rush blindly to their doom because the price is right. Not long ago I autopsied a Puerto Rican woman with two children under four years. Her husband had managed to disappear and she got herself a job, but she couldn't continue to work in the face of an advancing pregnancy. She found her way to an old lady who for $70 injected a soap solution into her uterus and for $5 extra gave her some penicillin. Whether one agrees with the laws now on the books or not, one may at least request that the law apply equally to the rich and the poor.

Of course, it can be argued that contraception is now legal, and why doesn't everyone use it and wouldn't that prevent abortion problems? No. Even the improved methods of contraception, "the pill" and the intrauterine devices, are not foolproof, and besides, cost and a lack of sophistication can be a factor.

Another argument often advanced is that any relaxation of the laws against abortion would lead to increased promiscuity. Such an argument surely cannot very well be applied to 80 percent of the American women who undergo abortion, for they are married. Moreover, the middle of the 20th century has witnessed a great revolution in sexual behavior. Having dispensed with the idea that sex is somehow shameful, we teach our children that the physical expression of love is the most meaningful relation one individual may have with another. There is no historical evidence that fear of pregnancy acts as a deterrent to fornication.

Another argument often advanced against liberalizing our abortion code is that it would offend the religious sentiments of a great many people. What this really means is that the Orthodox Jews and the Roman Catholics are opposed to it. Orthodox Jews have the laudable habit of not trying to foist their own beliefs upon their neighbors. However, the Roman Catholic Church has a consistent record of attempting to influence legislation to conform with its own tenets. To all those whose opposition to abortion-law reform is based on religious grounds, I must stress that no woman would be compelled to have an abortion, but no woman should be denied an abortion because of the religious beliefs of others.

Until recent years the medical profession in the United States has been reluctant to express an opinion regarding abortion. Nonetheless, it is partly a medical problem, and physicians must put their experience before the public. It is the doctor who must deal with the pregnant woman for whom giving birth may be a very bad idea—for instance, one who has contracted German measles. He must tell her that there is a serious risk that her child will be deaf, blind or have a badly malformed heart, and what else is he supposed to say to her and her husband—that into each life some rain must fall, and adversity builds character?

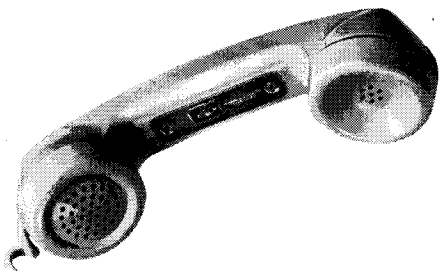
To me, it is unthinkable that a civilized society should require a woman to carry in her womb something she does not want, whatever the reasons. Admittedly, there are always a few irresponsible individuals who will abuse permissive legislation, but laws should be made for the responsible majority. Only a few women ask for an abortion on a casual whim, and no physician contemplates the idea of abortion with eagerness, as it is a destructive operation. I do not think that a free choice will result in a larger number of abortions; the same number of women who procure them illegally will merely be able to have them legally. When it comes down to a decision whether a woman should be aborted at her own request, I am willing to give her the benefit of the doubt. I believe that American women are intelligent enough to be entrusted with control over their reproductive processes.

Yet I am no Utopian. It will take a while. In the 1930's a surgeon general of the United States was criticized for calling venereal diseases by their right names. Open discussion about contraception did not begin until the 1940's, and we had to wait until the 1960's for the last of the restrictive laws to be nullified. The record suggests that it will be a generation before we break the abortion taboo. Do all those women have to suffer so much for so long? □

William B. O'Brien

TROUBLE HEARING?

Amplify phone voices with new Volume Control Handset



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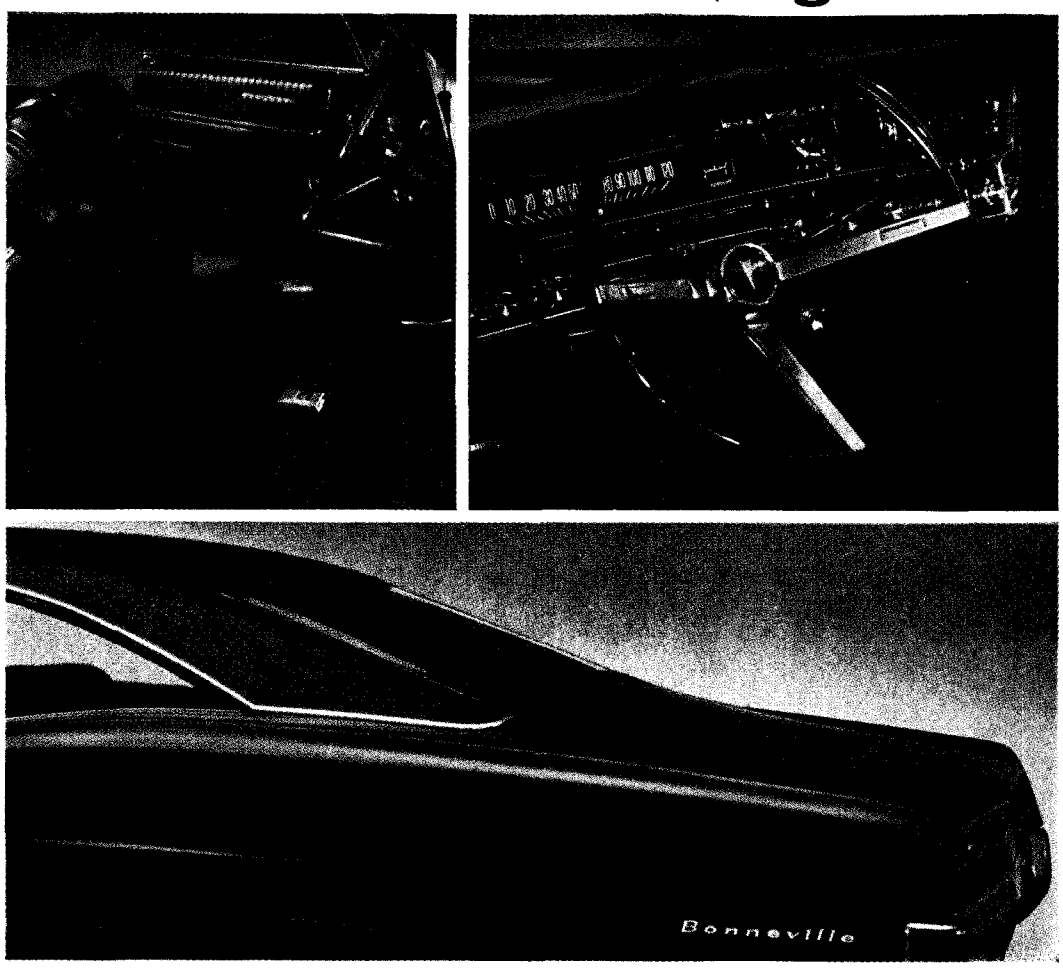

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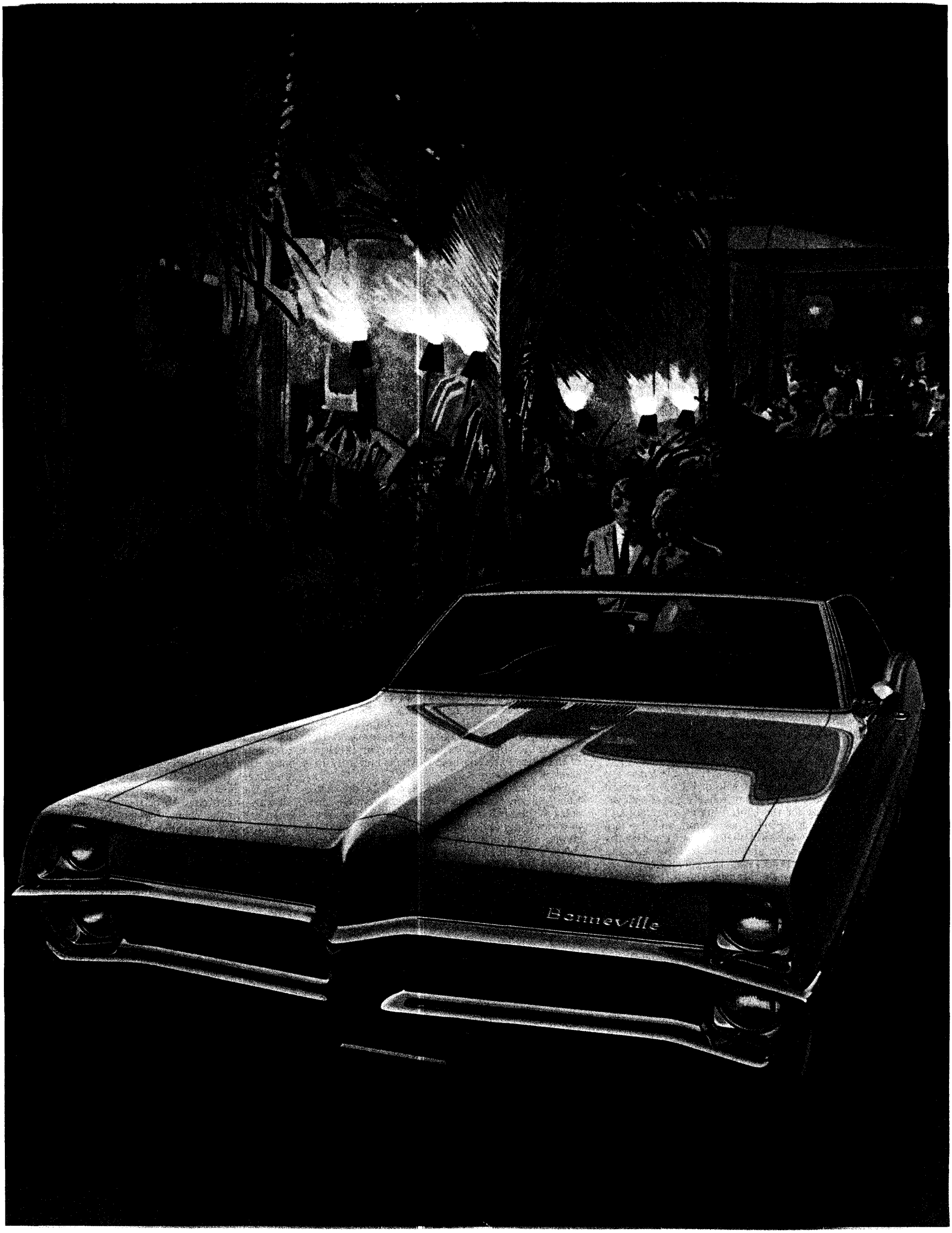

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Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop

How not to get shot at

WASHINGTON:

Under our present system of military recruitment, there is no reason in the world why the reasonably bright sons of reasonably prosperous parents should ever be in any serious danger of getting shot at. This is no doubt a comforting thought to their fond parents. But it also suggests why our present system of recruitment is a national disgrace.

Who does get shot at in a war?

The statistics of the war in Vietnam answer that question very clearly. The American dead in Vietnam, now approaching 5,000, are divided among the services as follows: Army, 64 percent; Marines 28 percent; Air Force, 4.5 percent; Navy, 3.5 percent. The proportions for the wounded, now over 20,000, are very similar. These percentages point a very obvious moral: *If you don't want to get hurt, stay out of the infantry.*

Not all of the Army men and Marines who made up 92 percent of the dead in Vietnam were infantrymen—the Marines are really infantry, though they don't like to be told so, and so are the air cavalry and the paratroops.

Fliers get hurt too, of course. The Air Force and Navy dead in Vietnam—eight percent of the total—were almost all fliers. No one but a fool would denigrate the military contribution of the fliers, or their bravery—if you want to know how the quail feels in a quail hunt, fly over Viet Cong territory in a helicopter.

The fact remains that close to 9 out of 10 of the men being killed and wounded in this war—as in every war in history—are being killed and wounded in ground combat. Despite the American myth that wars can be won cleanly in the air, this war, like all wars, is being fought dirtily on the ground, and that is where this war will be won, if it can be won.

Who then are the boys who wind up in the infantry? First, there are the volunteers, boys like Harold Martin's son John, [MY SON IN VIETNAM, the *Post*, July 16, 1966], who of their own accord join the sort of unit that is likely to get shot at. Fortunately for the United States, there are still a lot of volunteering types around, and they are heavily represented in Vietnam. All the Marines there, for example, and all the paratroopers, and all the Special Forces men, are volunteers.

Then there are the fatalists, who drift with life's wind, and who sometimes end up in the infantry simply because they have made no effort to stay out of it, or because they are baffled by the insane complexities of the system.

Finally, there are the poor boys and the stupid boys.

There is no question that the present system tends to push the poor and the stupid up front, where they get shot at, and to keep the rich and the bright back in the safe jobs. The men who get shot at the most are Negroes and poor-white Southerners—despite the fact that a high percentage of both are rejected because of bad health or functional illiteracy. Negroes, for example, make up 11 percent of the country's population and 22 percent of the killed in action in ground combat in Vietnam.

The draft is partly, but only partly, responsible for this shameful disproportion. The Army depends on the draft—the other services take only volunteers. Draftees are thus more likely than other servicemen to end up in the infantry. Moreover, a bright boy with prosperous parents can hide in what President Kingman Brewster of Yale calls "the catacombs of education." If he hides until he is 26, he is home free.

But the story by no means ends with the draft. Partly because the services are in fierce competition for brains and ability, there are plenty of ways for an intelligent boy to avoid getting shot at—which is, after all, an intelligent thing to do. The Pentagon publishes a little booklet, called *It's Your Choice*, which warns the potential recruit that the draft will get him if he doesn't watch out. And then "you will have little, if any, choice of your branch of the service or the training you will receive." In other words, you poor boob, you might end up in the infantry.

The booklet offers no less than 44 "programs" as alternatives to the draft. Some of these "programs" do not promise a safe and comfortable life. One way to avoid the draft, for example, is to enlist in the Marines, like Gerard Nugent, brother of the President's son-in-law, who is currently in combat in Vietnam.

But a bright boy who qualifies can also do what Luci Johnson's husband, Pat Nugent, did. He can enlist in the Air National Guard, spend six months in a desk job, and then return, like Pat, to the comforts of civilian life, with a bit of training on the side. All three of the services, plus the Coast Guard, offer this delightful alternative to the draft—for "men who have enough pull," to quote Sen. Richard Russell of Georgia.

For bright boys who lack the necessary pull, it is easy at least to stay out of the infantry. Probably the easiest way is to enlist in the Air Force, being careful to stay on the ground—less than 10 percent of the 890,000 men in the Air Force fly, and all of them are men who volunteered for flight duty.

There are plenty of other ways, but they all have one thing in common—they all require higher intelligence or educational standards than the draft, which is why it's so much easier for a bright boy not to get shot at.

This system is a monstrosity. It actively encourages well-educated and prosperous young Americans to let the poor and the undereducated do their fighting for them. The result, as Yale's Brewster has said, is "a cynical avoidance of service . . . and a tarnishing of the national spirit."

A lot of important people, including President Johnson and Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, are becoming more and more uneasily aware that the system is a very bad system. Former President Eisenhower has proposed one way out—military service for *all* American males when they reach 19. But even with the Vietnamese war getting bigger, only about a third of the 2,000,000 males who reach draft age every year are actually needed for military service. This is why the best alternative seems to be that proposed by Sen. Edward Kennedy—a draft by lottery for all boys when they reach 19.

Bar a much bigger war, two boys out of every three—those lucky enough to draw low numbers—could then go happily about the business of getting an education or earning a living, without worrying about the draft. Those who were not lucky would be parceled out according to real need among the services. This would end the present system of using the stick of the draft and the carrot of safe service to lure bright boys to volunteer. The standard of real need would mean that the infantry, the "queen of battles," would get the pick of the crop, not the dregs. Then the men who do the fighting and dying in all wars would cease to be regarded, as they too often are in this country, as boobs, or at best as nice guys who finished last.

Some bright boys who might otherwise have had nice desk jobs, or who might even have avoided service altogether, might end up in ground-combat units. To some of them this would no doubt seem unfair. But as Sen. Edward Kennedy's older brother John once remarked, "All life is unfair." And nothing could possibly be more unfair than the present system.

Stewart Alsop

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Record Club of America gives you All Labels...at 33⅓% savings...and often up to 75%...AND DOESN'T FORCE YOU TO BUY EVEN A SINGLE RECORD

	CLUB A (As Advertised in PLAYBOY January 1966)	CLUB B (As Advertised in McCALL'S February 1966)	CLUB C (As Advertised in PARADE January 16, 1966)	RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA
CAN YOU CHOOSE FROM ALL LABELS INCLUDING LATEST RELEASES?	NO	NO	NO	YES! Choose any LP, on any label! Mono and Stereo! No exceptions! Over 300 different manufacturers including CAPITOL, COLUMBIA, RCA VICTOR, ANGEL, VOX, VERVE, DECCA, LONDON, etc. Even latest releases are available at once — no waiting.
MUST YOU BUY A "MINIMUM" NUMBER OF RECORDS? HOW MANY?	6	8	2	NONE! No obligations! No yearly "quota"! Take as many, as few, or no records at all if you so decide!
CAN YOU BUY ANY RECORD YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	NO	NO	NO	ALWAYS! Your discounts are never less than 33⅓% — and are often as high as 75% — on every record you buy! No exceptions!
DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNORDERED RECORDS?	YES	YES	YES	NEVER! There are no cards which you must return. Only the records you want are sent — and only when you ask us to send them!
HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT FOR SELECTIONS TO ARRIVE?	5 to 6 WEEKS	5 to 6 WEEKS	5 to 6 WEEKS	NO LONG WAITS! YOUR ORDER PROCESSED SAME DAY RECEIVED!

If Record Club of America is that good — where's the catch? There is no catch! Here is truly one Record Club with no restrictions

- ★ Choose any LP...on any label! No exceptions...Mono and Stereo—including latest releases!
- ★ No "quotas" to buy! Take 0 records—or 100!
- ★ SAVE—never less than 33⅓% off list...often up to 75%!
- ★ All orders processed same day received—no long waits!
- ★ Every record brand new, first quality, factory fresh —and guaranteed fully returnable!

TYPICAL "DOUBLE DISCOUNT" SALE

Sugg. List Price $3.79 and $3.98 — **BEST SELLERS ....ONLY $1.89 & $1.98**
Tijuana Brass | Ferrante & Teicher | The Supremes
Al Hirt | Peter, Paul & Mary | Henry Mancini
Bill Cosby | Sonny & Cher | The Righteous Bros.

Sugg. List Price $4.79 and $4.98 — **BEST SELLERS ....ONLY $2.39 & $2.49**
Frank Sinatra | Getz-Gilberto | Ramsey Lewis
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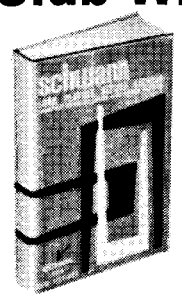
Sugg. List Price $4.98 ..... **Everest & Vox Classical Albums .....ONLY $1.77**

plus more than ½ off on famous labels: Audio Fidelity, Command, Westminster, Roulette, Mercury, Angel, MGM, and others . . .



FREE! 300-page Schwann Catalog

to pick your albums from when you join Record Club of America

GIANT CATALOG lists all records of all manufacturers. Over 300 labels with discounts from 33⅓% to 75%—Over 30,000 albums—CLASSICAL, instrumental and vocal—POPULAR, vocal and instrumental—JAZZ—FOLK—SOUNDTRACKS, Broadway and Hollywood—SPOKEN WORD—ROCK-'N ROLL—COMEDY—RHYTHM & BLUES—COUNTRY & WESTERN—DANCING—LISTENING . . .

AT LAST! A RECORD CLUB WITH NO "OBLIGATIONS"—ONLY BENEFITS!

This is the way YOU want it—a record club with no strings attached! Ordinary record clubs make you choose from just a few labels—usually their own labels! They make you buy 5, 6, or more records a year (at full price!) to fulfill your "obligation". And, if you forget to return their monthly card—they send you a record you don't want, and a bill for $5.00 or $6.00!

But Record Club of America Ends All That!

Now you can choose any LP...on any label. These are the **same** records sold in stores (not special "Club Pressings"). Take as many, or as few, or no records at all if you so decide. And you get discounts of never less than 33⅓%—and often up to 75%—on every album! That's worth repeating: All available listings in the all-inclusive Schwann Catalog are offered at guaranteed discounts of never less than 33⅓% and often as high as 75%. That means you buy all $3.79 and $3.98 LP's at $2.39; $4.79 and $4.98 LP's at $2.99; and $5.79 and $5.98 LP's at just $3.69, plus a small charge for postage and handling. To join the club, simply mail coupon with your check or money order for $5. This entitles you to LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP in Record Club of America—and you never pay another club fee . . . EVER!

Look What You Get Immediately by Return Mail

(1) LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP CARD which guarantees you LP albums at discounts of never less than 33⅓%—and as high as 75% on every record you buy!

(2) FREE 300-page Schwann Catalog to pick your records from. Schwann Catalog is an independent publication listing all LPs from all manufacturers. Over 300 different labels—CAPITOL, ANGEL, RCA VICTOR, COLUMBIA, VOX, DECCA, LONDON, VERVE, etc. Over 30,000 LP albums — Classical, Popular, Opera, Folk, Jazz, Show Tunes, Country & Western, Rock-'n-Roll, Old Favorites, Drama, Poetry, Night Club Comedy, etc.

(3) DISC®, the Club's FREE magazine which regularly supplements Schwann's listings and keeps you informed of the hundreds of **extra** saving **"double-discount"** specials.

Your order is PROCESSED the SAME DAY we get it! **Even the newest releases are made immediately available to members.** No monthly cards to return, so you are never shipped unordered records. You receive only the records you want! Every record is GUARANTEED brand new, first quality, factory fresh! You must be completely satisfied—or every record fully returnable!

Money Back Guarantee

If after receiving your LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP CARD, your FREE 300-page Schwann Catalog, DISC®, your supply of Discount Order forms—if after receiving all this you aren't convinced our discounts are every bit as big as we say (check us to the very penny on this!)...if you aren't convinced our range of selections is the biggest, most all-inclusive anywhere (over 30,000 albums every month!)...or even if you've simply changed your mind — return all items within 10 days and your membership fee will be refunded promptly and in full!

Over 600,000 music lovers — plus leading schools, libraries and other budget-wise institutions—now save money this sensible way through Record Club of America...the only record club that lets YOU choose what you like ...the only record club with no strings attached! Join now and save. Mail coupon to: Record Club of America, 1285 East Princess Street, York, Pa. 17405.

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Your membership entitles you to buy or offer gift memberships to friends, relatives, neighbors for only $2.50 each with full privileges. You can split the total between you: Your membership and one gift membership divided equally brings cost down to $3.75 each. The more gift members you get—the more you save! See coupon for your big savings.

RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA X938B
1285 East Princess Street, York, Pa. 17405

Yes! Send my FREE 300-page Schwann Catalog and DISC® to pick my records from, and rush me my LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP CARD in Record Club of America. Enclosed is $5 membership fee (never another club fee for the rest of my life), which entitles me to buy any LP in Schwann Catalog at discounts never less than 33⅓% off and as high as 75%, plus a small postage and handling charge. I understand I may take as many, or as few, or no records at all if I so choose. There is no yearly "quota". If for any reason whatever I am not completely delighted with the Club, I may *return the items I have received within 10 days and receive a full refund* of my membership fee!

☐ Yes! Add _____ GIFT MEMBERSHIPS at $2.50 each to my request. If I join alone, I pay $5. If I join with one friend and split the total, the cost is only $3.75 each; with two friends, $3.33 each; with three friends, $3.13 each; with four friends, only $3.00 each.

☐ I enclose $_____ covering my $5 lifetime membership and any gift memberships at $2.50 each. I have listed on attached sheet the names and addresses of gift members.

Print Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Over 600,000 enthusiastic members including schools, libraries and other institutions.

ALL ORDERS PROCESSED SAME DAY RECEIVED. ALBUMS COME TO YOU FACTORY FRESH. YOUR SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR ALL ALBUMS FULLY RETURNABLE.

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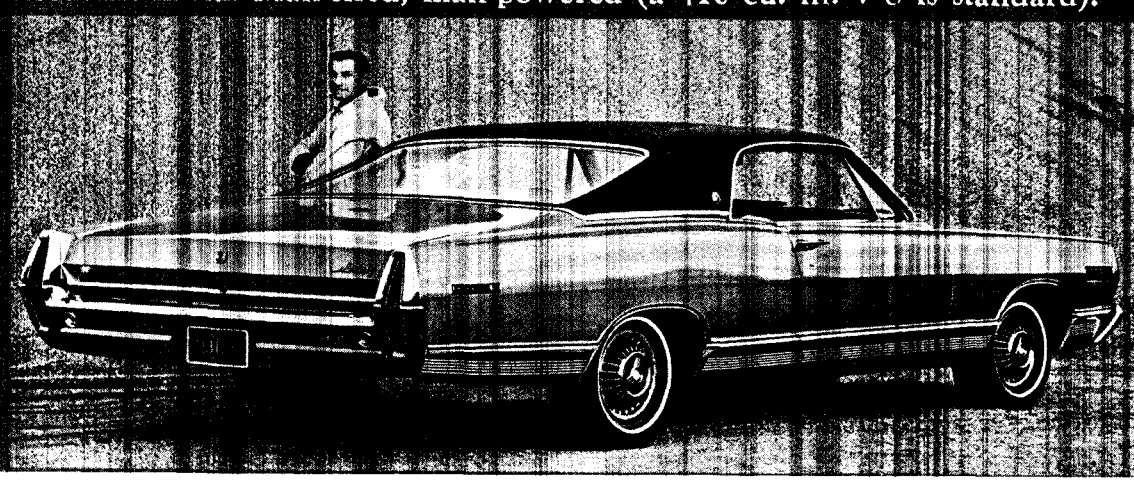
Introducing

Mercury Marquis 2-door hardtop

Mercury's top-line Man's Car, the all-new Marquis. Built with a man's needs in mind. Man-sized, man-powered (a 410 cu. in. V-8 is standard).



New idea! Extra comfort for a man and his wi individually adjustable Twin Comfort Lounge Sea

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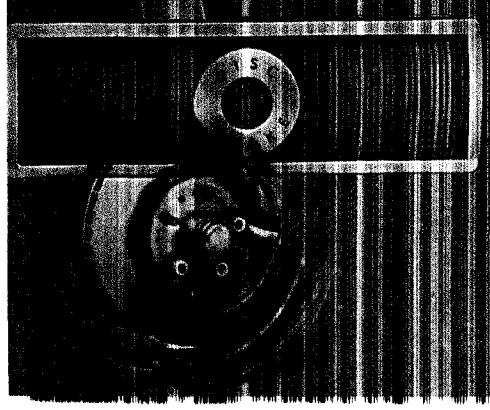
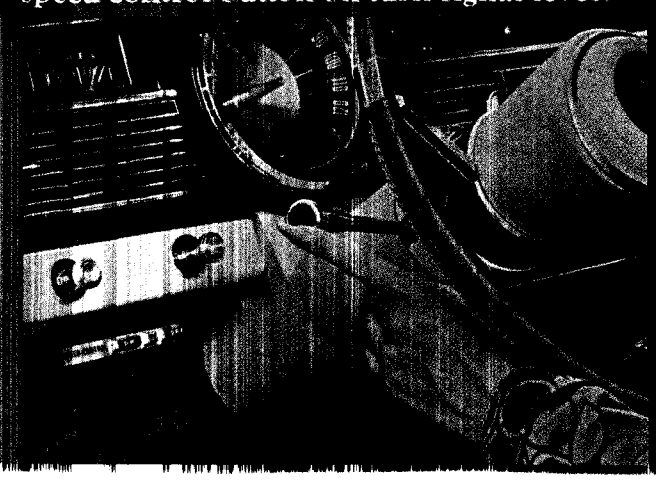
all-new '67 Mercury, the Man's Car

Power disc brakes standard. New fade-resistant stopping power.



A handy option for long, turnpike trips: speed control button on turn-signal lever.



What's happening at Mercury for 1967? Total newness is happening. Two entirely new series: the Marquis (shown) and the Brougham. 28 interpretations of the Man's Car in all — each designed to satisfy a man's needs in size, power, ride, convenience, and protection. And there's Cougar excitement in every one. For another example of the Man's Car, please turn page.

Mercury

Marquis • Brougham • Park Lane • Montclair • Monterey
Cyclone • Caliente • Capri • Comet 202 • Cool new Cougar

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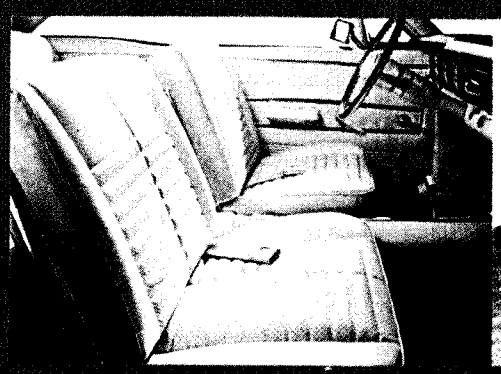
Mercury Cyclone with optional GT Performance Group

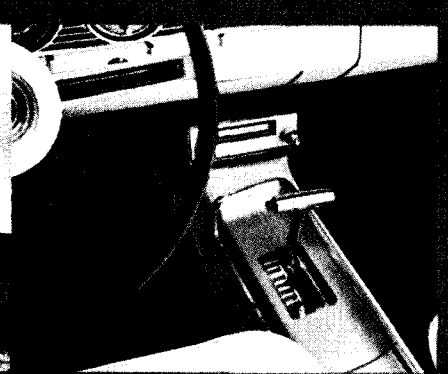
A man's kind of action from Mercury, the Man's Car!

The Man's Car for men who like their action big! You sense this the moment you take the wheel. It's hefty. Wood-grained. Gives a man that "in charge" feeling. The bucket seats are man-sized. With GT options, this Mercury Cyclone offers every feature a performance man looks for: ■ 4-carb 390 cubic inch V-8 ■ Dual exhausts ■ Heavy-duty running gear—shocks, springs, stabilizer bar, the works! Other options include: ■ fade-resistant power disc brakes and ■ His-and-Her Select-Shift Merc-O-Matic (lets a man run it through the gears, lets his wife leave it in automatic). And, remember, this is the Man's Car with a heritage of performance! Cyclone! Come drive one now!

Mercury

Marquis • Brougham • Park Lane • Montclair • Monterey
Cyclone • Caliente • Capri • Comet 202 • Cool new Cougar





Ford LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION

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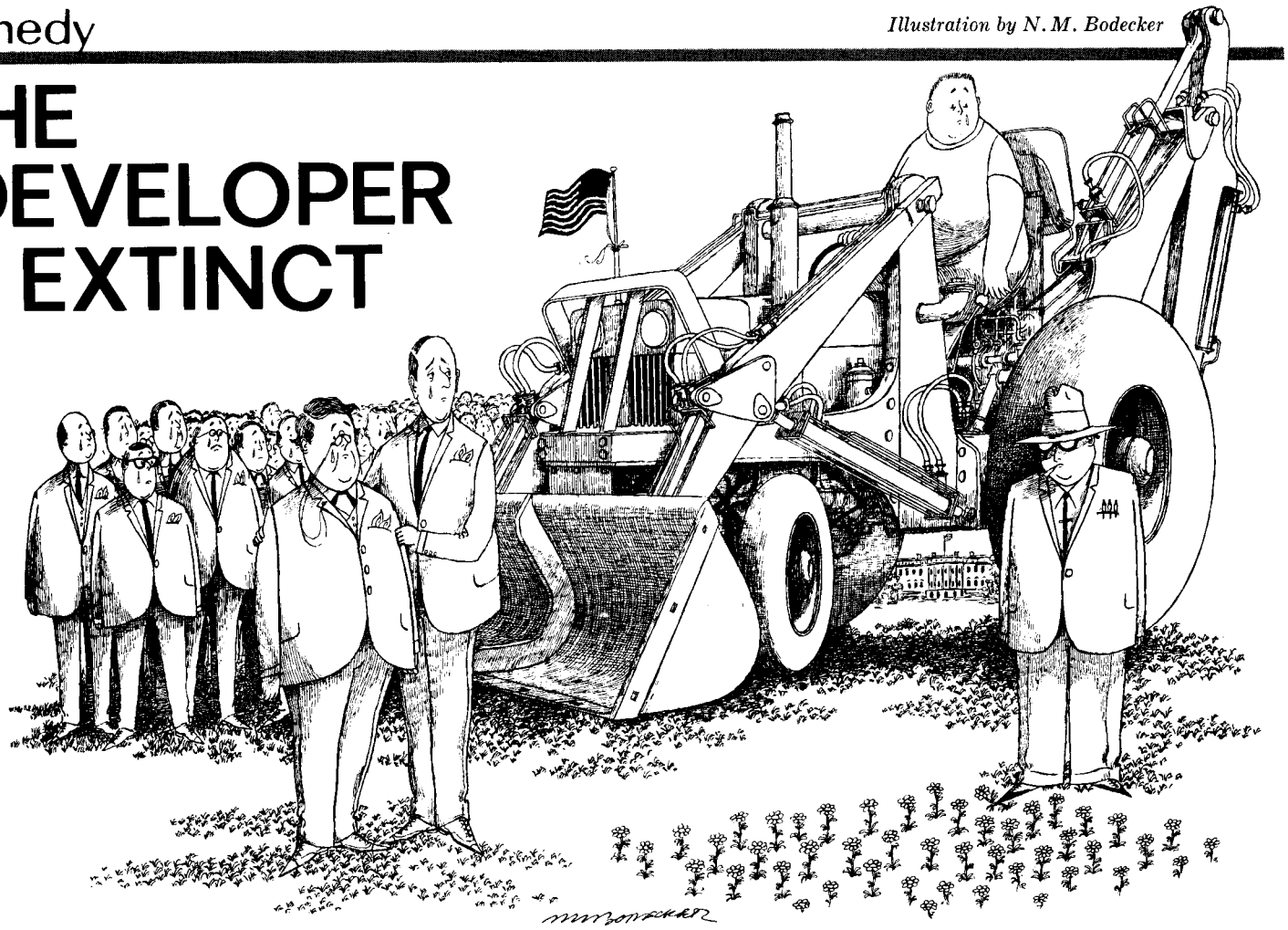
WHEN THE GREAT DEVELOPER BECAME EXTINCT

BY JOHN SKOW

Illustration by N. M. Bodecker



Grandpa, tell me about when there were real-estate developers."

"Why, son, you know that old story by heart."

"Tell me again, Grandpa."

"All right, my boy, just let me get you focused a little better." The old man, who lived in the St. Petersburg Golden Age megalopolis, a retirement community stretching from Key West northward to Baltimore and westward to the outskirts of Cincinnati, was talking by videophone with his nine-year-old grandson Henry, who lived above the Yellowstone Park section of East Los Angeles. (The park, which had been roofed over in 1979, was the first of the nation's wilderness areas to be covered with Astroturf. Traditionalists had called the Yellowdome a failure when the park's famous bears, unaccustomed to artificial lighting, had trouble catching candy bars thrown by tourists. But the bears had adjusted, and now residents of the big apartment-shopping complex that covered the Yellowdome roof liked to gather in glass-bottomed Naturama centers to watch the mischievous animals below.)

"Well now, let me see . . ." The old man's eyes twinkled as he tamped his pipe with psychedelic tobacco (given free to senior citizens by the Elder-junk Act of 1980). Smoke wreathed his kindly face as he settled back, dreaming, in his chair. After a time he seemed to have fallen asleep.

"Uh, Gramps. . . ." Henry snapped his fingers.

His grandfather opened his eyes. "Yes, yes, my boy. Real-estate developers. Great leaping amphetamines, lad!" he said, his voice gathering force. "It's something you young sprouts can't realize, but in my day there were real-estate developers as far as the eye could see. A man couldn't put a number to them, and no one tried, but the dust from their bulldozers could darken the sun. Swampdale! Brackwater Gardens! Freeway Vista! Wilderness Apts.! Ah, the old names. . . . And the advertising. 'Pre-Fabulous ⅛-Acre Ranches! All-Plastic Patios! Lawnscaped in Enduring Orlon! No Down Payment for Vets and Those Willing to Recite the Pledge to the Flag!'

"Well, boy, the country was young and strong then, and thoughtless. No one imagined that there could be an end to the great, slow-moving herds of earthmovers. The developers weren't just a part of our country; for years it seemed that they were our country, driving their Cadillacs and each one of them wearing a 42-short-portly and carrying three ballpoint pens.

"Naturally no one thought of preserving the developers; in fact, bands of conservationists used to hunt them for sport. What did it matter? There would always be more developers, or so we all thought.

"But even then there were signs, if a man had known what to look for. In the early 'Seventies the developers began breaking up the fine old half-acre suburban estates. Then they developed the cloverleafs in all of the country's cloverleaf intersections. They made a lot of money, and their limousines all had power ashtrays, but it was the beginning of the end."

Henry's grandfather looked sad. "There was nothing anyone could do. Roofing over the national parks helped postpone the inevitable, and so did mini-baseball. You remember hearing about that, Henry; a developer named O'Brien recalled that Bill Veeck had stuck a midget into the old St. Louis Browns' lineup, and he figured that if *all* ballplayers were midgets, you could cut down the size of the fields. O'Brien got six high-rise apartments into the outfield at Yankee Stadium.

"But mini-baseball was the developers' last stand. Already the breed had begun dying off; there just wasn't any more land to develop. Oh, some kept going for a while by developing the center strips of the Interstate highways, but they were a scraggly lot, driving last year's cars and too skinny to fill out their 42-short-portlies. By the time the government got around to counting them, there were only 32 real-estate developers left in the country.

"Government zoologists tried everything. They flew the remaining developers to their winter mating grounds in Miami, and they tore down big tracts of new ranch houses so that they could be built up again. Nothing helped."

The old man paused. He drew deeply on his pipe and gazed into the space above his videophone screen.

"And what happened then, Gramps?" Henry said loudly.

"Umm . . . you know the rest, my boy. The last developer left in the country was O'Brien, the mini-baseball man. O'Brien became a hero. Songs were written about him, and Charlton Heston, who was getting pretty old by then, starred as O'Brien in a TV series. Children played developers and conservationists, and department stores sold O'Brien suits—little, padded short-portlies with three ballpoint pens in the inside coat pocket.

"Editorialists declared that O'Brien was a national resource, and they thundered that something must be done. At last something was. They found the old developer in a rest home in Bayonne, New Jersey. His hands shook and there was no glitter to those familiar little eyes. He was only forty-seven, but he looked eighty.

"Well, the Vice President himself was there to help O'Brien into a limousine. There were cameramen and crowds; fathers held their children up to see the famous old man. The Vice President made a short speech, and then they drove off with O'Brien.

"For three hours they drove southward through the megalopolis. Was there a flicker of pride in O'Brien's face as they passed the miles of cookie-cutter colonials he had built years before? The Vice President later said he thought there had been.

"Finally the limousine pulled up beside the last open, undeveloped space in North America. It was the White House lawn. 'It's yours, sir,' the President said as he welcomed O'Brien. 'You have earned it.'

"For a moment it must have seemed like the old days to O'Brien. There was an expanse of grass, flowers and trees. There, ready for his signal, were bulldozers. There were stacks of knotty lumber, precracked plasterboard and substandard plumbing fixtures.

"The watching crowd was hushed. O'Brien ran his hand over a freshly painted sign that said, 'White House Plaza, No Payments for Six Months,' and then he walked over to a flowerbed. He pushed a zinnia with his toe. The flower bent, and there was an 'Aaaahh' of anticipation from the onlookers.

"Then, slowly, O'Brien withdrew his toe. As strong men in the crowd realized what was happening and began to weep, O'Brien tottered across the White House lawn, his face expressionless, and got back into the limousine. The President and the Vice President hurried over to the big black car. They spoke to O'Brien through the window, and when they turned away, their faces told the story.

"An era had ended, Henry. O'Brien had lost the will to subdivide." □

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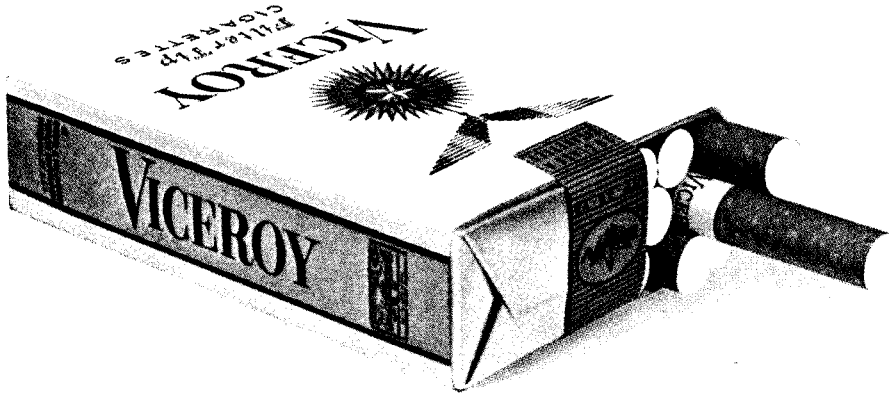
Viceroy's got the taste that's right...



right any time of the day

Here's why: Viceroy is the filter cigarette blended with natural flavor fresheners to enrich and improve the true tobacco taste. That's why Viceroy tastes rich... good... rewarding... any time you light up.

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THIRD IN A SERIES ON THE AMERICAN ENVIRONMENT

The Saturday Evening POST

DEATH IN OUR AIR

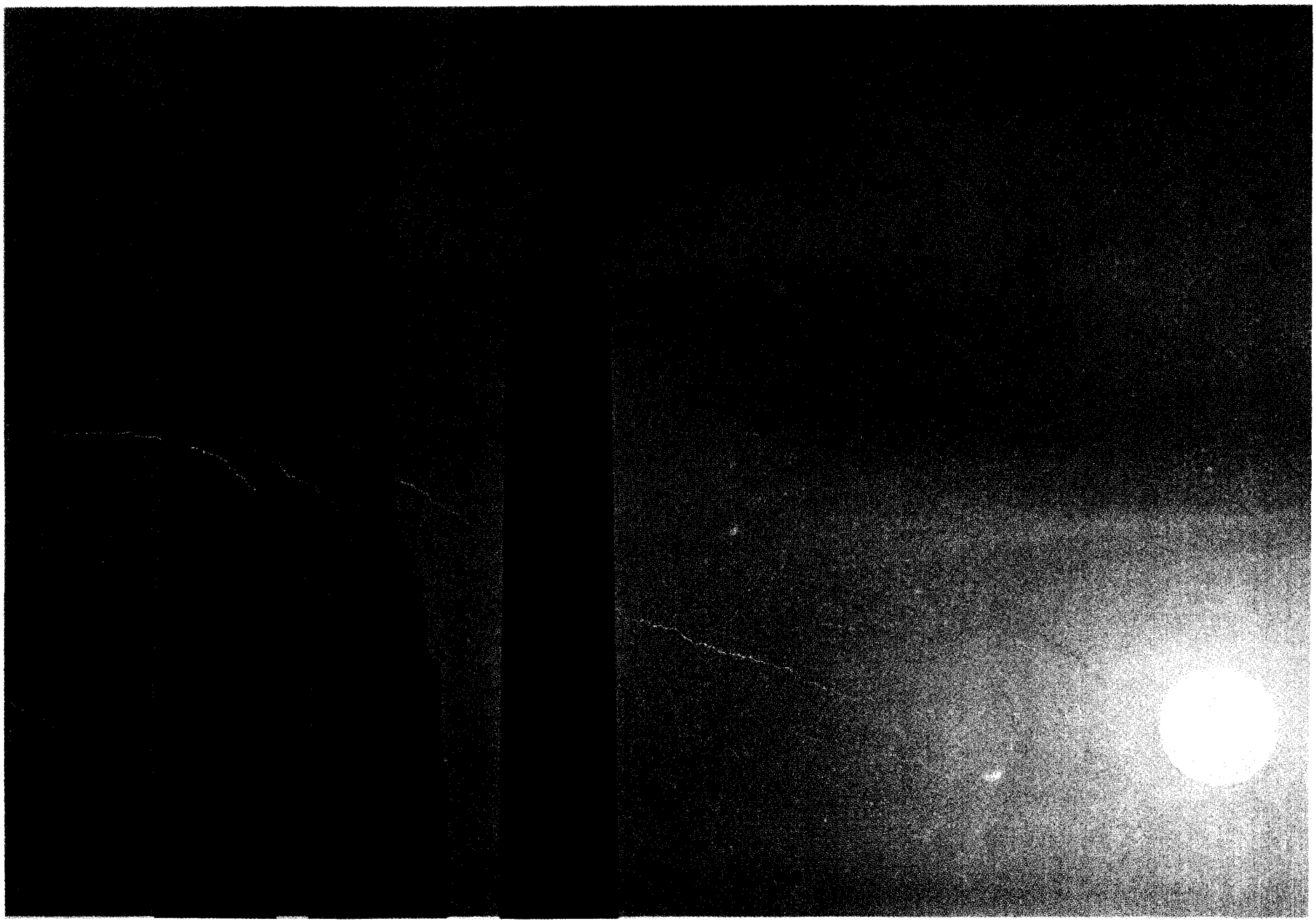
Once a problem, now a crisis, air pollution is sickening and killing thousands of Americans and poisoning both city and suburb. Unless we act, things will get worse.

By BEN H. BAGDIKIAN

At one o'clock in the morning about a month ago, Peter Briola, a tough and spirited lawyer, sat up in bed with a familiar agony. He was alone in his white clapboard house in Lincoln, a town of 3,600 people in the middle of Maine. The typical New England homestead, among rolling and forested hills near the banks of the Penobscot River, looks like a romantic painting of an idyllic scene of peace and purity, of an unspoiled America.

"It was like all the other times, as though someone had you by the throat, trying to choke you. There was that terrible smell, like rotting dead stuff. You begin to cough and gasp. Your eyes run. You shut the windows, but it doesn't do any good. Nothing does any good."

Here among the ancient spruce of the deep woods a paper mill is pouring filth upon Peter Briola and his fellow townsmen. They suffer from a contamination that has now infested every city in the United States and not a few small towns. Today, polluted air threatens the health of most Americans, corrodes their property, obscures or obliterates their scenery and insults their



At the end of another day of air pollution, a helicopter (center) feels its way past Empire State Building and two power-plant chimneys.

Photographs by JOHN LAUNOIS

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Above: "Fresh as a daisy" isn't fresh in New York City after incinerators dump grime upon blossoms growing on apartment-house terraces. Below: A double exposure shows Chicago through a month's deposit of filth. An average of 40 tons of sooty particles falls on each square mile of the city every month.

In an Oklahoma suburb, foul

peace of mind. Unclean air is no longer rare in American cities. It is the rule.

City and country, voices are rising to protest. Norman Cousins, editor of *Saturday Review* and chairman of a New York City task force on air pollution, recently concluded: "More poisons are pumped into the air in New York than anywhere else in the United States." Yet, Ed Christopherson, a writer who left Manhattan for Missoula, Mont., "Garden Spot of the West," found there was no place to hide. "When I lived in New York," he says, "I used to watch the clinkers come down the airshaft and remember how great the pine-scented evening downdrafts smelled in Missoula, and this was an important factor in my moving out here. Today Missoula is the country's second worst

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air turns human lungs a pale gray color. In an Ohio city, lungs become copper-black.

smog area. As a counter to the state's 'Big Sky Country' booster slogan, some Missoulans are posting signs out on the highways saying, 'Missoula, Montana—Dirty Sky Country.'"

Mrs. Peter Rose, a housewife on a major thoroughfare in Denver, "The Mile-High City," says: "Twenty years ago when we moved into this bungalow it was a delight. The yard had nice green grass and beautiful roses. The whole neighborhood was clean. The house needed only one good cleaning a week, and the curtains and drapes I used to clean twice a year. From the neighborhood you could see the mountains clearly most of the time, with snowcaps visible through that wonderful purple. But in the last few years, since they made the road one-way and started the traffic growing the way it has—well, about six years ago my husband began having eye trouble, irritation and watering. A short time later my eyes did the same thing. We both began getting frequent inflammations like sinus trouble. The doctor has us use eyewashes every day now. The roses all shriveled and died. The lawn began to go. Half the time you can't see the mountains anymore. I have to clean the house every day, and it's still gritty and greasy. Curtains and drapes can stand cleaning every week. I've got forty-five windows in the house, and they need a cleaning every week instead of twice a year. It's the same house and the neighborhood is still a nice residential one, but the air has become dirty, uncomfortable and expensive."

Dr. La Rele Stephens, a physician in Moscow, Idaho, says he can almost tell by the barometer and the direction of the wind when he will begin getting calls from patients in Lewiston, a town of 13,000 that is 29 miles away: "When the wind blows the mill fumes over the town or there is a dead calm, the patients begin to come in with respiratory troubles, nasal congestion, allergies, difficulty in breathing, lots of sneezing. I'm convinced we get some deaths, too, because when the fumes make the natural fogs thicker, which you can tell by the smell, we get more automobile accidents."

Donald McLean, of Polk County, Fla., told a Senate committee that since phosphate plants began putting seven tons of fluorides a day into the air he has had to sell his cattle and his citrus groves because the cattle sickened and died, crops that used to mature in 80 days now take 200, barbed wire that used to last 20 years rots in 4, and he doesn't dare grow vegetables for his family for fear they will pick up the same chemicals that fall onto his pastures and groves. "It eats up the paint and etches glass, it kills trees, it kills cattle. It is an irritant to mucous membrane, and we have sore throats, tears run out of our eyes, we sneeze, we have nosebleeds. Gentlemen, am I a fool to assume that that stuff [is] injurious to humans?"

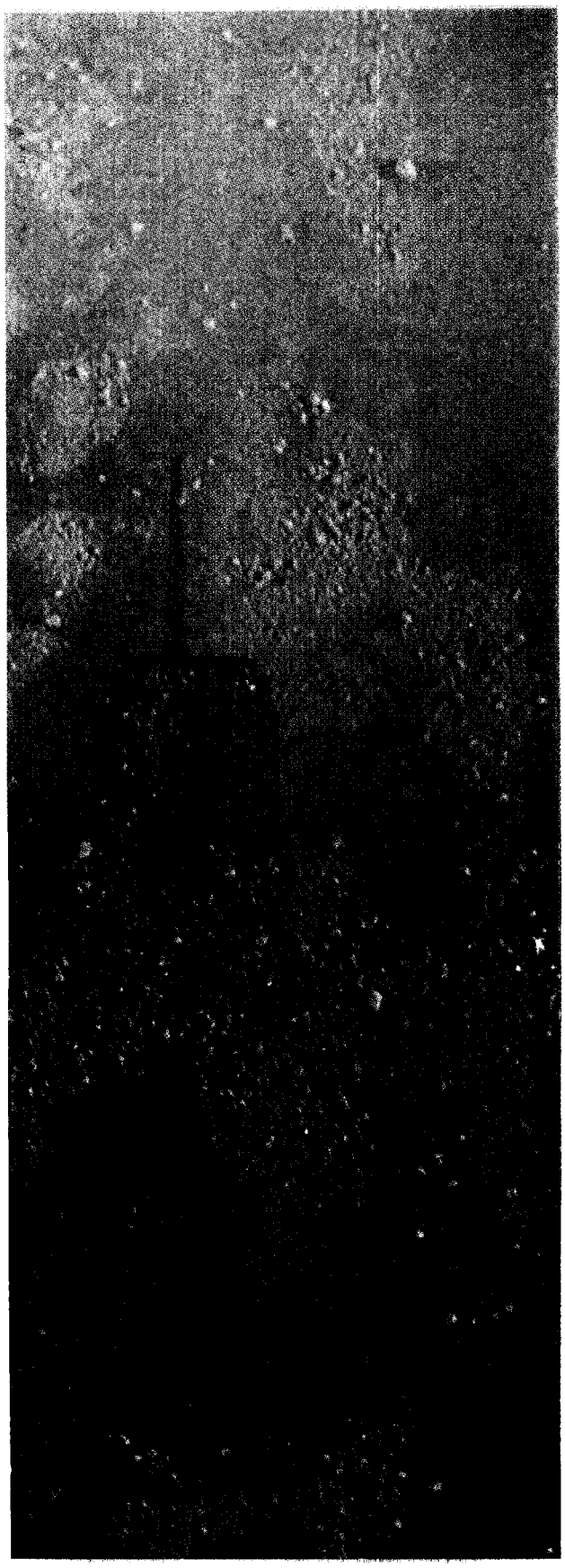
There is evidence that Mr. McLean is no fool.

Damage to health and property from unclean air is increasing. Some places, like Lincoln, Maine, and Polk County, Fla., have special and dramatic problems. But every American city of more than 50,000 population has air pollution serious enough to worry about, whether or not its citizens see or smell it. Smoky industry and dark motor exhausts provide extra doses, but masses of atmospheric poisons come from smokeless chimneys and from perfectly tuned engines. Four-fifths of all pollution is invisible, most of it odorless.

Three years ago, when open fires, incinerators, chimneys, smokestacks and tail pipes were putting 125 million tons of chemical junk into the American air, the threat was already serious. But the burden has risen relentlessly until this year it is 145 million tons and headed still higher.

There is a vast ocean of clean air around the earth, enough for 2.5 million tons for each human being. Yet people become uncomfortable and sick for lack of each man's requirement of 30 pounds of clean air a day. The 2.5 million tons elsewhere does a man no good if what is under his nose is dirty and dangerous, if he cannot get his 30 daily pounds where he lives and works.

It was not until after World War II, when city air became loaded with the wastes of the new prosperity, that Americans began to notice that they don't always have access to the air they can see above them. For there is a lid, usually invisible from the ground, that regularly cuts off whole communities from the upper air and traps the accumulated poisons of smokestack and tail pipe at the lower levels, where men breathe. Now that men recognize the container that periodically locks in communities with their aerial wastes, they also realize, with justified uneasiness, that clean air is



Dr. Russell Sherwin of University of Southern California examines lung section riddled with emphysema, a disease of which air pollution is thought to be a principal cause.

A microscopic closeup of a one-half-inch slice of an emphysema victim's lung shows chunks of inhaled grime imbedded in the tissue. Veins are blue, arteries red.

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man's most urgent demand upon his environment. He can do without water for days and without food for weeks. But he cannot hold his breath for more than a minute or two. Then he must breathe, even if it kills him. As it sometimes does.

"There is no doubt," John Gardner, the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, said recently, "that air pollution is a contributing factor to the rising incidence of chronic respiratory diseases—lung cancer, emphysema, bronchitis and asthma."

In four days of 1948 polluted air sickened 43 percent of the population of Donora, Pa., and killed 20; in four days of 1952 it killed 4,000 people in London; in 15 days of 1963 it killed 400 people in New York City. Polluted air undoubtedly kills many people in many other places, but they are not counted because the death certificates never read "air pollution," and few cities ever analyze how many "extra" deaths they get during a siege of severe pollution.

Air pollution hurts plants, such as this heavily perforated tobacco leaf.

Yet few Americans are aware of the alarming growth of respiratory disease—doubling every five years in the United States. Few suspect that foul air is most probably a factor in the rise in allergic-like reactions, or that it may contribute to the common cold. Emphysema, a fast-growing disease of the lung and almost surely the result of air pollution, has no public reputation. Emphysema creeps up in the form of increasing colds, chest congestion, breathlessness; and then, usually after age 50, there is a definite diagnosis and ultimately death. California has recorded an astounding 300 percent increase in cases since 1955. About seven percent of all Social Security disability payments, $80 million a year, is paid for emphysema victims, who are second in number only to those with arteriosclerotic heart disease.

There is argument over the cause of lung cancers. The American Cancer Society, for example, blames tobacco and says the effect of air pollution is insignificant. Most opinion is that tobacco is the primary cause and air pollution an aggravation. When age differentials and smokers are eliminated from the statistics, there are 39 lung-cancer deaths per 100,000 in rural areas and 52 in cities. These cancer-death rates are proportional to the size of the city, and so is air pollution. In the laboratory, compounds found in air pollution can create animal cancers.

Every city has its own mixture of poisons. The various blends are depicted by a special machine that can draw air through a clean white filter and in 24 hours trap as many solid particles as human lungs would trap in three months. A filter from downtown in a pleasant Virginia city is a deep mauve, from an Oklahoma suburb a pale gray, from industrial Georgia dark brown, from a big city in Ohio copper-black, from a mill town in West Virginia pitch black. Yet, as appalling as they are, the soiled filters do not show the more poisonous component of air pollution, the gases, which weigh nine times more than the visible particles.

Even when unclean air does not kill people or hurt their health, it often makes their lives miserable. It stings their eyes, dries out their throat tissues. It envelops their cities in a thick smog that blanks out the scenery. It sends offensive smells into their homes and produces an estimated $11 billion damage a year to property, such as paint and metal and masonry.

In every urban area of the country it has reduced vegetation of all kinds, from petunias to mighty oaks, by 10 to 20 percent. It kills some plants, blights new shoots, damages leaves to cut off nourishment and produces premature old age. Perennials are now harder to grow because of the peculiar atmospheric soup that comes out of automobile tail pipes. Dr. C. Stafford Brandt, chief of the agricultural section of the U.S. Public Health Service's Air Pollution Division, says, "From Washington to Boston and inland for a hundred miles there is not a square mile that is free from air-pollution injury. I don't see how anyone can look at our evidence and not become gravely concerned with the effect on our vegetation." Sometimes the evidence is obvious: One night of heavy industrial output killed $10,000 worth of commercially grown flowers on Staten Island, N.Y. Most of it is more subtle: Fruit trees grown in normal city air are 10 percent smaller and produce 10 percent less fruit than trees in clean air.

Air pollution is mainly the result of things burning—gasoline in cars, coal and oil in factories and homes, trash and garbage in incinerators and dumps. The curve of dirty air follows fairly closely the curve of national wealth—more cars to put out exhaust, more power plants to make electricity, more factories to turn out goods, more trash to burn. This is why air pollution has reached serious levels in the 1960's. The biggest single source of air contamination, gasoline consumption in motor vehicles, doubled in the 20 years before 1945 but almost quadrupled in the 20 years since then. Starting in 1968, the auto industry will install antipollution devices in all new cars. Still, in the next decade the air is going to get even thicker—urban population, motor vehicles, electricity production and trash will greatly increase.

Making the best of a murky situation, bathers at Marquette Park on Lake Michigan try to enjoy themselves in the noxious fumes that billow from a Gary, Indiana, steel mill.

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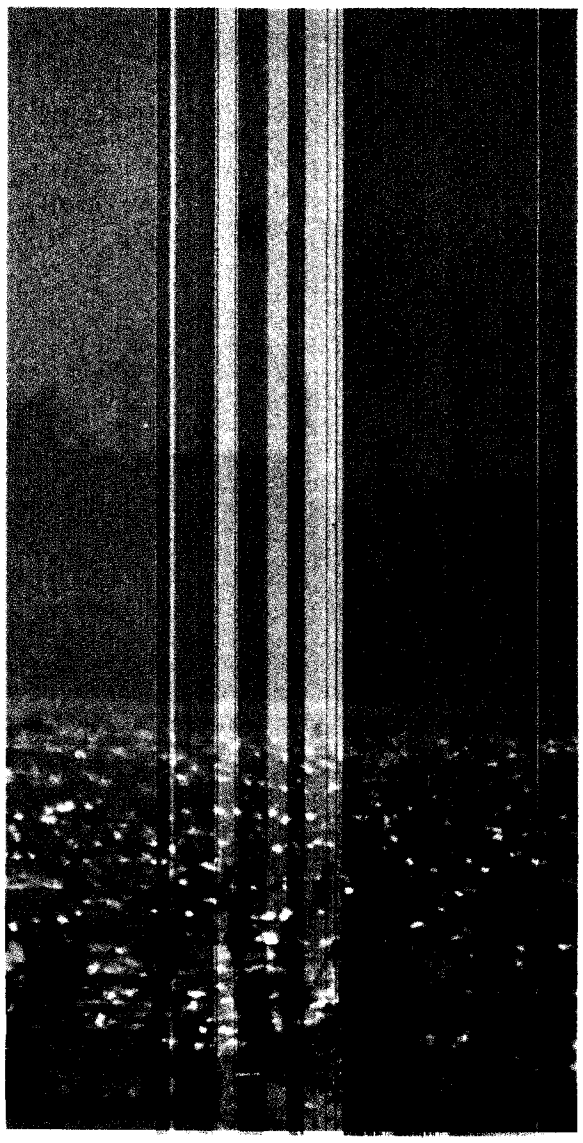
Even San Francisco, long famous for its sparkling air, now suffers from pollution, too. The laboratory flask holds a simulated sample of the city's photochemical smog.



Another factor aggravating the situation is that the nature of aerial wastes is changing. For example, when the plastics now common in households are burned, some of them yield phosgene, a poison gas used in World War I. A report of the National Academy of Sciences-National Research Council says: "Chemical poisons are being produced in new forms so fast that the toxicologists cannot keep up with them."

Bad air once was a problem of the poor. "The wrong side of the tracks" as an expression for the lower-class section of town came from the days of coal-burning locomotives. Neighborhoods downwind of the cinders and smoke were so unpleasant that those who could afford it bought homes upwind. But the postwar population explosion in people and the even greater one in tail pipes and smokestacks have begun to end the delicate class distinction in breathing. It is still generally true that the farther from industrial centers one can get, the cleaner his air; but expensive suburbia is no guarantee of pure air. For one thing, the high-speed highway carries a growing burden of exhaust to the suburbs. For another, the atmospheric lids that keep pollution near the ground frequently cover large areas, often thousands of square miles, and the quantities of aerial poisons that the modern metropolis puts into the air quickly raise the level of pollution over the entire area, not just in the neighborhoods around the smokestacks. It is more and more common that everyone, rich and poor, breathes polluted air. Fewer and fewer of us are immune to the problem.

Peter Briola, the attorney in Lincoln, Me., lives at 43 West Broadway. When he put new bronze street numbers on his house not long ago, they quickly turned black. When he pried loose the "4" and the "3", the backs, protected from the air, were still shiny. But the air in Lincoln has caused Briola deeper concern than the loss of brilliance of the numbers on his door.

"My wife, Helen, was born and brought up in this town," he says. "It's had a paper mill for a long time. In fact, her grandfather sold them the land for their mill. I came to Maine in 1932 and later met Helen. We liked it here in Lincoln. Helen always lived here, and I liked it, too. There's beautiful scenery with the forests and lots of nice, clear lakes and clean air. Then in 1957-1958 another company bought the paper mill and put in what they called an 'improved' process. I can remember when we first knew they had started it.

"It was one night in the fall of 'Fifty-eight. We had both gone to bed and were asleep by maybe ten-thirty. About eleven o'clock we both wake up. We can't breathe. It seems as though someone is trying to gag you, and there's a terrible smell, like rotten eggs. I remember saying, 'What's happening? What's going on?'

"I looked out the window, and there was a tremendous dense fog that was not like anything I'd seen here before. It was like thick, thick smoke, and it stuck to the ground. I can't tell you how terrible the smell was.

"We closed the windows, but it permeated everything. We couldn't sleep all night. The next morning I went out and I was dumfounded. Just dumfounded. I had just had the house painted that summer. And now it was coffee color. Overnight. We had galvanized hooks holding up the clothesline. They were all shot as though they were a hundred years old. I had a Ford then, and you should have seen it. The paint was all pebbled, the chrome all tarnished. The wires on the TV antenna were shot. Then (*Continued on page 106*)

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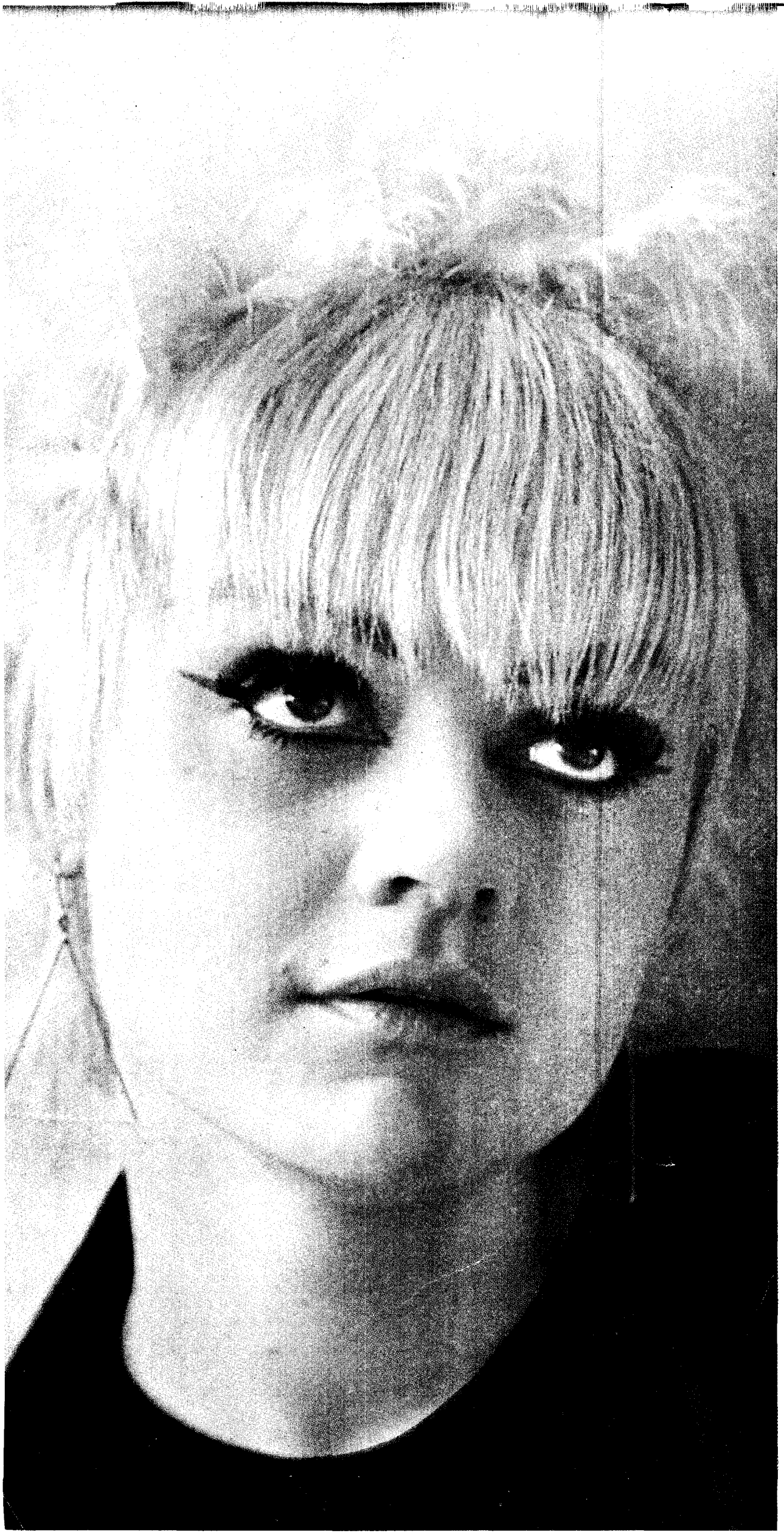

By WILLIAM KLOMAN

Photographs by HARVEY LLOYD

Resplendent in pink plastic curlers, forest green ski pants and white angora sweater, Juliet Goldman stood surrounded by luggage. A sudden rain had left New York awash, and Juliet's feet were wet. "As if I don't have enough problems already," Juliet said. She had just read in a sociology text that after an American girl passes 20 her chances of getting married suddenly drop 50 percent. Scientific proof of what Juliet's mother had always said. Once a girl is 21, her mother often told her, she begins to lose her bloom. From there on, it's downhill all the way. Juliet would be 22 in just four months.

Standing in line, now, at Gate 101 of the New York City Port Authority bus terminal, Juliet pondered her mother's bloom theory. In line with her were about 40 other girls, all of them, like Juliet, in their 20's, pensive—and single. Amid mounds of luggage they patiently waited for the Short Line bus to Grossinger's, where they were going to look for husbands.

"Here's your great chance for romance," the ad in the New York *Post* had said. "Your big weekend starts at Grossinger's this Friday." Later in the day, as business picked up, the buses would begin traveling in convoys of two and three. By sundown nearly 1,000 females would converge in the 1,200-acre Catskill resort, most of them, like Juliet Goldman, passing through Gate 101 to board a Short Line bus for the two-hour express run to the mountains. At Grossinger's, as at most of the other big resort hotels in Sullivan County, New York, "singles" weekends—during which a hotel offers special activities, and sometimes special rates, for unattached men and women—have become a big business.

Sullivan County, New York, situated in the gently rolling countryside between the Shawangunk Mountains and the southern foothills of the Catskills, has been a weekend and summertime playground for East Coast city dwellers for three generations. The clientele of Sullivan County's resorts has traditionally been Jewish, and their kitchens have, for the most part, been kept kosher. For this reason the resorts of the region are collectively called the "borscht circuit."

The archetypal Catskill success story is that of Grossinger's. In 1914 Selig and Malka Grossinger, who had been less than successful in the restaurant business in New York City, moved to Sullivan County and put $450 down on a small farm near the town of Liberty. Like other farm families in the area, the Grossingers accepted boarders seeking temporary relief from the city. The food was good and ample, the climate bracing, and the rates nominal. As word spread, customers came in increasing numbers. The Grossinger farm grew into a $10 million resort which now accommodates about 1,250 guests, and has nearly as many employees. Still owned and managed by the Grossinger family, the hotel's reputation for excellent food and *heimischkeit*, hominess, is world-wide.

A wistful guest at a singles weekend. So that no one need ever feel bored, resorts plan activities "from dawn to yawn."

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'My mother said I should give it a try'

Every weekend the wooded Catskills resound with mating calls as young ladies hunt for a husband.

About an hour after the Short Line bus had emerged from the Lincoln Tunnel, billboards began to appear on snow-covered knolls. HONEYMOONERS LIKE THE NEVELE. . . . THE ALADDIN CONVENTIONS INVITED. . . . HOMOWACK LODGE DAY AND NIGHT SKIING ON PREMISES. . . . BROWN'S JERRY LEWIS SAYS MY FAVORITE RESORT. Each hotel touts its special attraction; the bigger resorts invoke their household gods. Jerry Lewis, once a busboy at Brown's, now has a theater named after him there, and regularly appears in Brown's advertising. Eddie Fisher was a band vocalist at Grossinger's when Eddie Cantor discovered him and made him a star. With typical reserve, Grossinger's has dedicated an unobtrusive jukebox to Fisher's memory. Now, from the bus window, the Grossinger billboard came slowly into view. Graceful white lettering on a field of Wedgwood blue announced simply: GROSSINGER'S HAS EVERYTHING.

"This your first singles?" a girl named Beverly asked from across the aisle.

Juliet nodded. "How about you?"

"I've been to maybe a thousand of them."

Juliet smiled. "This is my first. My mother saw the ad in the *Post* and said I should give it a try."

"Welcome aboard," said Beverly.

By the early 1950's the Catskill resorts found themselves in competition with the increasingly accessible vacation spots of Florida, the Caribbean and Europe. The middle-class shift to the suburbs made the quiet weekend or summer in the country unnecessary and, in some ways, tiresomely unattractive. Reliance on the Jewish-family trade was no longer sufficient, and efforts were made to attract conventions, Midwesterners, more gentiles, and young working people from New York and New Jersey.

In the old days at Grossinger's, guests busied themselves with berry picking, nature walks, or simply gazing at the scenery from rocking chairs on the front porch. Today Grossinger's boasts that it has something to fill every minute of its guests' day, "from dawn to yawn." The atmosphere has become distinctly citified. In most of the resorts, "casinos," or entertainment halls, furnished with wooden folding chairs, have given way to sleek nightclubs that feature big-name entertainers.

Happy family groups and shy honeymooners are much in evidence, but the backbone of the new trade in Sullivan County is conventions. The problem of how to keep the hotels' expensive facilities filled between conventions has been met with singular ingenuity. "You can't just say, 'We're open for business,'" says Mannie Halbert, one of the owners of the Raleigh. "Nothing will happen. What we do is look ahead on our calendar. If we find that we're not booked for a certain weekend, we buy space in the New York newspapers about a month ahead of time and start advertising a singles. I mean, we've built out to *here*. You've got to do *something* to fill all those rooms."

A busload of singles heads for a Catskill hotel. Although the bus was filled, there was only one male passenger.

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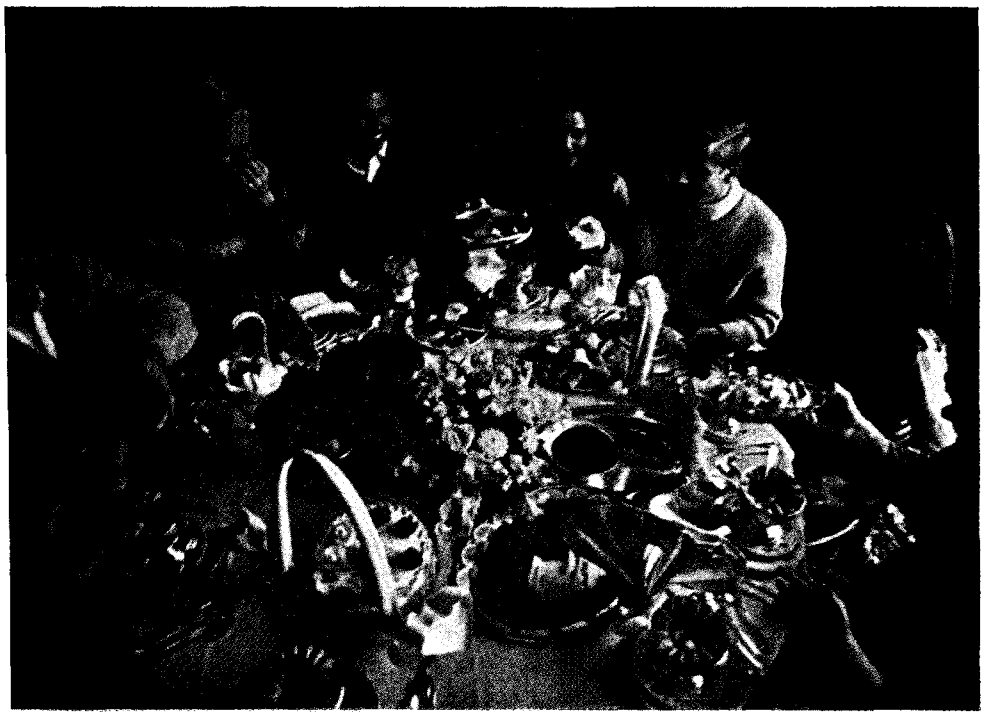

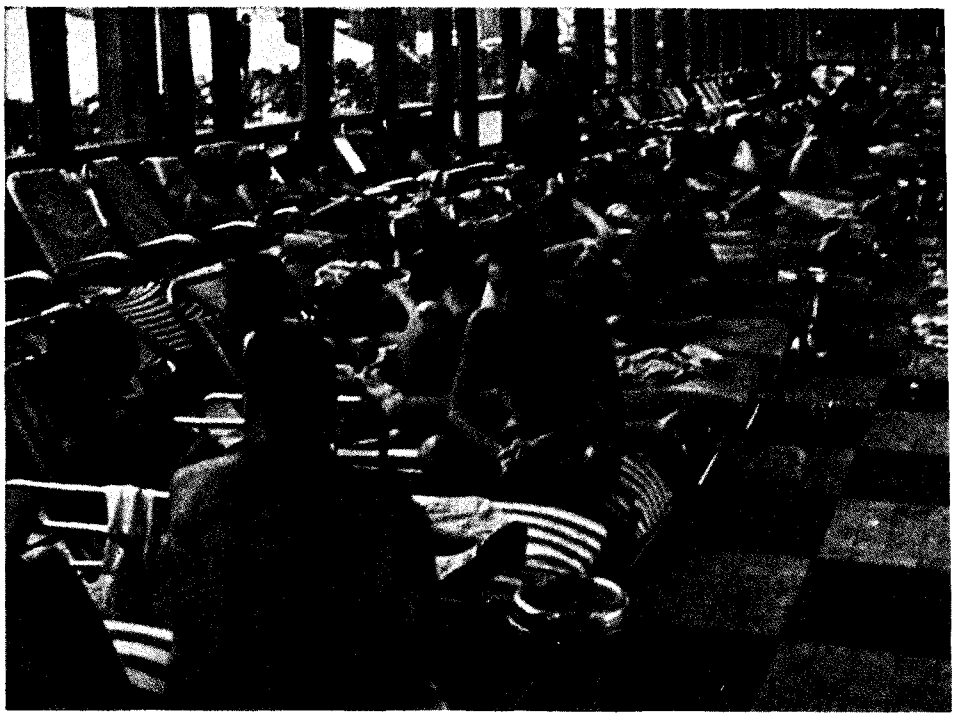

Grossinger's has a reputation for excellent and plentiful food. Guests at left enjoy a mammoth Sunday breakfast. At right, singles lounge, meet, and mingle by the huge indoor pool.

LOVE IN THE CATSKILLS

As the Short Line bus came in sight of the rambling Tudor-style "main house" of the vast Grossinger complex, passengers began collecting their belongings and tending to their hairdos. A small flurry of excitement ran through the bus. Juliet Goldman turned to Beverly and Beverly's friend, whose name was Jan. "I hear they have a lot of activities," Juliet said.

"True," said Beverly. "But they've got the system arranged so you can't take advantage of all the facilities on the first day."

"I don't care," said Juliet, suddenly enthusiastic about the weekend. "I want to do *everything*." Taking a small compact from her small purse, and checking her eye makeup, she added casually, "How were the boys last time you were here?"

"What boys?" said Jan.

The average ratio at a singles is three or four females to one male, a fact that disturbs the hotel owners but doesn't seem to deter the girls particularly. For the 1,000 girls who responded to the Grossinger advertisement in the New York *Post*, a field of about 300 eligible men would be available. Plans are being made by some hotels to even the odds a bit. Grossinger's reserves its least expensive rooms for men. Its publicity flier asks the ladies' indulgence: "Thank you for understanding and helping to send a man to the mountains."

The Sullivan County Hotel Association disclaims fostering illusions. "Nobody promises anybody they're going to find romance up here," says Ben Kaplan, executive vice president. Still, in their ads, some of the hotels *do* raise the possibility:

> The bookkeeper told the model
> the model told the receptionist
> the receptionist told the designer
> the designer told the secretary
> how much FUN they *all* had at the Waldemere.
> The girls couldn't stop talking about all
> the men, men, men, wonderful eligible men
> they all met during their vacation at
> wonderful Waldemere. . . .
> Yes, the girls felt like queens every
> minute of their vacation at the Waldemere
> and now they feel like Cinderellas every
> time the phone rings and another Prince
> Charming calls to ask them for a date.
> It happened to them. It could happen to
> YOU, if you vacation at the Waldemere.

"Cupid to be busy," flashes a weekend news tip from Grossinger's. The Concord (where "solitaire is a diamond, not a game") comes succinctly to the point: REMEMBER, THIS COULD BE YOUR LAST WEEKEND AS A SINGLE.

Juliet Goldman, in her attempt to "do everything" at Grossinger's, managed, in her first afternoon, to take a beginners' skiing lesson, swim in the indoor pool, observe a class in eye makeup at the hotel cosmetics counter, take her first ride in a toboggan, and ice-skate. While skating, she had met her first boy, an economics major from New York University, with whom she had made a date for dancing later that evening.

At supper, now, Juliet found herself at a large round table with five other girls, all singles (two of them were Beverly and Jan, her friends from the bus trip); three single men (two college students and one grammar-school teacher); and the mother of one of the girls. The mother, by virtue of a recent divorce, was also a single.

Like hotel meals everywhere in Sullivan County, meals at Grossinger's are Gargantuan. And at Grossinger's they are excellently prepared, unlike some of the other hotels, where quantity is the main attraction.

At dinner there was general agreement that the weather was beautiful and the food delicious. "My daughter is a teacher," the mother announced, as her daughter attacked a side order of stuffed cabbage.

"Really?" one of the men replied. "I'm a teacher myself."

The daughter looked up from her cabbage and smiled.

"How interesting," the mother said. "You and my daughter should discuss teaching."

After a brief silence, Beverly, the girl from the bus, opened a new topic. "Has anybody read *A Gift of Prophecy?* That book about Jeane Dixon?"

"She's that woman in Washington," answered the male teacher.

'Will all married people please leave the room and not come back?'

"The one who predicts things," said Beverly. "Well, I wrote her a letter."

"How interesting, dear," the mother said. "What did you write her about?"

"She's a very wise woman, really," Beverly said. "Some people think she's a fake, but she's not at all. I wrote her about some of my problems and asked her advice. Busy as she is, she condescended an answer."

Finishing her cabbage, the daughter joined the conversation. "What did she say?"

"She answered me. My problems. It was only a form letter, but she wrote some words at the bottom in handwriting."

"I hope you will try to follow her advice," said the mother.

"Yes," Beverly said. "I think everybody tries to follow advice, only we all don't have the willpower. I hope I do."

"I'm following advice right now," Juliet Goldman announced. "My mother advised me to come up here for the weekend." One of the boys began coughing, and had to be slapped on the back by the male teacher.

"You're *kidding!*" cried one of the girls. "You mean I'm not the *only* one?" Everybody laughed, except the girl teacher's mother, who took out a pair of glasses and began reading the menu.

"Let me tell you about my mother," the girl continued. "The night of the big power blackout I was on my way to dinner with this boy from the office. Well, of course, we had to get stuck in the subway. Like for five hours. So finally they came down after us, and we had to crawl along the side of the tunnel and up through this sewer grating. Right away I got to a telephone and called home. The first thing Momma said was, 'Are you engaged?' 'Momma!' I said. 'We were trapped in a *subway* car.' 'You're trapped in a subway car for five hours with an eligible man, and you're not *engaged?* Couldn't you be a little dependent, just for once? Couldn't you faint or something?' That's the way Momma is. The only thing I could say was, 'Mother, you *know* how I am in a crisis.' "

Singles—the people—aren't new to the Catskills. For years mothers have brought their daughters to such reputable resorts as Grossinger's in hopes of meeting a reputable young man of good family or other prospects who might have, or be induced to develop, marital intentions. "Where

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there are human beings," one hotelman says dreamily, "there is matchmaking. Singles weekends are as old as time." An entire mythology, bolstered by plays, novels, songs and jokes, has grown up around the matchmaking customs of the borscht circuit. In the 31 years since Marjorie Morningstar fell in love with the social director at South Wind, the rules of the Catskill mating game haven't changed much. What *is* new is the high degree of organization which, within the past five years, has gone into transforming the matchmaking tradition into a lucrative business operation.

Guests at singles weekends feel the pressure of what they refer to variously as "the rat race," "the hunt" and "this damned jungle game." The girls especially. During the Friday night rock-'n'-roll party in the Terrace Room, Grossinger's nightclub, several paying guests alternated with two paid go-go girls in displaying themselves in tinsel cages beside the bandstand. "You've only got two days," one girl said. "You got to show what you've got."

At the bar, a man in his 40's talked softly to a girl in her late teens: "You're not the kind of a girl who belongs in a place like this. You belong at Stowe, or Sugarbush. I think you could even make it at Aspen."

At two o'clock Saturday morning, Juliet Goldman, in a pale blue Empire gown, stormed into the Terrace Room to report to her friends, Beverly and Jan. "I've had it!" she said. "I've had it! I mean I've had it altogether!" She made a fist and shook it in the direction of the music. "Ooo!" she said. "What's wrong with me? I mean *what?* Have I got two heads or something?"

"You look lovely," Jan offered.

"Everything was going great. I mean this guy I had the date with—David—we could *talk*. His father makes codfish or something. Nothing special, but OK. Then he runs into two of his buddies from school, and bang! All of a sudden I'm a boiled potato. What kind of a guy is that?"

Beverly looked worried. "Probably just immature," she said.

"Well, I'll tell you one thing," Juliet continued. "I'll tell you this much. I don't *need* this damned place. I can pass for *anything!*"

As the ad in the newspaper had promised, on Saturday there was a "boy-meets-girl" participation program. It was called a "ski-ha" competition. Under the rules of the game, boys who could ski were supposed to seek out girls who could play the harmonica (and vice versa) and enter the competition in teams of two. The contest was sponsored by the Hohner harmonica company, which provided the prizes—assorted items of skiing and harmonica-playing equipment. Hohner also gave each of the 1,300 singles who had come to Grossinger's for the weekend a miniature harmonica.

The first half of the contest, an amateur slalom run, was held Saturday morning. After lunch, the harmonica-playing competition was held in a room off the lobby. The master of ceremonies, Blackie ("the Heifetz of the Harmonica") Schackner, reminded the guests that the contest was strictly for amateurs. "It's not for virtuosos," he said. "In fact, we don't want any."

The first contestant, a lady who had entered the competition with her son, played *Jingle Bells*. A girl named Marilyn next said she would try "a little ditty from the *New World Symphony*."

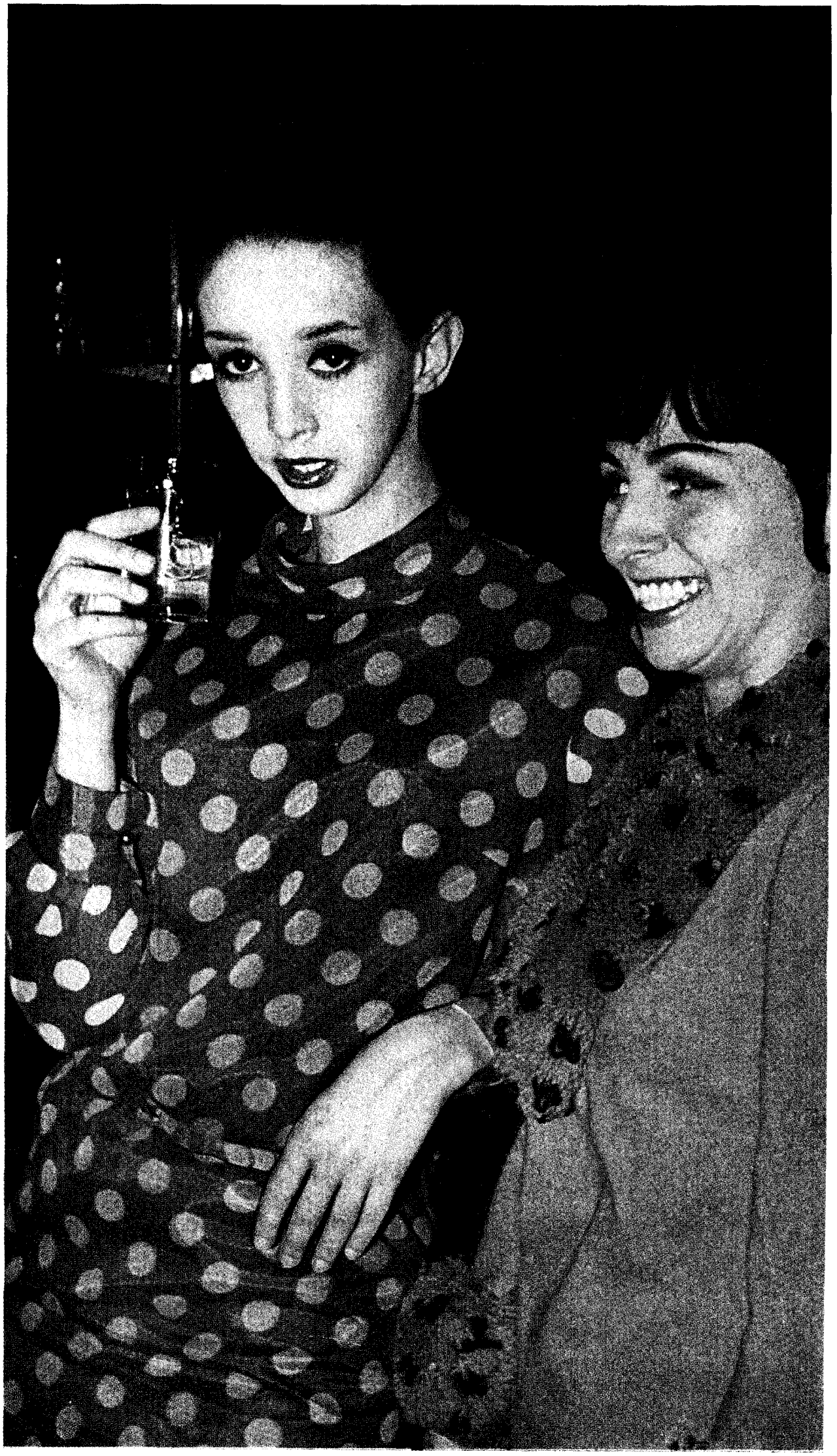
"Dat's written by Johann Sebastian Schmaltz," said a portly kibitzer in the rear of the room.

"What's your name, honey?" said Mr. Schackner to the third contestant, a pretty typist from the Bronx.

The girl said her name was Shirley and played *Home on the Range*. The audience applauded.

"She gets a free trip to the Hohner factory," hollered the kibitzer, chewing on a ragged cigar, "in *Germany*."

The final contestant, a young girl, demurred,



Taking a few minutes out from the scheduled fun, two singles relax against the Grossinger's bar and survey the action.

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"I make from singles doubles," boasts the Concord's social hostess. Intimate scenes like these prove singles are willing to give her system a chance.

One of the more energetic social hostesses urges guests on with poetry: 'If you mingle, your spine will tingle, your pockets will jingle, and you won't stay single.'

giggling. "This is really ridiculous," she said.

Mr. Schackner looked astounded. "No, honey," he said. "It is not ridiculous. It's *fun*."

For New Yorkers, fun in the Catskills isn't as expensive as a trip to Bermuda or Miami, but it still takes money. Figuring transportation costs and an allowance for new clothes, a young secretary or salesgirl can expect to invest a week's salary against the chance of meeting a few "men, men, men, wonderful eligible men" on a singles weekend.

Grossinger's famed *heimischkeit* is the most evident in periodic public discussions during which guests may air their grievances against the hotel and compare notes on common problems. Sometimes questions of policy are put directly to the guests. "How many prefer round-robin seating, which allows you to change tables at each meal and thus meet a maximum number of people?" asks Nat Fleischer, who, when he isn't running the Grossinger Forum, as these discussions are called, entertains guests with hypnotism experiments. "How many prefer the security of always knowing where their seat is going to be?" Most preferred the opportunity of meeting the maximum number of people.

The Forum met on Sunday morning, after breakfast, and guests were encouraged to exchange useful tips and discuss their weekend experiences. Sarah, a single in her early 40's, told a true-life success story: "Girls, I did it once. I was once in the Terrace Room with a married couple of my acquaintance, and in came a man who was very attractive to me. Beautiful music was playing, and I was very anxious to dance. I said to my friend's husband, 'I wish I could meet that man,' and, as it happened, my friend's husband knew the gentleman in question. Well, he introduced us, and the man asked me to dance. We spent that evening together, and the next afternoon and evening, and at the end of the weekend the gentleman offered to drive me back to the city. As a matter of fact, he's here again this weekend, and he's taking me home again."

The audience—about 50 guests of various ages—applauded warmly, and Mr. Fleischer commended Sarah for taking the "direct approach" to the matter of meeting a stranger.

"I will not say that Sarah used a direct approach," a lady named Edna objected. "I will say that she took advantage of a situation. Not all of us know a couple who can introduce us to their friends. And I will say that, should a woman want to dance, it is not possible for her to *ask*. Such a behavior is not acceptable in our society."

Fleischer attempted a compromise. "There is a way. There is a way. Let me suggest this. Is there a person in the world who doesn't like the feeling that he knows something somebody else doesn't know? Is there a person who is not complimented by being made to feel that he can be of assistance, especially to a lady? Of course, the male in our society is supposed to be aggressive, forceful. The male animal. But this is not always the case. That being so, what is wrong with the woman getting to know the man by asking him a question? 'Pardon me, but do you happen to know the name of the band leader?' Something of that nature."

"I don't intend to force my attentions on any man by pretending to be stupid," a lady called out.

"It's not forcing your attentions, madam," Fleischer replied. "It's just asking a question. *There's nothing wrong with asking a question in the Terrace Room.*"

A woman to Fleischer's right interrupted: "In our society a female shouldn't *have* to do anything!" The audience groaned with exasperation.

Fleischer: "*No!* A female doesn't *have* to do *any*thing. This is a democracy! But if she doesn't do anything, sometimes nothing's going to happen either."

Beneath the applause which greeted Fleischer's declaration, the "fwee, fwee" of several miniature harmonicas was audible.

"Madam," Fleischer continued, "at the present time I am working on a doctoral dissertation in psychology. Take my word for it."

"I'd like to change the subject," said a young man, standing and raising his hand simultaneously. "This whole place closes down by three-thirty in the morning. I like to stay up till five. Couldn't you have a jukebox, or *something?* Records we could play after the bar closes? I mean for my age group?"

Fleischer took a small black notebook and a pen from his coat pocket and began writing. "Mmm," he said, looking up. "I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to make a note of your suggestion and submit it to the hotel management. This is not a decision I can make, or we can make here this morning." He began writing again. "Mmm. Something for people . . . of that age group . . . to do . . . after three. Mmm."

Putting his notebook away, Fleischer began to close the meeting. "Out of thirteen hundred people," he said, "all you have to do is meet that one person, ladies and gentlemen. Let's all remember: Yesterday is a canceled check. Tomorrow is a promissory note. But today is ready cash. Right now today is there the chance of meeting the right one today? *Right now?* Maybe not. But we say, if the chances of meeting *the* one are small, why not enjoy the journey? Thank you for being such a wonderful wonderful audience, and teaching me so much about meeting, American style."

The audience applauded lustily. "Fwee! Fwee! Fwee!" went several miniature harmonicas, strongly and in unison.

"Our hotels have various images," says Ben Kaplan of the Hotel Association. "You go to Grossinger's expecting warmth, graciousness and hospitality. The Concord, on the other hand, is known for its thrust."

In 1935, when Grossinger's was just beginning to move into the big time, the owners of what was then the Kiamesha Ideal Hotel defaulted on a mortgage held by Arthur Winarick. Winarick had already made a fortune in the hair tonic business, and took over the operation of the Kiamesha Hotel—which he renamed the Concord—as a lark. Because of his outside interests in hair tonic and cosmetics, Winarick had the capital to build to his heart's content. As he added swimming pools, golf courses, and rooms, and hired expensive talent to entertain his guests, neighboring hotels began to work hard to keep up with the Concord.

As the largest, and undoubtedly the richest, hotel in Sullivan County, the Concord is often subjected to intramural criticism. The owners of some of its more staid rivals consider it a vulgar upstart, a parvenu. It is important to the Concord, then, to prove that Grossinger's isn't the only place in the mountains that has class. The story is still told of the vast white marble lobby the Concord built after World War II. When guests complained that the lobby lacked the warmth and hominess that Grossinger's offered, the Concord's owner ordered the marble covered over with wooden paneling.

Nowhere in Sullivan County are singles managed more efficiently—or taken more seriously—than at the Concord. For its annual "April in Paris" singles weekend, the Concord hires strolling violinists to serenade guests while they check in. It offers lectures on European wines: "Reek with savoir-faire!!" invites a publicity release.

The motor force behind the Concord's singles

After an exhausting weekend at Grossinger's, a girl sits reflectively by her luggage and waits for her bus home.

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program is Rose Ahrens, the hotel's chief social hostess. "I make from singles doubles," Rose says, "and they come back next year triples."

Today, the Cordillion Room is maintained especially for Rose's singles mixers and dances. When the room is in use, an armed guard is posted at the entrance to notify guests that the party inside is for singles only. Even with the guard there, marrieds often try to crash the affairs, at which free champagne (New York State Chaumont) is traditionally served.

Since singles and marrieds tend to look alike to the untrained observer, the best Rose can do, she says, is "appeal to their consciences." At the opening of each singles party she mounts the bandstand and says, "We're here to help the needy, not the greedy. So will all married people please leave the room and not come back?"

As the guests in the Cordillion Room mill about, eating and meeting, they are entertained. A singer, all but hidden by a four-foot-high ice-carving replica of a basket, and flanked by two pelicans of similar size and composition, sings *Give Me the Simple Life*. Part of the Catskill tradition is to ignore all entertainers except big-name stars.

From the bandstand, Rose periodically tries to create an appropriate atmosphere. "Remember, gentlemen," she says "if you ask a lady to dance it may be your chance for a new romance." And, "If you mingle, your spine will tingle, your pockets will jingle, and you won't stay single."

This summer Grossinger's had a full week of singles events, and hired a computer to match guests according to their individual requirements. At the Concord, a singles sanctuary is marked off at poolside. Rose Ahrens patrols the boy-meets-girl area, shooing away the greedy and guiding the needy with blasts on a bosun's whistle, signaling when it is time to change lounges and meet new people. Headquarters for the younger set, however, is the Laurels, a training ground for singles who someday will move on to Grossinger's, or even the Concord.

The atmosphere there is casual in the extreme. In the Laurels' dining room, Catskill informality is reduced to what must be its irreducible essence.

Bernie Weiss, student and waiter, a size too large for his starched white jacket, lounges against a wall nibbling stringbeans from an idle tray. A few yards away a foursome of intense girls eat slowly, conscious of Bernie's painstaking appraisal.

"Hmm," Bernie says, addressing the chubbiest of the four. "How 'bout you and me go on weight-watchers till Labor Day. Maybe then. . . ."

"Meshuginah," mutters the fat girl.

"Not at all," says Bernie, pulling up a chair to join the girls. "Bernie the Waiter, soon to be Bernie the Lawyer, is a prince in disguise."

"Your disguise works," says a second girl, whose name is Shirley.

"*Touché*," Bernie says, and then gets up to clear the table.

"For all we're paying, you'd think they'd give us matching dishes," says Shirley. "This noon I had a fork from Lindy's, a salad bowl from some hospital, and a plate marked GM Training Center. Next time I want to go some place classy, I'll stay home."

Bernie returns to the table with three large servings of strawberry shortcake, which he serves to everyone but the fat girl. "We take the best care of you at the Laurels," he says. "So don't grouse. Besides, here you can have bacon for your breakfast." He leaves again to attend to other patrons.

"That's *some*thing," says a third girl, Barbara. "At the Pines, God forbid you should ask for milk in your coffee, never mind bacon."

"OK, bacon's *some*thing," says Shirley. "But it's not everything. Where are all the rich young eligibles you promised us?"

Barbara looks to make sure Bernie is out of earshot. Then she says hoarsely, "The waiters, you dopes. The *waiters*. Do you think they're here because they like the food?"

Shirley looks stunned. Squinting, she says, "*Bernie?*"

"Bernie," says Barbara, nodding somberly.

Love in the Catskills knows no season. Short Line buses transport their wistful cargo to the mountains 12 months a year. Several years ago the Concord blurred the seasonal distinctions entirely by freezing its outdoor skating rink and, in the midst of a heat wave, invited its guests to skate in their bathing suits.

At Grossinger's it was early Sunday afternoon and Juliet Goldman sat in the lobby, surrounded by luggage. She was blowing softly into a miniature harmonica. Across the lobby, a line of guests waited patiently to pay their bills. Near a staircase leading up from the main entrance, workmen set up tables to receive members of a convention due to arrive later in the day. WELCOME BILT-RITE BABY CARRIAGE. REGISTER HERE, said a sign attached to one of the tables. "Fwee, fwee, fwee," went Juliet's harmonica. Around her, people said good-byes. Everyone agreed that the weekend had been happy and successful. "You know what?" Juliet said. "This place has possibilities. Next time I'm simply going to have to try harder." □

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Part Two

LYNDON B. JOHNSON:
The Exercise of Power

By ROWLAND EVANS AND ROBERT NOVAK

Rebuffed in every move to win power, a bitter Vice President achieves it only at a time of national tragedy.

Early one evening in August, 1960, Lyndon Baines Johnson, the Majority Leader of the Senate and Democratic nominee for Vice President, sat in his luxurious Capitol Hill office chatting with a friend about John F. Kennedy, nominee for President. Suddenly he turned to the friend and asked, "Tell me, just what is it that people like so much in Jack Kennedy?" What he was really asking was: Why do they love Jack but not me?

The question reflected the new and difficult time for Lyndon Johnson. The 1960 Democratic National Convention in Los Angeles unalterably changed both the political life of Lyndon B. Johnson and his understanding of politics itself. He had gone to Los Angeles as complete master of the art of gaining and using power in Washington. But he discovered that his strength in the nation's capital counted for little at the convention, where he was opposed by a young senator from Massachusetts who had almost no power in Congress.

With humiliating ease, John F. Kennedy gave Johnson the worst political defeat of his life. For Johnson, a man of giant ego, the experience was shattering. But Johnson is also a tough-minded, resilient and opportunistic politician. When the chance came, he swallowed his pride by eagerly agreeing to be Jack Kennedy's vice-presidential running mate. Johnson hoped thereby to become a truly national figure at last, not just a senator—however powerful—handicapped by the geographical and ideological limitations of the conservative state of Texas.

In American politics, however, the one man who has less influence than the Vice President is the vice-presidential candidate. In a matter of hours after his nomination an incident rudely brought home to Johnson the weakness of his new position. Kennedy decided that Sen. Henry M. Jackson of Washington should become the Democratic National Chairman. It was an important policy decision, but Kennedy simply forgot to tell it to the man who would be running with him on the ticket. Lyndon B. Johnson learned of the appointment at the same time as the rest of the world.

"I think I'll go back to Texas, make a couple of speeches, and the hell with it," said Johnson, a man ill-accustomed to being ignored or, worse yet, forgotten. Johnson was talking privately to a friend, and he didn't mean a word of it.

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For the past half dozen years Johnson had felt that he, more than any other single Democrat, spoke for his party. He yielded to no man. Now he would have to yield, not just today and tomorrow but for years, to John F. Kennedy. That prospect, crowding in after his long preeminence, would have galled even a man less proud than Johnson. Understandably, he was easily irritated in those first days after the Kennedy-Johnson ticket was nominated.

The irritation showed in curious ways. During the frustrating post-convention session of Congress, for example, he wandered one night into the back office of Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen. Dirksen was gossiping about politics with several Republican senators. Bone-tired, Johnson slumped into a chair, picked up a Scotch and water, and startled Dirksen's visitors by launching into an emotional critique of Jack Kennedy's shortcomings as a legislator. If *he*, Johnson, weren't around, Johnson told the embarrassed Republicans, Kennedy would fall flat on his face.

But such lapses were rare. Usually, he gave no outward sign he had not reconciled himself to second place with the best grace of the good loser. With his wife and a few friends and staff members, Johnson flew down to Acapulco immediately after the convention for a few days' rest in a guest house that belonged to the President of Mexico. There he was secure from the sharp, cutting criticism of Texas Democrats that he had "sold out" by going on the ticket with a Catholic boy from Boston, still wet behind the ears. There he could prepare himself for the self-discipline that he would rigidly have to apply for the foreseeable future. From that day to the end of the campaign, and, if the ticket was successful, to the end of Kennedy's Presidency, Lyndon Johnson would not be his own man. He would be Kennedy's man. To steel himself for that, and to learn to live with it, would take all the self-control that Johnson possessed.

When the campaign began, Lyndon Johnson turned out to be as impulsive and unpredictable as ever. Time and again he pulled the rug from under firm plans—or plans that everyone else thought were firm—canceling appearances at the last minute. Often, alarmed by an impromptu talk with a fellow senator about how bad the political conditions were back in his state—or prodded by another senator to come out to his state and take advantage of the state fair or what-have-you—Johnson would suddenly order his schedule rearranged. That never helps any campaign, and for Johnson, a Southerner campaigning often in alien

Campaigning in Texas with Kennedy, Johnson helped corral the vital southern votes in the close election.

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northern lands, it was particularly damaging. By canceling a speech at the last moment, he would infuriate all the local Democrats who had worked for a large turnout. On the other hand, by appearing in unscheduled cities without forewarning, Johnson assured low turnouts and thin publicity.

Throughout Johnson's campaign, nagging incidents plagued the relations between the candidate and his closest campaign aides. There was continuing tension between Johnson and his speech writers. The basic team stayed in Washington, headed by Charles Murphy, a Truman speech writer 10 years earlier. But Johnson often scrapped their carefully constructed oratory and put his own traveling staff to work composing speeches under the most difficult circumstances.

But for all of the scheduling and speech-writing problems, Johnson threw himself into the battle with the exuberance and enthusiasm that more than justified Kennedy's decision to take him on the ticket. Robert F. Kennedy felt no need to fault Johnson's campaign effort. Johnson held up his end of the Los Angeles bargain.

Johnson's mere presence on the ticket helped Kennedy in the South. His whistle-stop train ride through Dixie in October, blaring *The Yellow Rose of Texas* over the loudspeaker at every stop and earning the name of the "Cornpone Special," not only made good newspaper copy but corralled the courthouse politicians who ran Democratic politics in that region. At stop after stop Johnson ridiculed the Republican nominee. Again and again he told the story of how Nixon's face had been made up for the first Kennedy-Nixon debate. "Of course," he would say, "all of us Democrats who have been around him for eight years have known all along he's made up." But it was serious business, this tour of the Southland. Kennedy here was suspect, alien and feared. Johnson's mission was to expose the other half of the Kennedy ticket and to make voters tell themselves, if Lyndon's runnin' with him, maybe Jack ain't so bad.

Throughout the campaign Lyndon Johnson was assigned a special problem that was very familiar to him—Texas. In 1952 Texas had gone Republican for the first time since 1928, by well over 100,000 votes, and in 1956 by an even greater margin. If Johnson could not return his home state to the Democrats in 1960, the whole point of naming him to the ticket would be lost. Indeed, the election might well be lost.

Working together, Johnson and Sam Rayburn were able to neutralize a good deal of anti-Kennedy feeling among the state's Democrats and in the oil-and-gas industry. But both men were worried about an issue that Adlai Stevenson had not had to face in 1952 and 1956—the fact that Jack Kennedy was a Roman Catholic.

Even as Johnson opened his campaign in Boston on September 8, it was clear that this was *the* cutting issue of the campaign—and not only in Texas. The day before Johnson's arrival in Boston, 150 Protestant clergymen headed by the Reverend Dr. Norman Vincent Peale met in Washington and warned that a Roman Catholic President would be "under extreme pressure by the hierarchy of his church" to follow the Vatican's policies. It claimed that no matter what Kennedy said, his church "insists that he is duty-bound to admit to its direction."

Johnson handled the religious issue like a Texas cowman, not a Protestant theologian. He said in Hartford on September 9:

"If it develops that people do apply a religious test as a qualification for office, then we tear up the Bill of Rights and throw our Constitution into the wastebasket. In the next election, the Baptists will be out, and next a Jew or a Methodist or a Christian cannot be President, and soon we will disqualify everyone who believes in God and only the atheists will be left as eligible, and that's not the American way."

Unsubtle, even crude, but a child could understand it. Moreover, Johnson spoke the lines not from a ghost-written text but from his own beliefs, his high-pitched voice spelling the doom of the Republic if religion were permitted to interfere with the free choice of the people.

The "religious issue" was far from settled, however, when Kennedy arrived in San Antonio, Tex., on September 12, en route to a televised meeting of the Greater Houston Ministerial Association, where he had agreed to submit to questions from fundamentalist Baptist ministers. At noon that day the two candidates found the square in front of the Alamo filled with sign-carrying pickets. WE WANT THE BIBLE AND THE CONSTITUTION, one sign proclaimed. WE DON'T WANT THE KREMLIN OR THE VATICAN, said another. And when Johnson introduced Kennedy to the crowd, the pickets waved their messages in his face. With Kennedy at his side, Johnson shouted above the hecklers. He told of young Navy Lieutenant Jack Kennedy, his PT boat cut in two by a Japanese destroyer, rescuing a wounded crew mate and swimming him to shore by clenching the sailor's belt in his teeth. Then came Johnson's dramatic punch line: "When Jack Kennedy was saving those Americans, they didn't ask him what church he belonged to."

From that day on the religious issue lost its respectability. Escorted by Johnson and Rayburn, Kennedy barnstormed Texas the following day, and when Johnson said farewell to his new chief on September 13, he felt more secure than he had only two days earlier that Texas would return to the Democratic column in November. In fact, however, Texas almost certainly would have stayed Republican had it not been for an unpredictable, explosive incident in Dallas almost two months later, on November 4.

Lyndon Johnson had returned to his home state to close out the campaign and win Texas for Kennedy. The polls showed Texas a toss-up. Things had not gone so well as Johnson had anticipated. Conservative Texans were still charging that he had betrayed the state by running with Kennedy.

The state's political mood was nasty when Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson went to Dallas

1961: Johnson and Jacqueline and John Kennedy waited more or less together to greet astronaut Alan Shepard.

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'You're not going to blame this veto on me, are you?'

to attend a Democratic rally in the Adolphus Hotel. They arrived at the Adolphus around noon, an hour after a Republican rally for Nixon had ended. Republicans and an assortment of Johnson-hating Democrats crowded into the lobby of the Adolphus several hundred strong. As they waited for Johnson, their mood went from unruly to ugly to threatening. Among them were a number of Dallas society women: rich, smug, prejudiced.

When the Johnsons entered the lobby, and started to cross to the elevator, the placard-bearing crowd pressed in on them, swearing, shouting insults, spitting on the floor. In the crowd was Rep. Bruce Alger of Dallas, the only Republican congressman from Texas, carrying a sign that read: LBJ SOLD OUT TO YANKEE SOCIALISTS. As the Johnsons moved deeper into the crowd, it became bolder. It bristled, now, with hostility. Showing admirable coolness in a dangerous situation, Johnson kept moving slowly through his fellow Texans, bringing Lady Bird after him, and finally, nearly 30 minutes after they had entered the lobby, they managed to work their way through the crowd, reach a staircase on the other side and walk to the second floor, out of danger.

The ugly incident at the Adolphus outraged thousands of Texans and many more thousands of Southerners in other states. Sen. Richard Russell, who had not campaigned for his party's national ticket since 1944, telephoned Johnson that evening to offer his services in the few days left in the campaign. Johnson readily accepted, and Russell campaigned through Texas with him.

The Adolphus incident also suddenly portrayed Johnson to the critical North in a wholly new light. The stereotyped Johnson was a Texas rancher with cowboy boots and wide-brimmed hat, owned by oil and gas, possessed of a Deep South racial prejudice, arrogant toward the labor unions, moved only by the pretensions of great wealth. Now that stereotype, for years the target of ridicule and suspicion by northern intellectuals and liberals was *himself* under attack, and in his own state and by the very crowd that was supposed to own him. Suddenly a "new Johnson" appeared to those who always distrusted him.

On Election Day, four days later, Texas went Kennedy-Johnson, though only by 46,000 votes. Considering the close margin, it is a creditable hypothesis that the Adolphus incident swung Texas into the Democratic column. What was more, the outrage caused by the gross insult to Johnson and his wife certainly helped the Democrats carry Georgia, Alabama, North and South Carolina and Louisiana. Key members of the Irish Mafia felt that Kennedy could not have been elected without Johnson.

After the election Johnson would never again have cause to trim his politics to satisfy the demands of the Texas conservatives. Johnson was no longer a Texas Democrat but a national Democrat, the second-ranking man in his party.

With an audacity that astonished both friends and confidential advisers, the Vice President-elect moved to stake out a power base even before the inauguration of John Kennedy. It was only natural that Lyndon Johnson would refuse to accept the historic fact that Vice Presidents were made to be neither seen nor heard, only to wait.

Johnson's first target was the United States Senate, so long his base of power. With Johnson sitting by, the newly elected Majority Leader, Mike Mansfield, proposed to a conference of Democratic senators on January 3, 1961, that Johnson be empowered to preside over Senate Democratic caucuses—in effect become *de facto* chairman—even though in 17 days he would be inaugurated Vice President. Mansfield, who owed his power to Johnson, was proposing that the Senate of the 87th Congress do what no other Senate had done: breach the constitutional separation of powers by making the Vice President the presiding officer of all the Senate Democrats whenever they met in a formal conference.

Mansfield's unexpected move in the caucus confirmed the fears of Johnson's old liberal critics in the Senate—that he would try to run the Senate from the Vice President's chair, with Mansfield, the self-effacing and introspective former professor, deferring to him. When Mansfield made his motion at the January 3 caucus there was a moment of stunned silence, but only a moment, followed by a wave of opposition. Five senators rose from their chairs to challenge the proposition that a non-senator should preside over them. Included among the protestors was New Mexico's Clinton Anderson, a true power in the Senate and an inner member of the Johnson Network.

When the vote was called, 17 senators voted against the Mansfield motion. It was supported by 46, but even among these there was an undercurrent of discontent. Technically, Johnson had "won" the vote, but in reality he had lost it. He knew that the 17 votes represented only part of the resentment of Senate Democrats against his plan, and he never tried to run the caucus. Johnson grieved deeply and emotionally over those 17 votes. No other single event in the formative days of the New Frontier cut deeper, and none had greater influence on his conduct as Vice President after January 20. Indeed, he retired from the Senate—physically as well as legally.

Johnson's second target of power was the executive branch. Shortly after the inauguration on January 20, one of Johnson's aides drew up an executive order for President Kennedy's signature. It stipulated that the Vice President was to have "general supervision" over certain large areas of the Government, including the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, the new space agency. It was drafted for the President's signature, after which it was to be distributed as a presidential directive to various departments and agencies, ordering that Johnson receive all information, plans and policy reports that these agencies customarily sent to the President himself.

Johnson himself was a bit skittish about so unprecedented a move, but he approved the order and sent it to the White House. Within hours of its transmission Johnson showed a copy to a friend, who was flabbergasted. It was, the friend said, the most presumptuous document any Vice President had ever sent to his President. At the White House the document quickly found its way to President Kennedy's staff, where the reaction was precisely that of Johnson's friend. The President never signed it. The memorandum disappeared into some dusty bin, never to be seen again.

The White House rejection of Johnson's proposed executive order, coming on top of the fiasco in the January 3 caucus, bred a caution in the Vice President that was to dominate his actions for nearly three years.

After this unhappy start, Johnson set out to subordinate himself to Jack Kennedy. Reporters who had spent a lifetime learning how to detect slight differences of opinion among politicians came up against a stone wall when they cross-examined Johnson about the President. Even old Johnson friends in the Senate did not receive from him any signal by word or inflection of sign ficant disagreement with Kennedy.

Johnson decided that his best chance for the Presidency lay in keeping Kennedy's goodwill through 1968 and hoping for Kennedy's blessing at that year's national convention. No minutes had been kept of the conversation between the two men in Los Angeles on July 15, 1960, but there are strong indications that Kennedy hinted to Johnson that he would have an eight-year contract as No. 2 man. However, that wasn't the same as being Kennedy's heir apparent. Johnson knew that if he were to succeed to the nomination in 1968 (as Nixon succeeded Eisenhower as Republican nominee in 1960) it would be by his own efforts, and by far the most important effort he now could make was to keep Kennedy's goodwill.

Kennedy thought hard, in the days just after the election, about how he should use his Vice President. Kennedy was well aware of the fact that Johnson was not, as Kennedy once said, "interested in issues." Johnson's passion was to get things done, to confront a problem, regardless of its ideological content, and to solve it. Kennedy decided that he would exploit Johnson's genius where it worked best—on Capitol Hill. Johnson, he thought, would be an invaluable presidential asset when the Kennedy program got into hot water in the House and Senate.

But Johnson was so hurt and angry at the large number of votes against him on the Mansfield motion on January 3 that his usefulness as a legislative helper to Kennedy turned out to be minimal. With a few exceptions Johnson did absolutely nothing to advance the Kennedy legislative program. He did not try to exert his influence on his old friends in the Senate, seldom if ever employing

Bobby Baker, later involved in a major scandal, was Majority Leader Johnson's most invaluable lieutenant.

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ohnson asked O'Donnell. Kennedy sat back, grinning.

the Johnson Treatment on Richard Russell or members of the vestigial Johnson Network. He did not wheel and deal. He simply brooded over his fallen state.

At the President's weekly breakfasts for Democratic legislative leaders, Johnson was a sphinx. He seldom offered a suggestion. At meetings of the National Security Council, he often replied to Kennedy's invariable effort to draw him out by saying he didn't have enough information on the subject to contribute anything.

Nevertheless, President Kennedy insisted that Johnson be invited to all top-level meetings. Bobby Kennedy—now Attorney General but also the President's chief assistant—often followed up with a telephone call of his own. Thus, President Kennedy constantly sought to draw Johnson close to the decision-making process, not so much out of a desire for his help on the actual decisions as to have him there while the decision was being made—to take partial responsibility and to be prepared in case he should suddenly become President.

To old friends in the Senate who had known and studied Lyndon Johnson for a decade, it seemed that he was reluctant to be a full working member of the presidential team. Although physically present at all the White House meetings, he was emotionally detached. He wanted to keep his own counsel, play his own role in his own way. But Kennedy would not let him. He made Johnson take part, pulling him into the center of the New Frontier. That basic conflict between President and Vice President was irritating to both men, but neither put his feelings into words. Instead, the unfavorable impact of Johnson's supercaution registered most keenly on Bobby Kennedy and the Kennedy staff, and reflected badly and unfairly on the Johnson Vice Presidency.

With Johnson's golden days as Majority Leader forgotten or not known by the young bravos of the New Frontier, the Vice President began to be marked down in a grossly unfair and wildly incorrect appraisal as a lightweight—a back-room politician ill-equipped to meet the challenge of the 1960's. Lyndon Johnson became the butt of jokes throughout Washington. "Whatever happened to Lyndon?" was the fatuous cliché of the early 1960's. Sensitive to any hint of criticism, Johnson was deeply hurt by such abuse, and some of his friends blamed "the Kennedys" for starting it.

Johnson's loss of political power was brought home to him most clearly, perhaps, in the matter of federal patronage. In the spring of 1961 he proposed Sarah T. Hughes, a liberal Dallas lawyer and a strong Johnson ally for a vacancy on the United States District Court. Besides being a Johnson supporter, she had valuable political credentials of her own outside the Johnson orbit, and her appointment to the federal bench under Johnson's patronage would be a political asset for him back home. But when the name of Sarah Hughes arrived in the Justice Department for a routine check, Attorney General Kennedy vetoed her on grounds of age. She was 64, far beyond the age which the Kennedy Administration thought proper for new federal judges. Johnson could not change Bobby Kennedy's verdict. Shortly thereafter, while Johnson was abroad on a trip, the Attorney General bumped into Speaker Sam Rayburn in the Capitol and asked why it was that one of his pet anti-crime bills was stymied in the House. Rayburn replied, "That bill of yours will pass as soon as Sarah Hughes becomes a federal judge."

Taken aback, Bobby Kennedy said that he had nothing against Sarah Hughes except her age. Rayburn turned a withering eye on the 35-year-old Attorney General. "Sonny, everybody seems old to you," he said. Kennedy laughed and said that maybe, in view of the Speaker's personal interest, an exception could be made in her case. The nomination was quickly cleared by the President and readied for the Senate.

When Johnson returned from his trip and found that Sarah Hughes had made the grade in his absence, he confronted an unpleasant political fact: As Vice President he lacked the power to make the Attorney General waive his arbitrary age requirement, but in Johnson's absence, the Speaker demonstrated that *he* possessed that much power and could exercise it in a one-minute conversation with Bobby Kennedy. Johnson pretended to take the humiliation lightly. The Vice President, he stormed to John Kennedy in mock anger, asks the President for one little teeny favor and is turned down! And along comes that old man up there in the House, the Speaker, and gets

Given charge of the space program by Kennedy, Johnson rode in parade with John Glenn and astronaut's wife.

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it right away! Johnson played out the roles of himself and Rayburn. Underneath the mock anger and the amusing mimicry, however, Johnson felt that the whole affair had hurt his reputation, both in Washington and back home in Texas, where the story of how Sarah Hughes got to be a judge quickly made the rounds.

Later in 1961, not long before his death, Rayburn again demonstrated just how much more power he possessed than the Vice President. The issue this time concerned a Rayburn protégé whom the Speaker proposed to fill a vacancy in the ranks of the Farmers Home Administration in Texas. Kennedy had given Johnson the right to veto any Texas appointment he didn't like, and Johnson opposed Rayburn's man. But Rayburn insisted. Hard-boiled Kenneth O'Donnell, Kennedy's increasingly powerful appointments secretary and confidential assistant, asked the President what should be done. Kennedy, with O'Donnell in his office, summoned Johnson. O'Donnell described the situation in detail, reminding the President of the arrangement with Johnson that no Texas patronage appointment would be made without his consent. The President asked Johnson what his preference was. Johnson said: This man is not reliable. He may get us all in trouble. Don't appoint him. O'Donnell reached for the telephone on the President's desk, saying to Johnson, "If you don't want him, he's dead, Mr. Vice President." He dialed a number.

"Who are you calling?" Johnson asked.

"The Speaker," said O'Donnell.

"What for?" said Johnson.

"To tell him that the Vice President has vetoed his man."

"You're not going to blame it on *me*, are you?" said an aroused Johnson. Kennedy, relaxing in his chair, was enjoying the scene hugely. O'Donnell said, "You don't think that *we're* going to take the blame, do you? Our agreement with you is that you can veto anyone in Texas. You're vetoing this guy. We've got to give the Speaker the facts."

Johnson was, by now, thoroughly agitated. "Wait a minute," he said. "Let's not go so fast."

Within 24 hours Walter Jenkins telephoned O'Donnell to say the Vice President had cleared the Speaker's man for the appointment. But Lyndon Johnson's attitude toward the New Frontier may have soured just a bit more.

Actually, Kennedy handed Johnson more work to do than Eisenhower had delegated to Nixon. Early in 1961 the new Vice President was given two statutory positions. Based on his background as a congressional pioneer in space and founding

The new President and Mrs. Johnson solemnly visited the White House the day after Kennedy's assassination.

father of the 1958 Space Act, Johnson was named chairman of the National Aeronautics and Space Council—which was supposed to shape overall space policy and mediate disputes between military and civilian leaders but which had been relatively unimportant under the chairmanship of President Eisenhower. The other post that Kennedy designated for Johnson was similar to the major job Eisenhower had given Nixon. He was named chairman of the new President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity, designed to prevent racial discrimination in employment by businesses having contracts with the Federal Government.

These permanent assignments filled the empty hours of Lyndon Johnson's Vice Presidency with productive work. They did not, however, eliminate all friction between President and Vice President. For example, Johnson took such an intense interest in space exploration that on February 20, 1962, when Lt. Col. John Glenn became the first American to orbit the earth, the Vice President astonished and then angered President Kennedy by asking to fly to Grand Turk Island in the Bahamas near the spot in the Caribbean where Glenn would come down at the end of his three-orbit space flight. Johnson wanted to be there when Glenn came ashore. The President flatly refused.

Nevertheless, on March 1, when New York City prepared a hero's welcome for Glenn with a ticker-tape parade up Broadway, Johnson again informed the President he wished to go along for the ride.

Johnson—here speaking at the White House—was quick to set the tone of his Presidency—"Let us continue."

Again Kennedy said no. This was Colonel Glenn's day, the President told Johnson, and he ought to be able to bask in the glory *alone!* But Johnson persisted, and Kennedy finally yielded. As it turned out, Glenn and Johnson were a great hit when they appeared together on Broadway.

Another important job that Kennedy gave Johnson was to act as a goodwill ambassador, barnstorming around the world to win friends and influence people for the United States. Vice President Johnson made 11 separate tours outside the United States during his 34 months in that office, a remarkable record. What happened on these trips, and why they were undertaken, tells much about the torment of the Vice Presidency. Johnson's travels—from November, 1960, even before he was inaugurated, to November, 1963, when he made his last voyage abroad as Vice President—were a reflection of the man himself in the most uncomfortable period of his life.

By all odds his most important foreign trip as Vice President was a visit in the spring of 1961 to South Vietnam at a time when the Communist threat to Southeast Asia was rapidly rising.

Johnson's confidential report to Kennedy was simple and realistic. If Southeast Asia were permitted to fall to Communism, he stated, "the United States, inevitably, must surrender the Pacific and take up our defense on our own shores."

The report concluded:

The fundamental decision required of the United States is whether we are to attempt to meet the challenge of Communist expansion now in Southeast Asia by a major effort in support of the forces of freedom in the area or throw in the towel. This decision . . . must be made with the knowledge that at some point we may be faced with the further decision of whether we commit major United States forces to the area or cut our losses and withdraw should our efforts fail. We must remain master in this decision. . . . I recommend we proceed with a clear-cut and strong program of action.

Johnson's performance on his Asian journey was in many ways the high point of his foreign travels. With one exception, his subsequent travels were anticlimactic. The exception was the one trip overseas that Lyndon Johnson did not want to take.

On August 13, 1961, Communist East Germany closed all routes between East and West Berlin. And on August 15 the Berlin Wall, made of cinderblock and concrete, began to replace barbed-wire fences, creating another period of world crisis.

In the midst of frantic top-level meetings in the

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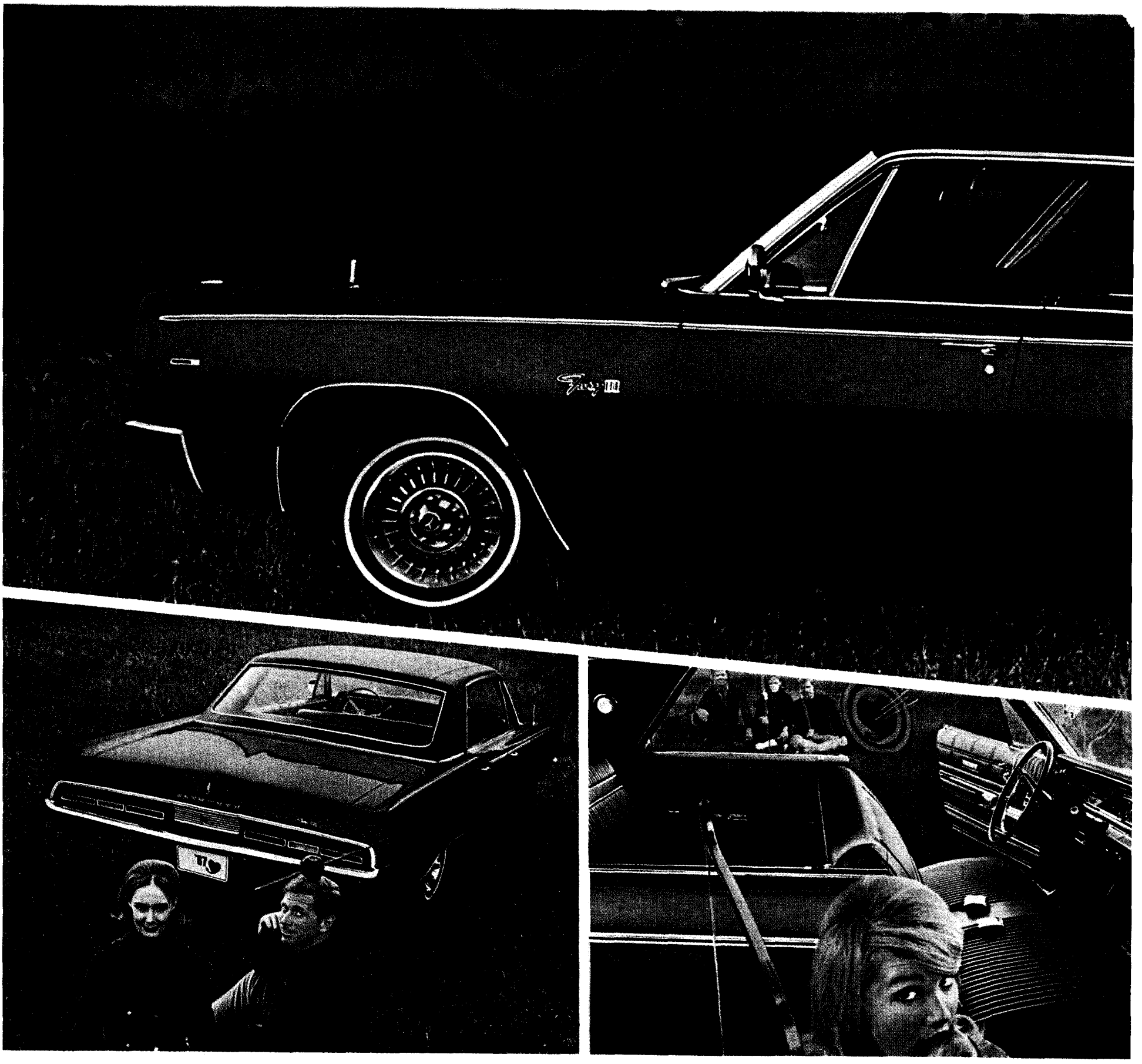

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Try to say "no" to 13 enticing interior choices ranging from rich, high-sheen fabrics to the supple, foam-filled vinyls shown above. Just try.

There's a Safe/Flight instrument panel you can't call a dashboard anymore. Min-gauges and controls. New toggle and roller-type controls are neatly recessed. At night, a cockpit effect.

(Feel yourself slipping a little? Read on, if you dare.)

Flow-Through ventilation, standard on that 4-door hardtop up there, comforts you by changing the air up to four times a minute—with the windows closed. Fresh

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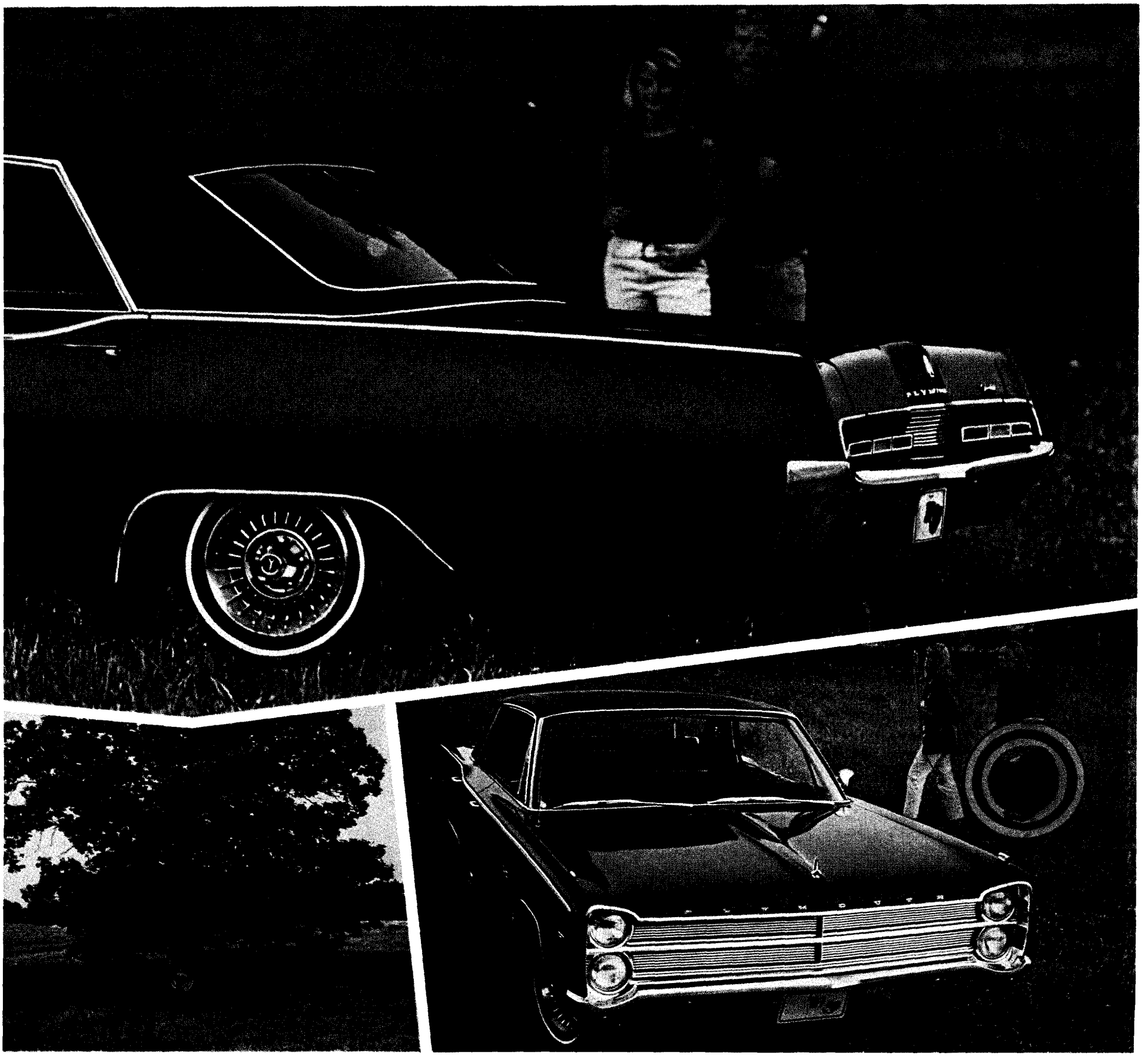

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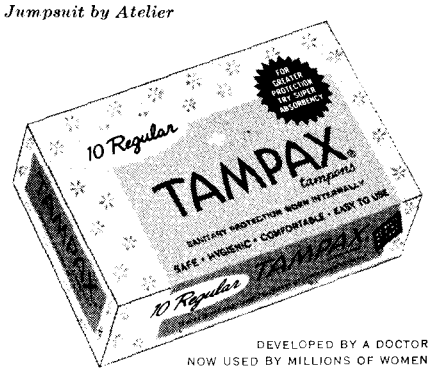
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White House, President Kennedy summoned Johnson and asked him to make an emergency trip to West Berlin to hold up the American flag. Johnson was not only unenthusiastic; he was positively against the trip.

Johnson's strong reluctance increased after leaving the President's office. The sudden, dangerous pressure brought by the Communists on Berlin could lead to war at any moment. Kennedy, he suspected, was throwing him into the breach without any clear view of what the United States would do next. He feared the trip might have unfortunate political results that would severely damage his own career.

Kennedy then dispatched brother Bobby—the instrument for so many unpleasant chores—to see Johnson and tell him it was the President's *command* that he make the trip. The Attorney General carried out this odious mission, overriding Johnson's continuing objections. It was a most unpleasant confrontation, and it further exacerbated Bobby Kennedy's relationship with Lyndon Johnson.

As it turned out, Berlin was the most spectacular mission of Johnson's Vice Presidency. Landing at the Bonn-Cologne airport on August 19, he told a welcoming crowd of West Germans that he was on his way to Berlin to "express a conviction, to convey a pledge, to sound a warning and to reiterate a policy." That same day, standing before a special session of the West Berlin Parliament, Johnson borrowed from the Declaration of Independence and pledged "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor" to maintain the freedom of West Berlin. Johnson's visit accomplished precisely what the President had intended, and Johnson's earlier fears that somehow he was being used as a sacrificial goat were quickly forgotten. But the expression of those fears, at such a climactic moment of history, revealed once more his reluctance as Vice President to become fully engaged, the tendency to draw away, and the fear that, somehow, he was being taken advantage of.

There was a less happy side to Johnson's excursions abroad. Constrained and frustrated in the isolation booth of the Vice Presidency, Johnson could revert to a semblance of the vigorous freewheeler only when he traveled.

On each trip Johnson sent a check-off list of requirements ahead of him to all the U.S. embassies along his route. An oversized bed was a must to accommodate his six-foot-four-inch frame. Also on his regular list were shower attachments that emitted a hard, needle-point spray. Always on the checklist was plenty of Scotch whisky (on Johnson's orders a Navy plane was once dispatched from Taipei to Hong Kong to purchase a case of Scotch and return it to Taipei for the Vice President's party).

Such incidents became legend in the Foreign Service. Indeed, the legends began when Johnson was still Vice President-elect. On November 20, 1960, Johnson flew to Paris for a meeting of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. On Thanksgiving night the United States Embassy in London received word that the Vice President-elect was unexpectedly dropping in on the British Isles on his way back home.

The British, who had been informed early that morning, were thrown into a maelstrom of activity. Prime Minister Harold Macmillan canceled a weekend trip to be in London to see the Vice President-elect. Other members of the Conservative Government followed his example. Lord Home, the Foreign Secretary, invited the cream of British politics to a dinner in Johnson's honor at Home's official residence that evening. The dinner went smoothly, but before 10 o'clock Johnson rose from his easy chair, stretched and announced he was tired—he had a heavy schedule the next day and had to go off to bed.

The early departure was a blow to the British officials who had canceled their weekend plans and hoped to get a preview of the Kennedy Administration. But perhaps, under the circumstances, it was understandable. What was not understandable were pictures in the newspapers the next day showing Johnson at a Park Lane nightclub after leaving the Prime Minister's dinner. Secret Service agents, in their routine report to the embassy the next day, clocked Johnson at four hours in the nightclub. The British Government was not amused.

Perhaps more damaging were some of Johnson's private performances, accounts of which embassy officials promptly relayed back to Washington by word-of-mouth. The list of incidents was endless—some hilarious, some serious, all of them Johnsonian. In Rome a CIA agent was required to locate the owner of a famous shop, closed for the night, to ask him to be at the Excelsior Hotel at 8:30 the next morning to present a large display of ties for the Vice President. In Istanbul, Johnson's staff ordered a plywood partition to be hastily constructed in the hotel a day before Johnson arrived to separate the Vice President from others traveling in his party. In Copenhagen he haggled with an artist in his hotel suite over the price of oil paintings.

As a result of such incidents, the press began to confuse Johnson's deficiencies as a private person with his accomplishments as a public person. It was a problem that had bothered him somewhat in his days as Majority Leader, but the press corps on Capitol Hill—part of the family, really—seldom printed unflattering portraits of the private person. In contrast the press accompanying him on his round-the-world travels contained strangers, and inevitably they wrote harsh, if truthful, accounts of the private person.

Returning from one of his last trips abroad in the autumn of 1963, Johnson was gloomy and morose about his future. He talked about leaving politics altogether in 1964 and returning to Texas. He mentioned the possibility of becoming president of his alma mater, Southwest Texas State Teachers College in San Marcos. In truth Johnson's friends felt he was concerned more about being dumped from the ticket in 1964 than about dropping off it voluntarily. He walked into the office of a Texas congressman in early October, plunked himself down in a chair and complained that he had lost the President's confidence. "Why does the White House have it in for me?" he asked. He became preoccupied with fears that Kennedy would pick someone else for his running mate in 1964.

These fears were heightened by the eruption of the most bizarre Washington scandal of the early 1960's. In the fall of 1963 the *Washington Post* reported that a lawsuit had been filed against Bobby Baker, secretary of the Senate majority, charging him with using his Senate job for financial gain. From that beginning flowed an ever more sensational series of stories about the financial dealings of the boy-wonder from Pickens, S.C., with implications, not entirely relevant, of fast-and-loose living in the higher reaches of official Washington. A *Post* court reporter had learned by chance about the lawsuit that triggered the Baker affair. But Baker believed the *Post* had been put onto the story by Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, who (in Baker's view) had planned the whole affair. That view, to a great extent, was shared by Johnson. He suspected that the Justice Department and Bobby Kennedy were hounding Baker to embarrass Johnson and ease him off the ticket in 1964.

In actual fact, the President, the Attorney General and the entire Irish Mafia were certain that if the Baker case blew up into a scandal of Teapot Dome proportions, Kennedy as President would be far more damaged politically than Johnson as Vice President. Kennedy was well aware of Johnson's fears. To curious friends he repeatedly emphasized that changing Vice Presidents would cost him more than it would gain. Besides, Kennedy added, he had no complaints about Johnson. At a press conference in early November, the President was asked two questions: Did he want Johnson on the ticket in 1964 and "Do you expect that he would be on" if Kennedy himself ran for reelection? Kennedy's reply was quick: "Yes to both questions."

This, then, was the mood of the Vice President in late November, 1963—a mingling of apprehension and loneliness—when President Kennedy arranged a political trip to Texas. Kennedy's purpose was to make peace between the Texas Democrats, Gov. John Connally and his conservatives on one side, Sen. Ralph Yarborough and the Texas liberals on the other, and Vice President Johnson in the middle.

Johnson went to Texas ahead of the President and spent his last weekend as Vice President on the LBJ Ranch. He joined the President at Fort Worth on November 21. The next day was Dallas.

With the assassination of John F. Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, trained to the use of power, his whole life geared to his driving ambition, had come now to the Presidency itself, but under circumstances that could not conceivably have been more ominous. As the nation mourned its dead President, the burden of binding the wound, of creating a sympathetic response between the new President and the millions of American citizens who loved the old, of reassuring Kennedy's Administration that the successor was worthy of its support, of showing a resolute face to the world, of moving a nation wrapped in sorrow out of its tears—the whole burden fell on this one man.

To carry his burden, Johnson never hesitated to use his new power. He made the decisions and gave the orders from the very outset of those fearful early moments.

Air Force One waited at the end of the runway at Love Field in Dallas. Maj. Gen. Chester V. Clifton, President

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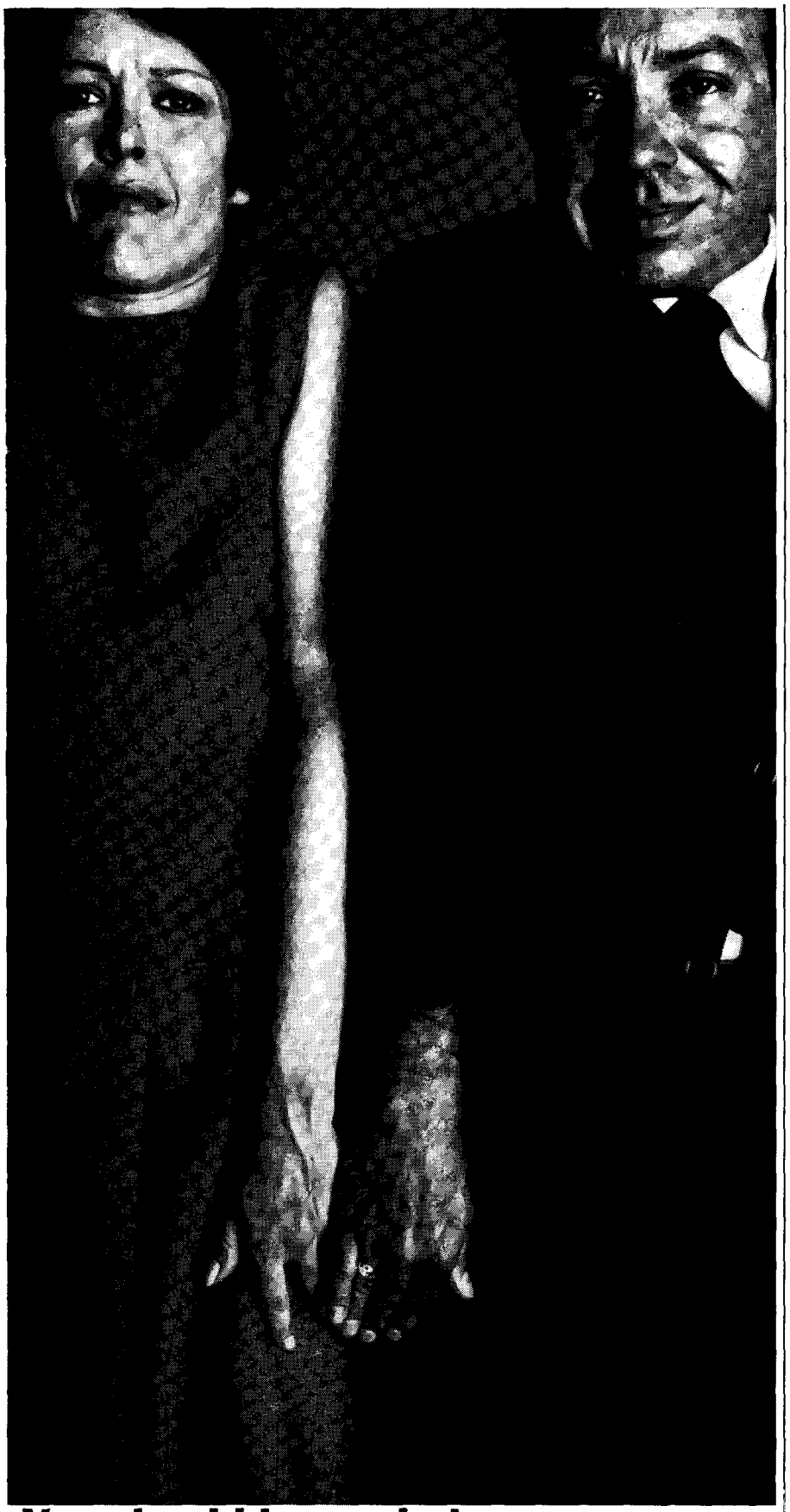

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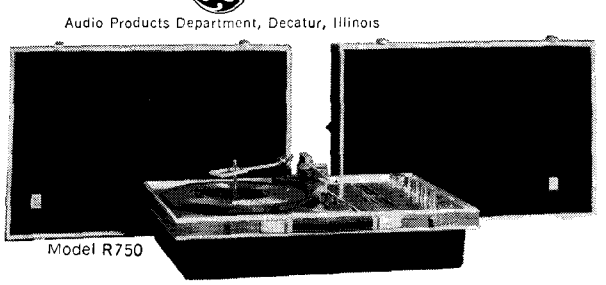

Model R750

Kennedy's Army aide, ordered the pilot to take off immediately. Malcolm Kilduff, Kennedy's assistant press secretary, canceled the order and told the pilot to delay. Johnson had ordered Kilduff to keep the plane on the field until Federal Judge Sarah Hughes arrived to swear him in as President.

Back in the main compartment of the plane where Kennedy's body lay in its casket, and where Jacqueline Kennedy and her late husband's aides—Dave Powers, Kenny O'Donnell, and Larry O'Brien—huddled together in their grief, there was first surprise, then consternation at the long delay. Brig. Gen. Godfrey T. McHugh, President Kennedy's Air Force aide, rushed up to the pilot's cabin to repeat Clifton's order. "Mrs. Kennedy and Kenny O'Donnell want it," he said, his voice edged with impatience and emotion.

Again Mac Kilduff countermanded the order. "But, Mac," McHugh said, "Mrs. Kennedy and Kenny want it." Kilduff, acting under higher authority, said what had to be said: "General, they're not in charge anymore."

Johnson *was* in charge. For he had become President, not when sworn in aboard Air Force One by Judge Sarah Hughes, but the moment Kennedy died.

Of all the imperatives for Johnson in that worst of times, there was one that was by far the most important—the need for confidence. As if by instinct, Lyndon Baines Johnson, the 36th President of the United States, began at once to restore the confidence of the people in their country, and to gain their confidence for himself.

In his earliest hours as President, Johnson worked out a plan to have a commission composed of some of the nation's most eminent citizens make a painstaking investigation of the assassination of John F. Kennedy to dispel rumors that the killing was part of a conspiracy. The two most important members of the commission were the two hardest to get: Chief Justice Earl Warren and Sen. Richard Russell.

Warren knew that past members of the Supreme Court had been subject to heavy criticism when they accepted nonjudicial assignments. He told Johnson that neither he nor any member of the federal judiciary should serve on the commission. Seated across the desk from Warren in the White House, Johnson declared: You wore the uniform of a first lieutenant in World War I and served your country with honor. Are you now going to refuse to serve your country in another critical situation? Tears in his eyes, Warren reluctantly agreed.

Russell was far more difficult to persuade. When the President reached him by telephone at his home in Winder, Ga., Johnson's old mentor stiffened. He had no desire to serve next to Earl Warren, the head of a Supreme Court that had done so much to advance the Negro revolution.

In a conversation lasting most of an hour, Johnson unleashed The Treatment, dormant now for three years. Emotionally he recalled their long, intimate association. He appealed to Russell as his friend, and he appealed as the President of the United States. Finally, Russell accepted, and the commission was complete.

The very selection of the commission stilled doubts about Dallas during the period of transition. Creation of The Warren Commission was a rudimentary move in the battle for confidence, a simple maneuver compared to the subtle weavings of Lyndon Johnson in the early days after the assassination.

Johnson acted just as swiftly to keep the Kennedy team intact. If some or most of the Kennedy men moved out of their old jobs, the country would draw an obvious conclusion: They did not choose to work for Johnson. And that would undermine confidence.

With each key Kennedy man, Johnson used a personalized technique to try to make him a Johnson man. For example, Johnson wanted to keep Arthur Schlesinger, the Harvard historian and a White House staffer, not because of his performance but because of his symbolic quality as a liberal's liberal. Johnson and Schlesinger had never been close; the man from the Texas frontier on occasion resented the blunt rhetoric and intellectualism of the Harvard professor. But Johnson told Schlesinger, who really wanted to resign, that he now regarded him as one of his own men, that he had complete confidence in him, and that although it undoubtedly would be a sacrifice for Schlesinger, he must stay for the President's sake and for the country's. Johnson said all this with simplicity, dignity and conviction. Schlesinger stayed on for three months. He was given no jobs to do and saw the President only infrequently. He was, then, a symbol, but an important one for Johnson.

Johnson's wooing of Administration officials went to extremes at times, as it did with Adlai Stevenson, Ambassador to the United Nations and still an idol to the Democratic Party's liberal wing. Johnson's private opinion of Stevenson had never been high, but their relations had generally been cordial, and now he needed him.

"I know and you know that you should be sitting behind this desk rather than me," Johnson told Stevenson. "You could have had the vice-presidential nomination in Los Angeles, but you kept your word to me that you wouldn't back any of the candidates, and as a result I am here instead of you." What Johnson was saying—correctly or not—was that if Stevenson had endorsed Kennedy, the second place on the ticket could have been his.

Then Johnson went on: The late President had not been consulting Stevenson, but "all that is going to be changed from now on." Stevenson must not hesitate to telephone Johnson any time he had a recommendation. "I want you to play a large role in the formation of policy," Johnson said. Recalling that conversation to a friend a few weeks later, Stevenson said he genuinely believed that if he had given the word, Johnson would have replaced both Secretary of State Dean Rusk and McGeorge Bundy, the White House adviser on foreign affairs. But Stevenson told the President he should retain both Rusk and Bundy.

The effort to encompass the entire New Frontier was so successful that no Kennedy man left until Ted Sorensen, Kennedy's Special Counsel at the White House, departed at the end of February to write a history of the Kennedy Administration. Nor was Sorensen's departure followed by a mass exodus. The key men of the New Frontier remained into 1965 and even beyond.

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In his campaign to win the nation's confidence, Johnson counted heavily upon a televised address that he would give to a joint session of Congress. On Saturday, November 23, Johnson asked Sorensen to write this first major speech—the same task he had performed so well for Kennedy. Later that day, Johnson by accident ran into John Kenneth Galbraith, a Harvard professor of economics, Kennedy's ambassador to India, and one of the most articulate liberals in the country. Worried about the speech to Congress, Johnson asked Galbraith whether he worked well with Sorensen. When the answer was yes, Johnson asked him to collaborate on the address. That night, Sorensen and Galbraith got together in the handsome Georgetown house of Katherine Graham, widow of Philip Graham and now publisher of the *Washington Post*. Galbraith hatched ideas and Sorensen put them in writing.

When Sorensen had prepared his speeches for Kennedy, the draft was circulated, amendments were made, and it was then returned to Sorensen for final polishing. With Johnson it was different. After the Sorensen-Galbraith draft was submitted to Johnson, they never saw it again. Johnson gave it to Abe Fortas, a Washington lawyer who was one of his closest advisers. Fortas did a top-to-bottom rewrite. "I corned it up a little," Fortas said later. The result was an amalgam that was neither pure Kennedy nor pure Johnson. It was a transition address.

Speaking from the rostrum of the House, President Johnson achieved a tour de force with the most important speech of his life. The words that counted were these: "Today, in this moment of new resolve, I would say to all my fellow Americans, *let us continue.*" Who did not recall, upon hearing those words, the phrase that gave them birth, uttered by John Kennedy on the steps of the Capitol on January 20, 1961: "*Let us begin.*" The new President, with that link between the dead and the quick, spoke with the deepest conviction and caught the exact mood of the country. The speech had been written by Sorensen, Galbraith and Fortas, but the heart of it—"let us continue"—was Lyndon Johnson's own.

Having formally addressed Congress, Johnson now began working hard to reestablish his old relationship with it. Although Presidents seldom care to travel those 17-odd blocks more than is absolutely necessary, Johnson was back and forth between the White House and Capitol Hill in those early days as though his life depended on it. Without advance warning during his first week in office, he dropped in on the weekly luncheon meeting of the Texas congressional delegation that he used to attend unfailingly as congressman, senator, and Vice President.

The traffic on Pennsylvania Avenue also moved in the other direction. Senators and congressmen who seldom if ever had been in the White House except for formal ceremonies suddenly found themselves sitting down with the President and Mrs. Johnson at intimate, quickly arranged dinner parties. In the early weeks of the Johnson Presidency and, in fact, right up to the election of 1964, relations between the President and individual members of Congress were closer than ever in the past. Middle-aged legislators from the South and West, particularly, found the informal tone of the White House under Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson more congenial than the high, dashing style of the Kennedys.

This marked change in relations between Capitol Hill and the White House was inevitable with Lyndon Johnson as President. After all, Capitol Hill was Johnson's political home. In the first weeks of his Presidency his attentions naturally would turn there. Besides, Johnson had never had a *social* life distinct from his political life. The two were inextricably blended. There was another reason for Johnson's deep interest in the Hill. Kennedy had been confronted by what seemed on the surface to be the worst congressional revolt in many years. Even a few New Frontiersmen now felt that the Kennedy legislative record was the weak spot of his Presidency.

To a President who was so much a product of Congress, it was essential to demonstrate that the executive branch could control the legislative branch, and to demonstrate it speedily, not just in order to pass the Kennedy legislative program but also to convince the watching world, both Western and Communist, that a leader capable of running the entire Federal Government had succeeded to the Presidency of the United States.

Two measures that got Johnson's immediate attention were the proposed budget for the following fiscal year, and Kennedy's plan to cut income taxes. Johnson coupled the two in his mind.

He took over the budget as his personal property—cutting, patching, splicing and ending up with a projection of only $97.9 billion for fiscal 1965.

Then he gave equally close attention to the tax bill. When a vote in the Senate's Finance Committee went against him, 10–7, Johnson learned the news while eating lunch. Snapping into action, he telephoned every one of the Finance Committee's 17 members and argued that the particular amendment must be reconsidered and defeated when the committee reconvened in the afternoon—appealing to Democrats to be loyal to their party and President and to Republicans to be loyal to their presumed fiscal responsibility. Johnson's telephone barrage provided an overpowering display of presidential power. When the Finance Committee reassembled in the afternoon, the amendment was reconsidered and defeated by a 9-to-8 vote.

Even Sen. Harry Byrd, Chairman of the Finance Committee and the soul of economic conservatism, was artfully stripped by Johnson of his sense of outrage over the tax bill. Of course the old man could not actually vote for the tax cut without giving the lie to the doctrine of fiscal orthodoxy he had preached in Washington for some 35 years. But Johnson made of Byrd virtually a secret ally. Sharing a late-evening drink at the White House with Johnson the night his committee approved the bill, Byrd told the President: "I'm going to have to vote against the bill, but I'll be working for you behind the scenes."

The rest was anticlimax. The Senate

Shake hands with L.S.Green

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passed the bill by a consensus-sized vote of 77 to 21 after a week's debate. When the President signed the bill on February 26, he further wooed the conservatives by appealing for a consensus. Pledging "earnest attempts" to reduce federal spending, he had special words of praise for none other than Harry Byrd, who had never publicly endorsed the bill at all. This was the high point of Lyndon Johnson's early days as President.

Within hours after President Kennedy's death, there were quiet conversations in Washington about whether President Johnson would scuttle or at least dilute the civil-rights bill sent to Congress by Kennedy. It was by far the most comprehensive civil-rights bill ever submitted by a President and included a public-accommodations section guaranteeing Negroes the right of access to hotels, restaurants and other such facilities. But it fell short, in the opinion of civil-rights leaders, in two respects. It contained no mandatory Fair Employment Practices proposal, and it did not resurrect Part III—the section of the 1957 bill that would have given the Federal Government power to intervene in civil-rights cases but which was skillfully excised by Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson.

The bill had been strengthened and was well along in the legislative process when Johnson became President. Part III had been added to the bill in the House Judiciary Committee and F.E.P.C. was adopted on the House floor, bringing the bill up to the highest hopes of the civil-rights leaders. Johnson pledged there would be no changes in the bill even if that required suspending all other activity in the Senate for months. Now fully emancipated from his southern base, there was no need for him to trim his civil-rights position to please Dixie.

For 75 days Richard Russell managed to keep a southern filibuster going, the longest in Senate history, but it was broken on June 10 by a 71–29 vote for cloture, to end debate. After that, passage of the entire bill was easy.

For the first time, Congress had passed a civil-rights bill without significantly compromising it. Lyndon Johnson, exchanging the methods of maneuver for inflexible determination, was in great part responsible. Russell himself, the wise old commander of the battered southern legions, had predicted just this result when Johnson moved into the White House. Asked if the civil-rights bill would be watered down, now that Johnson was President, Russell had answered, "No. The way that fellow operates, he'll get the whole bill, every last bit of it." And he did. It was an important achievement in an election year.

But for all of his success with Congress, that first spring of his Presidency exposed Johnson's fundamental problem—the image he presented to the American people. Johnson was enraged, that spring, by the first really bad publicity he had received as President. The occasion was an uninhibited joyride on Easter weekend near his Texas ranch. Fast rides over the smooth, empty blacktops in Texas hill country had always been part of the entertainment for Johnson's guests on the ranch. With one hand on the wheel and the other holding the speaker of his radio-telephone, shouting orders to secretaries and ranch hands, Johnson displayed himself in all his elemental exuberance.

It was, quite simply, great fun. But now Johnson was President of the United States, and the passengers in his big car that Easter weekend were four members of the Washington press corps—three of them female. Later, one of the girls related the hilarious events of the day to her colleagues in the press, and the story of the President's daredevil driving began to find its way into the newspapers. At a press conference on Saturday, April 4, the President was asked about published reports "that you had hit speeds of perhaps up to ninety miles an hour in a zone with a speed limit of seventy miles an hour." These reports, the questioner continued, were creating "concern that you are putting yourself in danger."

Bristling indignantly, the President replied with neither patience nor accuracy: "I am unaware that I have ever driven past seventy."

All this made the White House staff distinctly uneasy, but the Texas joyride over Easter did not reach crisis proportions until Monday, April 6, when the new edition of *Time* reached the newsstands. Entitled "Mr. President, You're Fun," the article began:

A cream-colored Lincoln Continental driven by the President of the U.S. flashed up a long Texas hill, swung into the left lane to pass two cars poking along under 85 m.p.h., and thundered on over the crest of the hill—squarely into the path of an oncoming car. The President charged on, his paper cup of Pearl beer within easy sipping distance. The other motorist veered off the paved surface to safety on the road's shoulder. Groaned a passenger in the President's car when the ride was over: "That's the closest John McCormack has come to the White House yet."

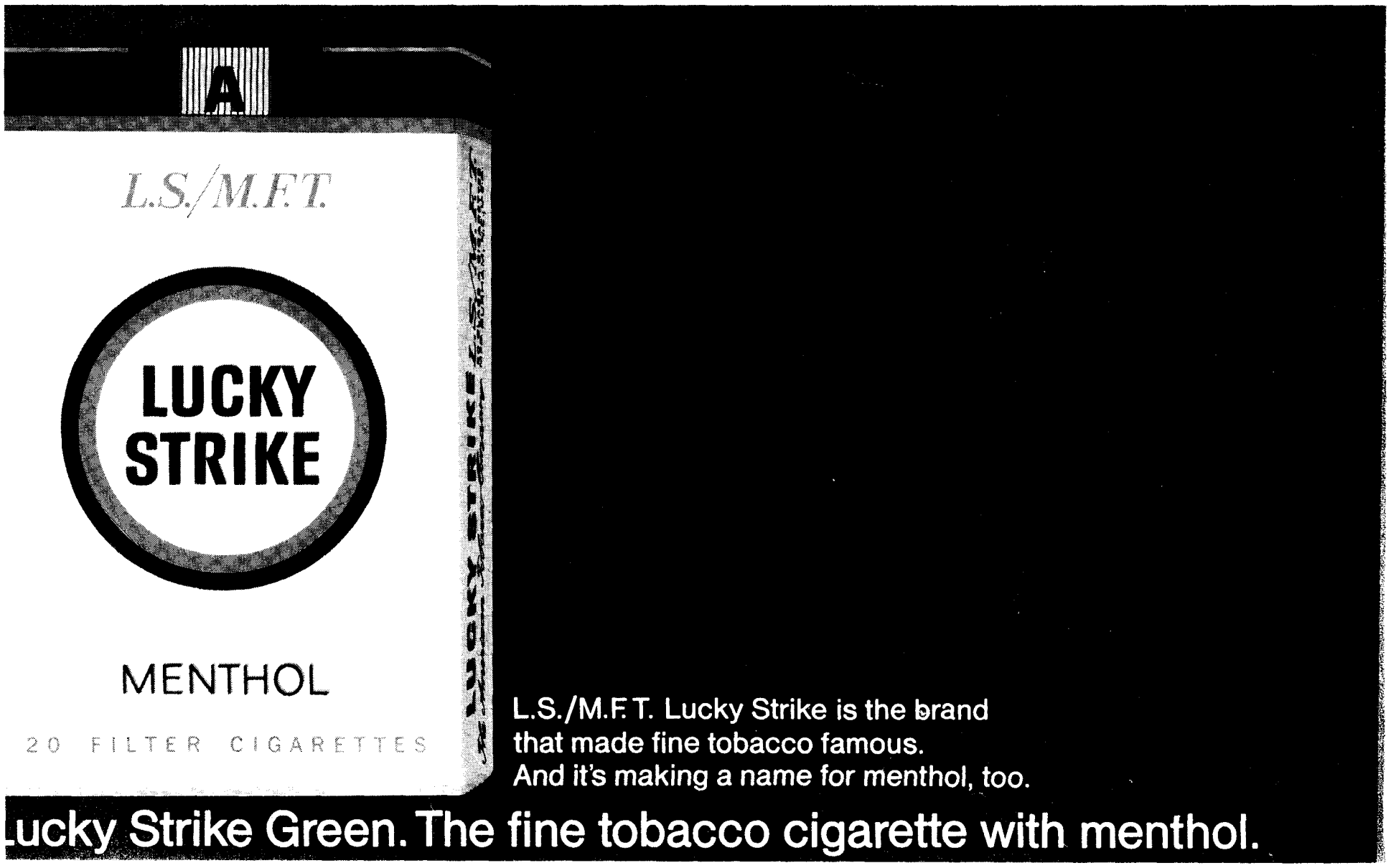
Describing Johnson as "a cross between a teen-age Grand Prix driver and a back-to-nature Thoreau in cowboy boots" when he inhales springtime on the ranch, *Time* continued:

. . . [The President] hopped into his Continental to play tour guide, invited in four reporters, including Hearst's pretty blonde Marianne Means and two other newswomen. More reporters and photographers scrambled into five other Johnson-owned vehicles, and the whole caravan jounced at high speeds across a pasture, zigzagging around dung mounds and clusters of fat white-faced cattle.

At one point Johnson pulled up near a small gathering of cattle, pushed a button under the dashboard—and a cowhorn bawled from beneath the gleaming hood. Heifers galloped toward the car while photographers clicked away and the President looked pleased. As he drove, Johnson talked about his cattle, once plunged into what one startled newswoman called a "very graphic description of the sex life of a bull."

. . . During the tour, Reporter Means, her baby-blue eyes fastened on Johnson, cooed: "Mr. President, you're fun."

Through all the fun, the President sipped beer from his paper cup. Eventually he ran dry, refilled once from Marianne's supply, emptied his cup again, and took off at speeds up to 90 m.p.h. to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get more. . . . Someone gasped at how fast Johnson was driving. Quickly Lyndon took one hand from the wheel, removed his five-gallon hat and flopped it on the dashboard to cover the speedometer . . .

The President was outraged by this account and telephoned angry protests to the editors of *Time* in Washington and New York. In the past Johnson's staff used to chuckle about their chief's incurable sensitivity to press criticism, but not this time. They, too, were upset by such a story in a mass-circulation news magazine. Indeed, they feared that the *Time* article might conceivably be one of those rare pieces of journalism that could change the course of history by creating an indelible image of a reckless President.

The anxiety of the White House staff stemmed from the fact that Lyndon Johnson was still emerging from the transition and had not yet put his own distinctive imprimatur on the Administration. It was in this tentative, inconclusive period that, suddenly, the destructive image of the Texas joyrider, so different from the picture he and his aides wanted to project, was growing spontaneously in the public consciousness. It all seemed to be part of Johnson's reputation as a Texas wheeler-dealer, and the Easter weekend was fully compatible with this lingering image that the President was trying so hard to wipe from the record.

Johnson's deep interest in his image and his concern to improve it were evident within hours after the assassination, and his proposed instrument of image-making in the beginning was Pierre Salinger, the stubby, gregarious ex-reporter inherited from Kennedy as the White House press secretary.

On November 23, 1963, the day after the assassination, Salinger was awakened at home by the insistent ring of the telephone at 7:30 A.M. and was momentarily stunned to hear an operator tell him the President was calling. For a brief moment Salinger thought the awful events of the preceding day had been a nightmare. Then he heard the voice of President Johnson.

Salinger was to hear that voice often in the coming weeks. Johnson assigned two of his Texas aides, Horace Busby (then not yet on the White House staff) and Jack Valenti, to draft background papers putting his position on various matters in the most favorable light, and then directed Salinger to peddle this material to reporters. In short, the President wanted Salinger to proselytize the press. Johnson also used Salinger to complain to reporters—not in the President's name but in his own—about stories the White House did not like, an old habit of Presidents that Johnson carried to a new extreme. In December, Salinger was ordered by Johnson to phone a reporter who had been close to Kennedy, upbraid him because of a dispatch that had angered Johnson, and tell him: "You used to have a pipeline over here, but you don't anymore."

Two days before Christmas, Johnson directed his press secretary to summon the Government's top public-affairs specialists to the White House. These men, most of whom held the rank of Assistant Secretary, were image makers for their departments and for the Administration. Among those called to the White House by Salinger, for example, were Assistant Secretary of State Robert Manning; Assistant Secretary of Defense Arthur Sylvester; the Deputy Director of the United States Information Agency, Donald Wilson, and seven or eight others. They waited in the Fish Room for half an hour, and when the President arrived it was quickly apparent that he was out of sorts. He didn't know the exact job description of all this high-priced talent, he said, but he knew that none of them was earning his pay. "You're not getting my picture on the front page the way you did Kennedy's," the President scolded.

Salinger privately protested to the President about all this. He told Johnson that good publicity could seldom be manufactured. The President should let his accomplishments speak for themselves. Besides, Salinger said, Johnson was receiving excellent treatment from the press during the transition days. But the President was convinced that only through manipulation of the press could he and his Administration be assured of fair treatment. The relationship between Johnson and Salinger began to cool. On March 19, 1964, Salinger resigned as press secretary to run for the United States Senate from California, and that was the end of Johnson's plan to have Pierre Salinger do for him what he mistakenly believed Salinger had done for John F. Kennedy.

Within weeks after becoming President, Johnson consciously resolved to court the favor of the White House correspondents and thereby gain important allies in the news media. When Eisenhower went to Gettysburg and Palm Springs and Kennedy to Hyannis Port and Palm Beach, the traveling White House press seldom saw the President, relying for news on briefings from the press secretary. Not so at Johnson City. On that first Christmas trip to the ranch, three correspondents—Tom Wicker of *The New York Times*, Douglas Kiker of the New York *Herald Tribune*, and Philip Potter of the Baltimore *Sun*—were suddenly summoned from Austin, 50 miles away, to attend a fish fry at the ranch. It was an extraordinary visit. The President administered a long, relaxed version of The Treatment, discoursing for hours over every conceivable subject of public policy. Other reporters on other occasions, reporters who had scarcely known Johnson, were privileged listeners to confidential chats on the front porch of the ranch house, high-speed tours of the hill country and hilarious parties aboard the President's motor launch.

But the effort to seduce the press failed. It was bound to fail, for Johnson's basic premise was wrong. Intimacy between two such natural antagonists as the President, any President, and the press could only damage the President's relations with the press. But a far more significant hazard in Johnson's early wooing of reporters was not just the deterioration of his press relations, but of his overall image in the country.

It resulted from confusion between the President's private person and his public person. As Majority Leader in the Senate, Johnson was uninhibited in the presence of the regular Senate correspondents. He invited them into his office for a few highballs in the evening

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Introducing two of the most radical changes in Volkswagen history. Can you spot them?

Did you notice that the headlights are vertical now instead of leaning back a bit? That doesn't make the car look any better. But it makes the road look better by making the lights a little brighter.

And that little hump in the back? We did that to hold the license plate up straight so the police can read it better. (Sorry.)

What you won't notice without driving the new model are the big improvements.

The engine has been enlarged to a ferocious 53 horsepower. That only adds 3 m.p.h. to the top speed. Because we put most of the additional power where it would make the engine accelerate faster, turn slower and last even longer.

Now that the VW is getting to be such a hot car, we put in a couple of things to slow it down. Dual brakes.

The front wheel brakes are completely independent of the rear wheel brakes. So if you ever lost the front wheel brakes, you could still stop the back of the car. (Which automatically stops the front of the car too.)

The new VW also has seat belts, backup lights and recessed door handles as standard equipment. In fact, this year we made so many changes on the Volkswagen that we thought we'd better make one more.

We wrote "Volkswagen" on the back of the car to be sure everybody would know what it was.

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and let his hair down, talking in his colorful and racy idiom, and turning his gift of mimicry against every leading political figure in the country. But in a sense these Senate correspondents were, themselves, a part of the Senate Establishment. Johnson could trust them not to reveal too much of his private person in their reports about his public person—as Senate Majority Leader.

This strict demarcation line between the private and public person began to crumble during Johnson's freewheeling overseas trips as Vice President. But the problem was magnified beyond control in the early months of his Presidency, when he tried to deal with 50 or more White House correspondents in the same style that he had dealt with a dozen Senate regulars. Stories inevitably were published that concentrated on the private person and displayed the new President as a whiskey-drinking Texas primitive, who told dirty jokes and mistreated his Secret Service bodyguard.

Such stories fitted all too well into the image of the President as a Texas wheeler-dealer. Early in 1964, two long, meticulously researched articles in the *Wall Street Journal* by Louis M. Kohlmeier described how Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson had made their fortune in the Government-regulated communications industry. The Kohlmeier articles, which won him a Pulitzer Prize, set off a year-long discussion of Johnson's personal fortune—a subject related to the private, not the public, person.

Furthermore, the Bobby Baker case was warming up. On January 17, 1964, the Senate Rules Committee published incendiary testimony in its Baker investigation from Don B. Reynolds, a garrulous insurance salesman from the Washington suburb of Silver Spring, Md., who said he had taken Baker into his insurance firm as a vice president in the late 1950's to exploit his invaluable political contacts. Baker suggested in 1956, or early 1957, Reynolds testified, that Reynolds sell a life-insurance policy to Senator Johnson, two years after his severe heart attack. Johnson was obviously a high risk, but Reynolds placed $100,000 in life insurance with an underwriter. Shortly thereafter, Reynolds testified, Walter Jenkins, one of Johnson's top aides, suggested that he purchase advertising time from KTBC, the Johnsons' television station in Austin. Reynolds bought the television advertising at a cost of $1,208. Two years later, in 1959, according to Reynolds' testimony, Baker suggested that he give Johnson a high-fidelity stereophonic phonograph of a particular type desired by Mrs. Johnson. Reynolds said he sent such a set, costing him $584.75 for purchase and installation, to Johnson's home in Washington accompanied by invoices that indicated Reynolds was the buyer. In 1961, after he became Vice President, Johnson bought another $100,000 life-insurance policy from Reynolds.

The life-insurance policies, the advertising purchased from KTBC, and the stereo set, as such, were soon forgotten, but, with the election only 10 months away, the public inevitably wondered about Johnson's associations with Bobby Baker.

Since becoming President, Johnson had neither seen nor spoken a single word to Bobby Baker, and he did not plan to. Feeling no remorse in abandoning Baker to his just deserts, the President told friends that Baker had betrayed him by getting involved in so many shady business operations—including Don Reynolds' insurance business—most of them after Johnson left the Senate in January, 1961. This irritation with his former protégé was heightened by the President's deep concern over whether Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy would use the Baker case against him in some way. Thus it became the President's highest aim to divorce himself in both spirit and deed from the aide who had been so much his intimate adviser, confidant, and lieutenant for eight years.

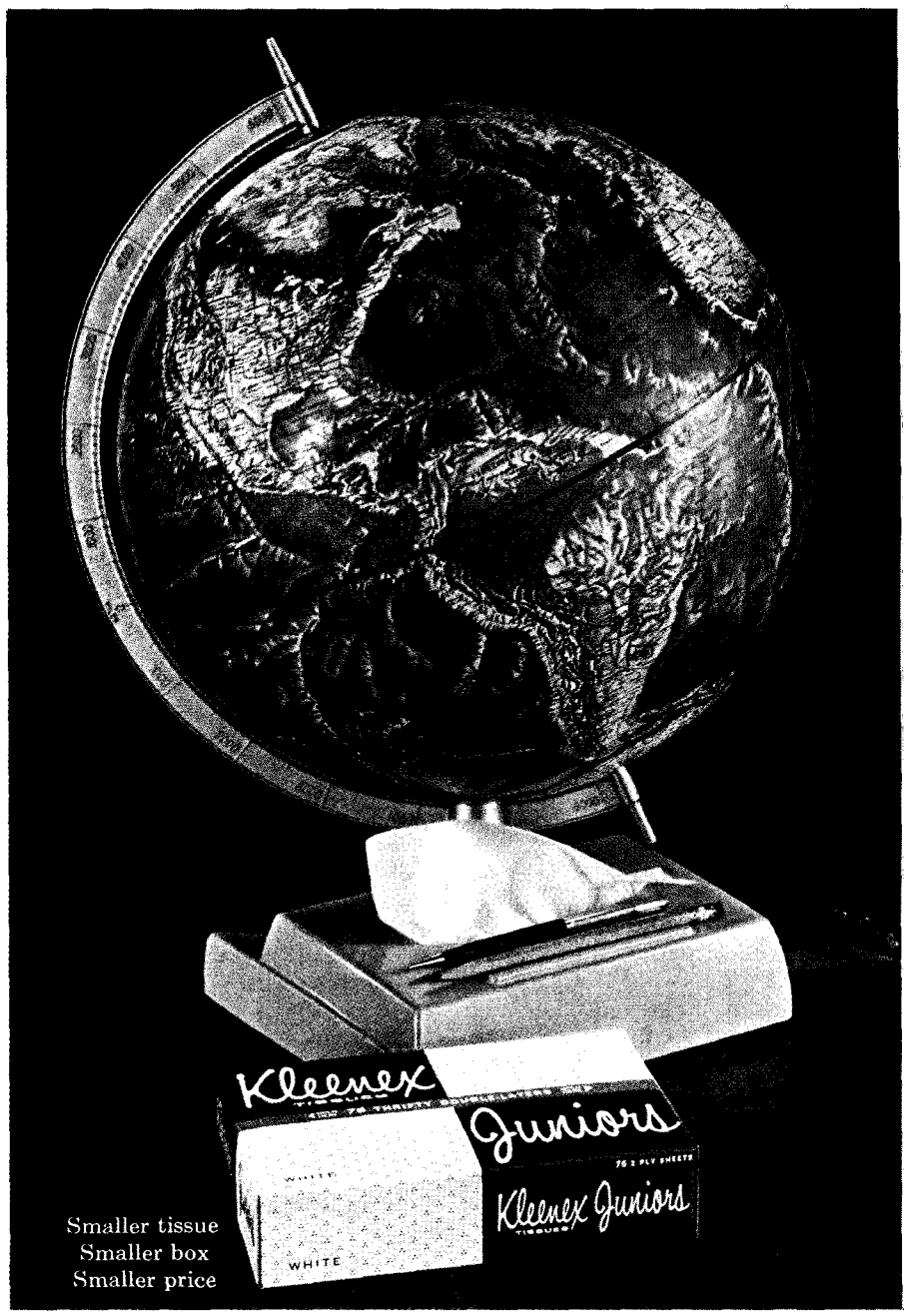
The immediate steps he took to resolve the crisis developing over the Johnson image were simple enough. He exercised a new and uncharacteristic caution with the press. Newsmen were no longer invited to uninhibited parties at the ranch or aboard the motor launch. The President no longer drank with the correspondents or was seen drinking by them. Gaining access to Johnson, the private person, became much more difficult.

When an event seemingly far removed from problems of public relations ended Johnson's immediate "image" troubles and changed the nature of his Presidency. In early April the country was suddenly threatened with a nationwide railroad strike. Six hours before the deadline Johnson took personal charge of the negotiations. Pleading, bargaining, overpowering all objections with variations of the famous Johnson Treatment, he won agreement between the rail unions and management, and averted the strike. In so doing, he regained the old exuberant self-confidence he had lost in his concern about the Johnson "image."

The President's high sense of control and confidence was clearly visible on April 27 when he addressed the United States Chamber of Commerce, a business organization not known for cordial relations with Democratic Presidents, at Constitution Hall. An appreciative audience heard Johnson, fresh from his railroad victory, preach the doctrine of consensus, of all conflicting elements in the society working together. And again he even managed to make a joke at his own expense. He told the businessmen: "Everybody is going to *walk* at the LBJ [Ranch] from now on, and I am going to do what Lady Bird tells me, and we are going to make everybody drink nothing but pure rain water or Pepsi-Cola."

Not only was the "image" crisis over, but Johnson for the first time had presented an appealing public person to the American people. Thus there seemed to be, in the spring of 1964, a possibility of genuine affection between the country and its President. Johnson knew that, in the campaign ahead, this affection would have to be cultivated with all the skill he had. And he knew that, to be elected in his own right, he would have to offer the voters more than simply a continuation of John F. Kennedy's programs. □

In the concluding installment: The birth of the Great Society, campaigning against Goldwater, "The Bobby Kennedy Problem," and escalation in Vietnam.



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The Assassin

It was only a matter of time before he was unmasked—and killed. Then the Russians

By DEREK MARLOWE

Desperate to get into East Berlin, Alexander Eberley had made contact with the Breysach organization, which specialized in smuggling people in or out of the Russian sector. Eberley's life depended on getting to safety in the East, for British Intelligence had assigned him to Berlin to track down a Russian named Krasnevin, the assassin of three British agents. But Alexander Eberley and Krasnevin were the same man, a double agent in the service of two countries.

If the British knew Krasnevin's name, the picture they showed Eberley was of the wrong man. Their picture was of Pavel, Eberley's Russian contact in London. That same day, Eberley saw Pavel killed, obviously by the Russians, to prevent the British from discovering their mistake and unmasking Eberley.

Traveling as George Dancer, an oil-company employee on vacation, Eberley went to West Berlin, under the constant surveillance of both the British and the Russians. He tried to get through the Wall, but the Russians themselves sent him back. Then he turned to Breysach. Their plan was to take him over the border as a Russian officer in a military car. But at the last moment, Emmanuel Gatiss, the British agent Eberley feared most, stepped in and "rescued" him, and brought him back into the heart of West Berlin to continue his doomed search for Krasnevin.

Conclusion

When they got to his car, Gatiss pointed to a large, modern building and said, "You meet our man Prentiss for late lunch in there. The restaurant is located up on the seventh floor. Give me your gun."

"Gun?"

"Give it to me. I'll put it in your room at the hotel."

Eberley handed over the Browning. Gatiss got into his car without looking back. Eberley frowned and turned away.

"Come back to the hotel immediately you've eaten," Gatiss called to him, and then drove away.

Eberley entered the building where he was to meet Prentiss. The elevator was empty except for a small man with a crew cut, a camera, and a copy of *Playboy*. Eberley, his hands in his pockets, glanced out of the corners of his eyes at the other man, who was carefully flicking through the magazine. Looking away, Eberley was about to light a cigarette when he was thrown forward and back as the elevator jarred to a halt halfway between the third and fourth floors. The magazine fell to the floor. The other man, his right index finger jammed into the red STOP button, spoke in Russian: "Your reflexes seem to be incredibly lax lately, Krasnevin."

Eberley stared across at the man and said nothing.

"Look, there's a limit to how long one can jam an elevator. My name is Sobakevich. How do you do?"

Eberley didn't move. The name Sobakevich was familiar to him.

"Well," Sobakevich continued, unperturbed, "we'd just like to say how sorry we are that we had to treat you so badly at the border yesterday. But you must realize that we cannot afford to lose you from your present position. In Russia you are worthless to us."

"I'll be worthless to you here if you don't do something quickly," replied Eberley vehemently. "Aren't you supposed to protect me?"

"You refer, of course, to Gatiss?"

"And others."

A buzzer from the seventh floor sounded. Sobakevich ignored it. "Can you reach us tonight?" he said. "I'll contact our leader, Kuzmich. He might have a solution."

"I can't. Gatiss is watching me all the time."

The buzzer sounded again. "We'll get in touch with you," Sobakevich said.

"Soon."

"We'll do our best. But relax."

Eberley swore.

Sobakevich transferred his finger to the 6 button. The elevator shuddered for a moment, hesitated, then moved upward. "Don't forget your magazine. Read it in private," Sobakevich said. He smiled as the doors opened on the sixth floor.

He disappeared around a corner as the doors closed, leaving Eberley angrily lighting a cigarette and stooping to pick up the copy of *Playboy* as the elevator reached the seventh floor.

Eberley pushed his way through the puzzled, complaining faces of the half-dozen people on the seventh floor and hurried into the restaurant. Prentiss was sitting at a small table before an empty coffee cup. Eberley spotted him immediately, and gave a quick smile and pointed to a door marked HERREN. Prentiss nodded with a grin, and Eberley hurried across the room to the lavatory.

Eberley flicked through the magazine, then held it up by the spine, shaking it. No stray piece of paper appeared. Eberley sighed and turned to page one. It was all so bloody childish. Fortunately he found what he was looking for after a few pages. On a page headed PARTY JOKES and decorated with pen drawings of overdeveloped girls, Eberley found the message. Drawn in ink over the left breast of one of the nudes was a minuscule Star of David. The message obviously referred to Gatiss, who was Jewish. Did the star over the heart mean he was to kill Gatiss?

Eberley ripped the page out and flushed it down the toilet and discarded the rest of the magazine in the used-towel receptacle. Then he unlocked the door and walked through the restaurant to Prentiss's table.

"We're all back to square one," said Prentiss, ordering two more coffees when Eberley refused lunch. "All the way back to square one."

He was a large man with dark hair, of remote Welsh origin and utterly likable.

"How do you mean?" Eberley asked.

"Well, did Gatiss tell you I received a message from Frazer in London just after I arrived in Berlin?"

"No. What did he want?" Eberley asked.

"They found the man we thought was Krasnevin. He was dead."

"How do you know he wasn't Krasnevin?" Eberley said.

"Well, we checked him out and found he had been living in London for four years under the name of Jeffries. The man hadn't been out of the country at all in that time. He just hadn't moved. Which made it impossible for him to have killed any of our three agents."

"How could you be sure?"

"Because our men were killed outside of England. You know how we all feel about the CIA," he continued. "Well, it was they who proved that the dead man wasn't Krasnevin. Apparently they had a file on the dead man all the time. The man's called Pavel. He's a Russian, all right, or was, but he's no assassin. Just a contact man."

"Does Gatiss know this?"

"Yes. He just nodded as though he knew all along. You know how Gatiss is."

Eberley didn't answer.

"But the most incredible thing is, who the hell is Krasnevin? Even the CIA is wary about that. You wouldn't believe it," said Prentiss, sipping at the coffee, "but they hinted that this Krasnevin was actually a double agent. One of us. Well, you can imagine Frazer's reaction to that one."

"What was it, exactly?" asked Eberley.

"Well, he——" Prentiss stopped and laughed. "It's quite an interesting theory, you must admit. Plausible."

Eberley stirred the coffee pensively and glanced across the room. "It doesn't help you much, does it? I mean, not knowing even what he looks like."

Eberley looked up at Prentiss's face and then didn't say a word for a long time.

"Your Mistral's outside, by the way," Prentiss said. "I drove it up from the French garage that was repairing it for you."

Eberley signaled a passing waiter. "Could I have the bill, please?"

The car seemed just like new. He walked around it five times, prodding it, stroking it, then actually got inside it and held the wheel. Prentiss knocked on the window.

Eberley sighed. "Get in," he said.

Prentiss nodded and climbed into the seat next to Eberley. "By the way, what happened this afternoon?"

"Bloody Gatiss barged in again. It was worth trying the Breysach organization—I mean, what else have we come up with?"

"Perhaps. But you would have been looking for someone who looked like that man Pavel, wouldn't you?"

Eberley drove the Mistral slowly to the hotel, conscious of the admiring faces of pedestrians as he passed.

"He hates you, you know," Prentiss said.

"Gatiss does?"

"Intensely," replied Prentiss, chewing at a fingernail. "But then, he's hardly in love with anyone."

"What makes you think he hates me?"

"I don't know. I just know he does. Please drop me here."

"Aren't you staying at the same hotel as Gatiss and I are?"

"Yes. But I've got a couple of things to do first. Anyway, Gatiss wants to see you alone about something."

Prentiss got out of the car, and, as he closed the door, glanced back at Eberley and said, "Better be careful when you get back there. He's got

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Illustrated by Mitchell Hooks

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offered him a last chance, a plot that would make the trap close on somebody else.

some girl in his room with him. Pretty sick."

Prentiss hurried across the street toward a small shop selling transistor radios at ridiculously low prices.

Eberley hesitated outside Gatiss's door, then knocked, and was told to enter. He was startled to see the familiar face of the prostitute he had met in the building where he had tried to contact Breysach. But only the face was familiar, not the expression. No wink or grin greeted him this time. Instead, the platinum blonde stared wide-eyed at the ceiling, clutching the bed sheets before her, her knuckles white, as if she were in pain. Gatiss, who was dressing before the washstand, waved him in. Eberley closed the door and stood self-consciously in the corner of the room. He stared blankly at the bed, hating the oppressive atmosphere. He offered the girl a cigarette.

"Don't give her one," Gatiss said sharply.

Eberley looked up, startled by the tone of the voice. "Don't be so damn inhuman."

The cigarette was violently knocked out of his hand. "The only inhumanity," Gatiss said coldly, "is that she and her race are still alive, and that six million of mine are dead. *That* is the only inhumanity."

The girl began to sob, and as she buried her face in the pillow, the sheet pulled away from her shoulder and revealed her back, mutilated by bruises and weals already beginning to swell. Eberley stared at her body in horror and turned toward Gatiss.

"You bastard," he said, and left the room. Returning to his own, he lay on the bed in the dark for half an hour. Then Gatiss knocked on the door and invited him for a drink, and they both strolled to a pleasant little café nearby. It looked like rain.

"Women are destructive animals," Gatiss said. "Surrender your identity to them, allow them to share your waking moments in rapidly enlarging installments, and soon you will find they are using you. The only way to treat them is to use *them*. Use them to cook for you, use them to run errands, but never, never allow yourself to enter that mental world of their femininity. You yourself do and that is why you are a fool. But then, you are a fool about everything."

They had been sitting in the café for an hour now, Gatiss talking incessantly in that dogmatic way of his, not caring if he was heard or not. Eberley had said almost nothing, for he was thinking of when he would kill Gatiss. That was obviously what Kuzmich wanted; the Star of David in the magazine drawing had told Eberley that. He felt slightly more relaxed—partly because of the drink, and partly because of the offer of help from Sobakevich.

Eberley sighed and stood up, stretching his back.

"Please sit down. I'm talking," Gatiss said.

"I'm tired."

"You're here on business—in case you've forgotten."

Eberley sat down again. "I'm not the man for the job," he said finally. "I'm a desk man. You see what a fiasco happens if I try to do anything positive. Like this afternoon at Breysach. If you hadn't come along I'd probably be a Russian prisoner in East Berlin by now."

"Have you ever killed a man?" Gatiss asked.

He began to run, and Eberley coldly shot him through the head.

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THE ASSASSIN_

"Why do you ask?"

"Curiosity. You strike me as somebody who could."

"What makes you say that? Do I look like a killer?"

Gatiss laughed. "Perhaps."

"I'm tired. I need some sleep."

Eberley got up and walked out of the café and waited on the pavement. He found that he had broken into a cold sweat. For an awesome moment he reconsidered the possibility that Gatiss knew his real identity, but dismissed it as panic and glanced back toward the café. Gatiss was walking toward him.

"Come with me," Gatiss said quietly. "I want to show you something."

Eberley hesitated, then said, "I must return to the hotel first."

"Why?"

"Oh, stop acting like a bloody schoolmaster," snapped Eberley. "I'll be back in a minute."

He stalked off, watched by an amused Gatiss who wandered back to the café and ordered a Campari with ice.

The night porter was on duty when Eberley arrived at the hotel. "*Guten Abend*," Eberley said with a professional smile. "May I have my key?"

"What number?"

"Two four three."

The key to Gatiss's room was handed across the counter, and Eberley nodded, "*Danke schön.*"

He went upstairs, and in two minutes was inside Gatiss's room and face to face with the blonde.

Eberley pulled the sheets from the girl's bruised body. "I'm not going to hurt you," he whispered. "But you must get out before he comes back."

He handed the girl her clothes. Slowly, suspiciously, the girl took them one by one, gritting her teeth as the elastic of the underclothes bit into her sore flesh. Eberley stared into the sink, hating everything.

When she was ready to leave, he took her hand. "I'm sorry," he said, and put one hundred marks into it.

Eberley opened the door and glanced into the empty corridor. He nodded to the girl, and she shuffled out into the hall and stood there looking helplessly about.

"You'd better leave by the back stairs," Eberley said, and pointed to the corridor. The girl hesitated, suddenly kissed his sleeve, and then ran quickly down the corridor to the back stairs.

America, America

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Can't you understand? We're doing this for you!"

Slowly, Eberley walked to his own room, which he had left unlocked, and switched on the light. Whatever Gatiss had in mind for tonight, Eberley was determined to be prepared. He crouched down and pulled his carryall from under the bed, hoping that this was where Gatiss would have put his gun. Even as he unzipped the bag and felt around for the gun, he heard the door open behind him.

"What, exactly, are you doing?" Gatiss asked, and lifted the top of the carryall with his foot to reveal Eberley's hand clutching the Browning.

Eberley stood up slowly, turning to face Gatiss. "I just returned to collect the gun. I wondered where you had hidden it."

"So I see," the other man said, pushing the door shut behind him. "Were you planning to kill anyone, then?"

There was a moment's silence, then Eberley smiled. "I thought we might need it," he said quickly.

Gatiss studied Eberley's face for a moment, then turned away and opened the door.

"Put it back under the bed. You might be dangerous waving one of those around—being a desk man, as you are. Put it back."

Eberley found himself ridiculously replacing the gun in the suitcase and walking dumbly to the door. Halfway down the stairs he realized he still had Gatiss's key clutched tightly in his left hand.

They reached the foyer, and Eberley, lagging behind, muttered, "I'll just leave my key at the desk."

He crossed quickly to the counter without looking back and was relieved to find that Gatiss didn't follow. He handed over the key, then hurried out into the night air after Gatiss.

Gatiss's steel-blue Jensen slid out of the side street into the mainstream of Joachimstaler Strasse, then roared fast, northwest.

"Where are we going?" Eberley asked.

Gatiss, overtaking three cars on a dangerously sharp corner, replied, "To visit your Russian friend 'Henderson'—the man you beat up in the shower room of the hotel."

Then he refused to say any more until they had arrived at their destination—a tall block of apartments, all brownstone and small-windowed and middle class. It was beginning to rain.

Gatiss parked the car in a dark alley, and switched off the engine and lights.

"Do we wait *here* for him?" Eberley whispered, falling into the mood of the affair.

"No," replied Gatiss. "Henderson, or whatever his name is, lives in that block of apartments opposite. Number 25."

"How do you know?" asked Eberley.

"How the hell do you think I know? The bloody man is such an amateur, he's been advertising himself for the last couple of days. He even followed me."

"I don't think you ought to shout," Eberley said. "I mean, one doesn't really, does one?"

Gatiss didn't say anything for a moment, then: "He parks his car in the lot just behind the building. I want you to wait there for him, if he's not there already."

"What about you?"

"Don't worry about me. Come on."

Gatiss got out of the car into the drizzling rain and crossed the street. Eberley followed, hunching his shoulders under his jacket, until they reached the small parking lot, each space reserved for a tenant.

"His car is not there," Gatiss said, stopping under an arch. Eberley peered across the yard and saw about a dozen cars parked neatly in a line, their noses pointing toward a row of mulberry bushes.

"See that space over there," Gatiss hissed in Eberley's ear, "in between the black Mercedes and the Renault?"

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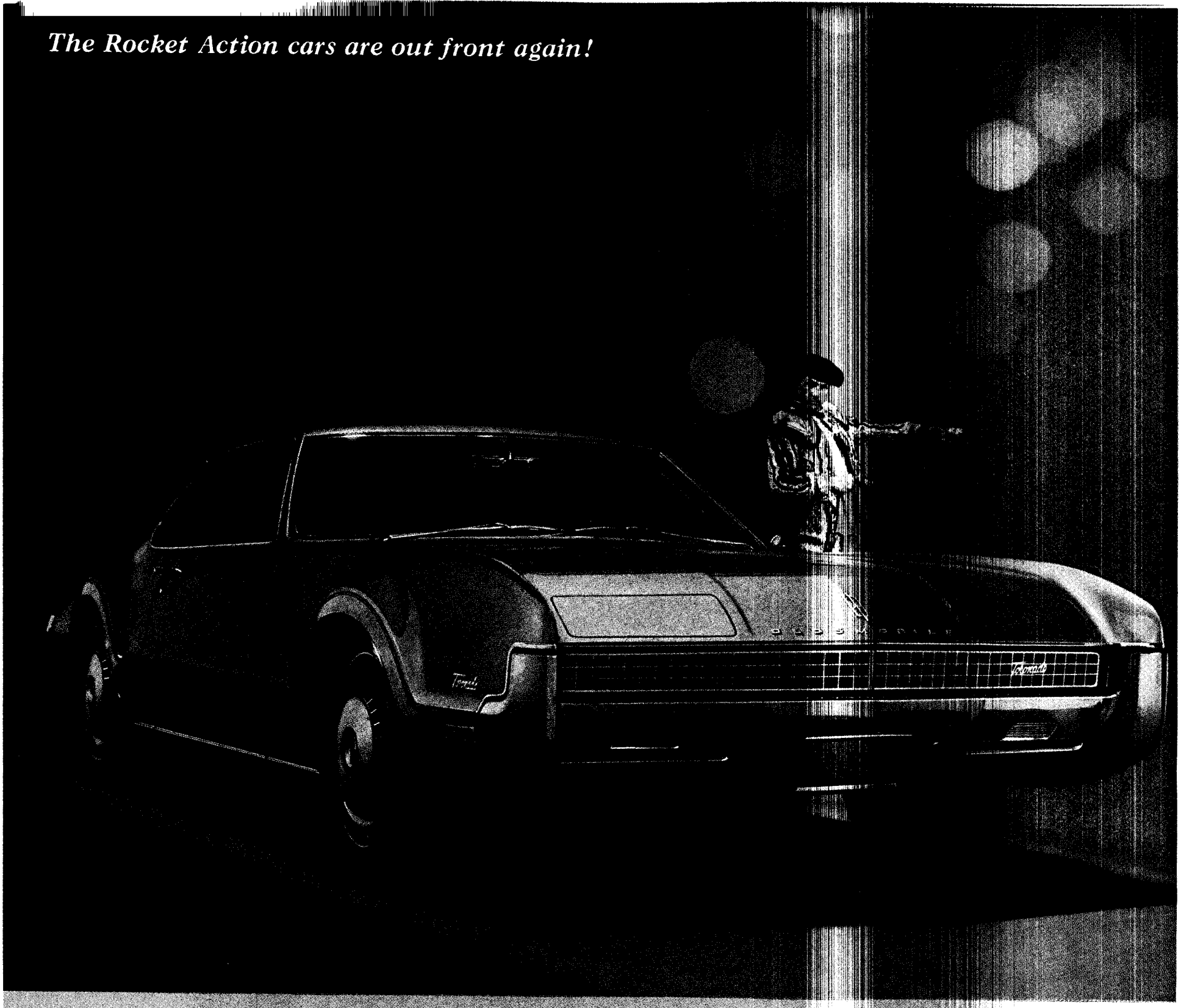

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▸ *See next four pages for more exciting news from Olds!*

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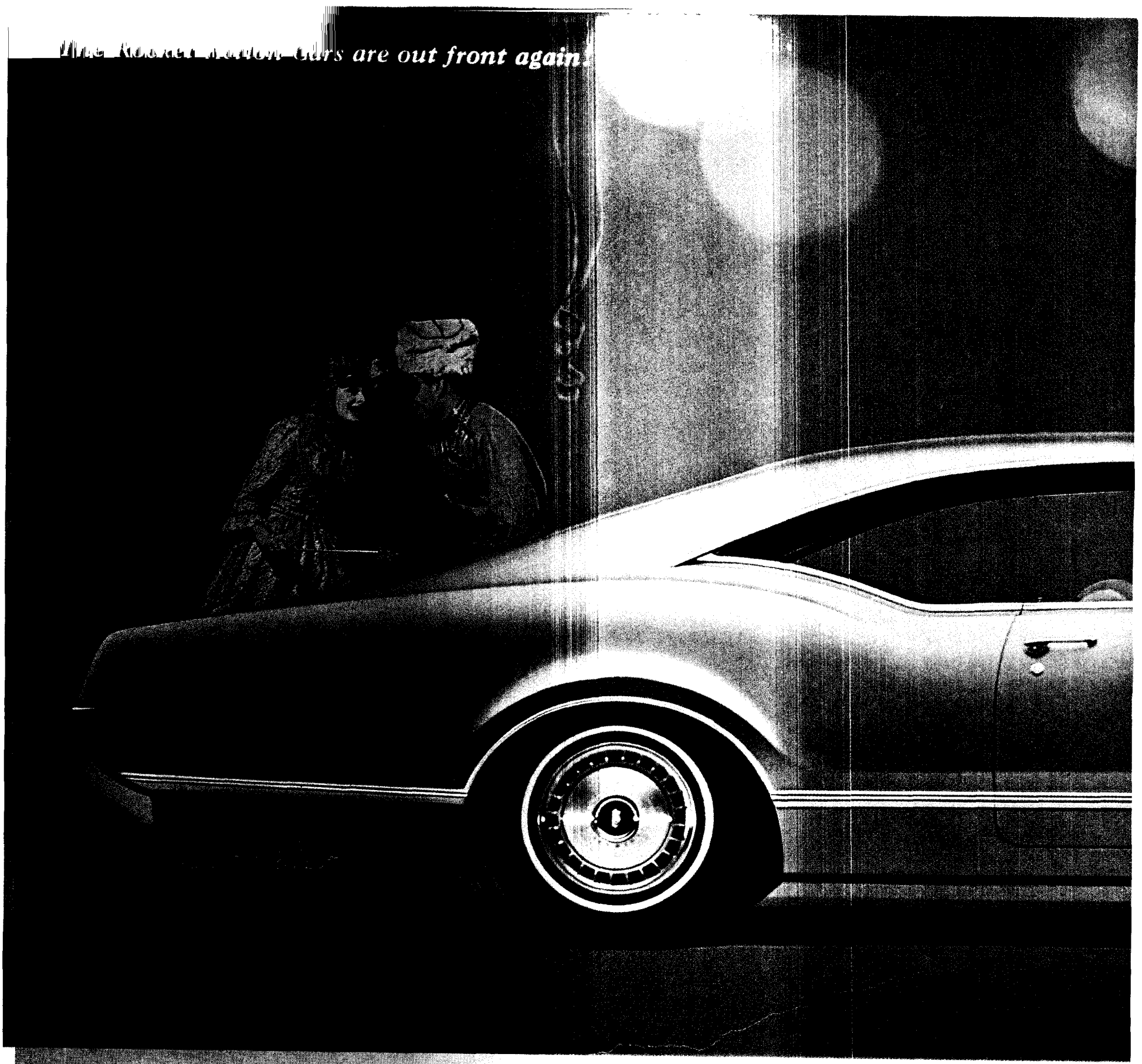

Introducing the Oldsmobile Delmont 88 for '67—totally new!

Goes to show what Olds engineering can do with a modest price tag... and a lot of Toronado inspiration!

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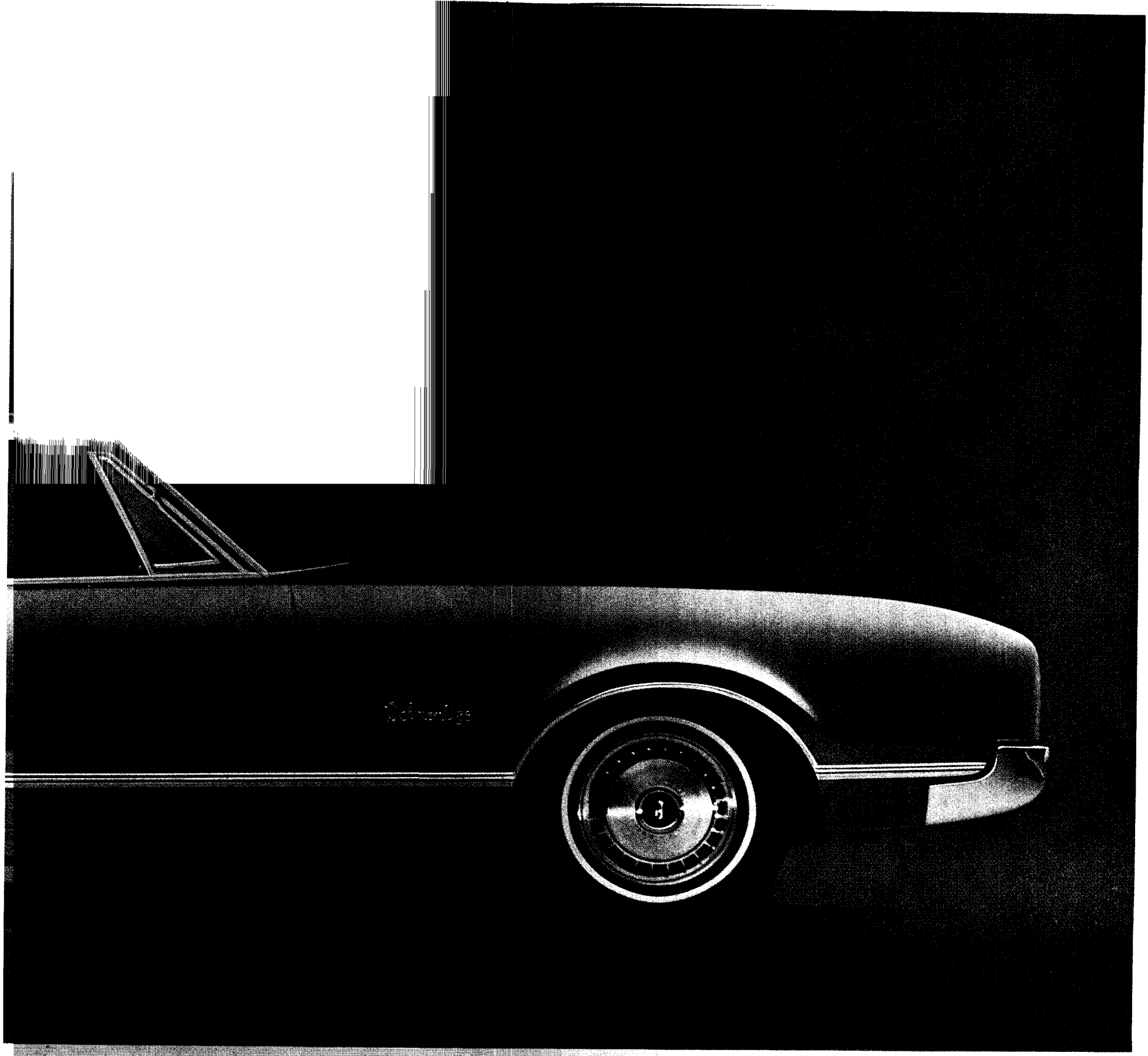

Let's start with the obvious. Oldsmobile's dazzling new full-size 88 series, the Delmont, looks expensive. In actual fact, it's not. Delmont 88 prices start below many models with "low-price" names—nothing short of remarkable for a car with Delmont's many virtues: Rakish Toronado styling. Proved 88 chassis, brakes and suspension. Famous Oldsmobile quality and reliability. And here's proof you can look to Olds for the new! All Rocket V-8 Engines are available with Oldsmobile's exclusive new Climatic Combustion Control—another Olds engineering first! And 3-speed Turbo Hydra-Matic can be had with both 330- and 425-cubic-inch V-8s. With four Delmont 88 models to choose from, the odds are four to one that you and Delmont could start something beautiful. This very day.

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"Yes."

"That's where Henderson parks his car. A gray Volkswagen. Wait here out of sight until it returns."

"How do you know it will?"

"I don't. But it might."

Gatiss walked away, through the arch and into the street and the darkness, and Eberley was left alone, feeling confused, helpless and profoundly annoyed. He edged into a dry corner under the arch and prepared to spend half the night in a vertical position, staring at an eight-by-six rectangle of empty concrete.

The rain soon came down in buckets, flooding the yard and drumming incessantly on the roofs of the parked cars. And still the gray Volkswagen did not arrive.

Eberley's eyes ached, and once or twice he even closed them in a vain attempt to succumb to sleep. As the hours passed, he found his mind wandering over a thousand things. He thought of Caroline Sue Hetherington and that ridiculously naïve party he had attended decades ago. He thought of Pavel lying buried somewhere. He thought of Russia, which he might never see again, and of his apartment in London with the books he might never read. And finally he thought of Gatiss and how he would kill Gatiss, and this brought him back to reality. He thought of death and shuddered, for he knew that, whatever happened, no matter how far he ran, he would be killed in the end, and all this pitiful travesty was merely marking time. And so he abandoned this whole farce set up by Gatiss and strode out of his hiding place and almost into the path of a gray Volkswagen that turned sharply into the wet yard and parked neatly between the black Mercedes and the Renault.

Eberley ducked back into the shadows, wishing he had defied Gatiss and brought the gun. If Henderson were taken alive and forced to speak . . .

The car door opened, and the man got out and calmly locked the door, suspecting nothing. He was about to walk toward the apartments when Gatiss, appearing suddenly from the shadows, said quietly in Russian, "Stay where you are."

Henderson stopped, stunned, and looked around helplessly, considering flight. Gatiss strode calmly toward him across the flooded parking lot, holding a small, stubby Smith & Wesson in his hand. Gatiss walked to a point ten yards from the Volkswagen and snapped out Eberley's name. Eberley sensed the shock and puzzlement as Henderson recognized him. The three men made no move for some twenty seconds, then Gatiss made Eberley the present of a blessed opportunity.

"Search him," he called. "See if he has a gun."

Holding his breath, Eberley crossed toward Henderson, wiping the rain from his face, and stared down into his fellow Russian's frightened eyes. Feeling in the man's pockets, Eberley whispered, "Gatiss is going to kill you, but if you run when I shout out his name, I'll try to save you."

Eberley took a small Beretta from Henderson's pocket and walked away. He walked directly between Gatiss and the other man, then suddenly shouted, "Gatiss!"

Henderson made his desperate move for life. He began to run, and Eberley coldly shot him through the head. The Russian was dead before he hit the ground.

Anticipating Gatiss's outburst of anger, Eberley said quietly, "He was trying to escape."

Then he walked away through the arch, not bothering anymore for explanations and not even caring if Gatiss put a bullet through his back. But Gatiss didn't. He ran after him, pushing him on the shoulder. "Get in the car before we have half the Berlin *Polizei* around us."

They ran to Gatiss's car and drove away, leaving Henderson lying where he had fallen on the wet stones. Gatiss was furious. He drove for about fifteen minutes in no particular direction, then finally said, "That bloody Red was no use to us dead. Why on earth did you have to kill him?"

"I'm sorry. I didn't think. It was just impulsive of me."

"The Russians will never leave us alone now—now that we've come into the open. You can drop your role of George Dancer anyway, not that you ever adopted it successfully."

"All right."

Gatiss stopped the car and said. "You get out here. I'm going back to search Henderson's room. You avoid the hotel for an hour, in case you're followed, but meet me there at"—he glanced at his watch—"at six. In one hour."

Eberley nodded.

"You aimed for his head, didn't you?"

"What?" said Eberley. "Oh, no. Not really."

"Of course. You fascinate me, Eberley. I want to find out more about you."

The rain stopped suddenly. The first light of dawn was visible in the sky as Eberley opened the door of the car. Gatiss stopped him.

"You know what you are, Eberley," Gatiss said.

"Tell me," said Eberley quietly.

Gatiss looked at Eberley's face steadily. "An assassin," he said. And then: "See me in an hour."

He drove off.

Eberley walked down the empty expanse of the Kurfürstendamm, past the dead neon lights. It was already dawn, the first day of the Berlin Grand Prix, and it was going to be hot. He glanced around him, but there was no one in sight, no one following him.

It was so early that he had to walk four blocks before he found a small bar that was open, though with most of its chairs still on the tables. Eberley entered cautiously, but, finding no one but three workmen settled behind large beers, he walked more confidently to the bar. He drank two liters of beer before he began to feel a little relaxed. He was lighting a cigarette when the barman said suddenly, looking at him curiously, "Herr Dancer?"

"*Ja?*" said Eberley.

"Telephone," said the barman, in slight irritation, and pointed to the corner of the bar. Eberley looked in that direction, then nodded and crossed the room.

"Dancer," he said into the telephone, keeping his voice low and his eyes moving quickly around the room.

"*Die Welt ist dumm, die Welt ist blind,*" said the caller.

Eberley held his breath for a second before he replied, "*Wird täglich abgeschmackter.*"

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Abruptly he became conscious of the barman nearby listening to the conversation. "One moment," he said into the telephone, and walked over to a jukebox. Dropping a coin into the machine, he pressed buttons at random, and as the raucous music broke the silence, he returned to the telephone.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Don't talk now," came the reply. "Call me back from a phone booth."

"All right."

"Eighty fifty-six eighty-one."

The telephone went dead.

In front of a cinema was a telephone booth. Eberley entered and dialed the number. When a voice answered, he repeated the code phrase and was immediately put through to Rotopkin, his Russian contact in West Berlin.

"Where's Gatiss now?" Rotopkin said.

"He's gone to search Henderson's apartment."

"Whose? Oh—Niagarin. Well, he'll find nothing there."

There was a pause, and then Eberley said quietly, "I'm afraid Niagarin is dead. I had to shoot him."

"We know," replied Rotopkin. "We saw you. He was a fool. He would have talked."

"I think Gatiss suspects me."

"But he's not sure?"

"No. But ——"

"Go and see Greiser. Oskar Greiser," Rotopkin interrupted.

"Greiser? But Gatiss knows I went to his office before—when I was trying to contact the Breysach organization. Gatiss knows that Greiser is not involved in any of this."

"We can't afford to have Gatiss expose you. We'll help you."

"How?" asked Eberley.

"The British want Krasnevin. So we'll give him to them."

Eberley felt his heart race. He waited.

"It's all right," continued Rotopkin. "It won't be you."

"Do I know who it is?"

"You ought to. It's quite a friend of yours."

A dozen faces flashed across Eberley's mind. He was about to ask who it was when Rotopkin said, "You must allow Gatiss to find him. It would be best if Gatiss discovered the man. When will you see him?"

"In an hour."

"Make some excuse to take him to Oskar Greiser's. Take him immediately. Search the place. It's all been prepared."

"What are we looking for?"

"You'll see. Contact me before you leave Berlin. Tell me what happened."

"Yes. Good-bye."

Gatiss had been sitting in Eberley's room for ten minutes. He was polishing the barrel of his Smith & Wesson with a pocket handkerchief.

"He was like an old woman," said Gatiss.

"Who was?"

"Henderson. Everything neat and tidy. He cooked for himself. Even had a pet cat that kept meowing all the time. I had to give it some milk to keep it quiet."

Eberley smiled at the image, then caught Gatiss glaring at him and turned the smile into a frown of concentration. He picked up the bikini that Caroline had left behind on her first visit to Eberley's room. "Have you ever heard of Caroline Hetherington?"

"Her?" asked Gatiss, pointing at the swimsuit.

"Yes. She's not working for us, is she?" asked Eberley, casually.

"What the hell makes you think that?"

"Just that I always seem to be bumping into her. Is she?"

"Not as far as I know. I'll check her out when I get back."

"No, there's no need for that. I just wondered." He was silent for a while. "I think I'll go and see Oskar Greiser," he said at last.

Gatiss looked up, surprised. "A minor Communist, and worthless to us. What do you want to see *him* for?"

"Not see him. See if he's got anything to hide. You say he's a Communist, and when I met him he looked pretty shady. It's worth a visit. I could be there and back in an hour."

He got up, reaching for his raincoat.

"Sit down," snapped Gatiss. "You're not going anywhere."

Eberley stopped. It was time, he realized, to get angry. "Listen, Gatiss, stop putting your nose in everything I do. I don't give a damn who you are. Frazer selected me to find Krasnevin, not you. *Me*. Stay here if you like, but I'm going."

He opened the door. With a sudden bound, Gatiss grabbed Eberley's arm and slammed him against the door, almost dislocating his shoulder. "You listen," Gatiss snarled in his face. "When this is over, I'm going to make

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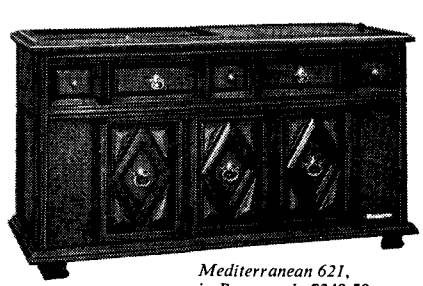

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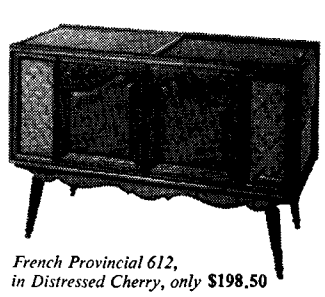

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IN THE GREEN TUBE

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it my personal business to break every bone in your body."

He suddenly spat in Eberley's face. Without thinking, Eberley pulled out the Beretta he had taken from Henderson and aimed it at Gatiss's head.

"You want to kill me," Gatiss said. "You want to blow my brains out, don't you?"

Eberley stared into the man's face, then lowered the gun. "I think," he said quietly, "we ought to get some air."

Neither man moved. At last Gatiss gave a grunt and walked to the door. "I was right, wasn't I?" he said. "You *have* killed before."

Eberley didn't answer. Gatiss nodded to himself. "You know that magazine? *Playboy?*" he went on.

"What of it?"

"Where did you find it?"

"In the restaurant. Why?"

"There was a man outside carrying the same magazine. Same issue."

Eberley gave a puzzled smile. "So what?" he said. "I should think millions read it."

"Yes. But that man was a Russian. His name is Sobakevich." Gatiss opened the door and added, "I'm going to kill him before I leave Berlin."

Gatiss went quickly to his own room and then returned, wearing a raincoat. "You really think Greiser is up to something?"

"I don't know," replied Eberley. "But I want to find out."

"I'll come with you," Gatiss said. "After what happened with Henderson, I'm not leaving you alone. Come on."

Clinging to the balustrade, the two men climbed the creaking stairs toward the fourth floor and paused outside the door marked WINTERHILFE.

Gatiss drew his gun. The door was locked. They forced and opened it, splitting timbers, to reveal the darkened, empty office. Closing the door behind them, Gatiss said in a whisper, "The damn place is empty."

"There's another office," said Eberley. "In there."

Holding his breath, Eberley opened the next door, and the two men stepped into a small inner office crammed with cupboards and filing cabinets, and dominated by an enormous desk boasting a sign saying OSKAR GREISER.

Gatiss drew the curtains and switched on the small desk lamp. "Look in the desk," he said in a hushed voice.

There was nothing there but typed letters from various small nonpolitical business firms. "Nothing," Eberley said.

Gatiss grunted impatiently and tipped the wastebasket onto the floor, then kicked the pieces of paper away angrily. "You and your bright ideas!" he muttered. He pulled a set of keys from his pocket and walked toward the main filing cabinet.

On top of the cabinet were a few old copies of *Pravda*. "Bloody Communist, all right," murmured Gatiss. "It stands out a mile."

"What about in the drawers?" asked Eberley. "Are they locked?"

"They won't be for long," replied Gatiss, selecting a skeleton key from his chain.

He opened the four drawers in the cabinet in turn, starting with the bottom one, like a burglar, to avoid having to shut one in order to see into another. "He's just a bloody real-estate agent," snapped Gatiss, and turned away.

Eberley swore and looked around the room in despair, anxiously seeking a clue to what he was supposed to unearth. Why couldn't Rotopkin have told him what to look for, and where?

"There's nothing here," Gatiss said. "Greiser's no use to us."

"Perhaps there's a safe somewhere," Eberley suggested faintheartedly.

"Some hope in that," muttered the other. He glanced behind each of the two pictures without success. "Let's get out of this bloody place before Greiser returns," he growled, and then added scornfully, "Greiser!"

Reluctantly Eberley drew back the curtains and walked heavily to the door, flicking his eyes vainly about the now familiar room. Then he saw it. "Wait a minute," he said quickly.

Gatiss stopped and looked back.

"That filing cabinet," Eberley said. "Look at the space between the bottom drawer and the floor. It's about nine inches."

Gatiss raised his eyes to the ceiling in despair. "It's just the design," he said. "Let's go before ——"

But Eberley was on his knees, pulling at the lower drawer. "Look, six inches of metal have been bolted on," he said, and heaved again at the drawer. On reaching its maximum extension, it stopped.

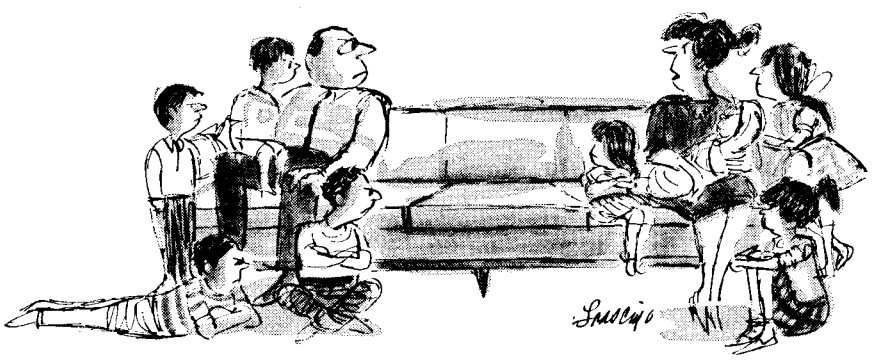
"Help me get the drawer out," he said to Gatiss. "Take that side."

Caught by Eberley's interest, Gatiss grabbed one end of the drawer and began to pull.

"No," said Eberley. "I think it's best if we lift it slightly off its runners, then pull."

"All right," Gatiss said. "Try it now."

The drawer jerked suddenly out of



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I thought children would bring us closer together."

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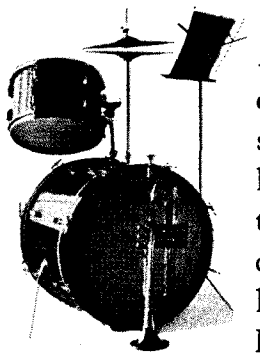
What should $300 sound like?

Before you buy a stereo listen to this.



A good stereo doesn't come cheap. Three, five, seven hundred dollars. Or more — like the one below. How do you make sure you hear every penny? Listen. Compare.

Let your own ears be the judge. There should be no distortion at full volume or at a whisper. The sound should flow around you like a rich stream. Full-bodied in the lows. Bright in the highs. So real you can *see* the musicians.

Check the electronics. For the money you're spending, you should get the entire high-fidelity stereo package: Balanced speakers — woofers, tweeters, midrange. 4-speed automatic stereo record player. Solid-state AM/FM-stereo amplifier and tuner. No-drift control for FM. Output jacks for headphones, extension speakers, tape recorder. The power and response to give you complete fidelity across the full range of sound.

Now check the cabinet. What's it going to look like in your living room? Is there a style to match your decor? For what you're paying you should get a fine piece of furniture. Why settle for anything less?

Check other brands. Then check ours. That way you can see and hear the difference. For example: Our stereo is 100% solid-state—to run cooler, have a longer trouble-free life. Built-in antennas. Up to 300 watts peak power. 4-speed automatic stereo turntables. Minimum of 6 balanced speakers — enclosed in hardwood acoustical chambers. Richly-finished, matched control and turntable compartments. 3-way speaker switch gives you either exterior or regular speakers "on", or both "on". Want to play your auto stereo tape cartridges on your stereo set? Packard Bell offers you that too. And more.

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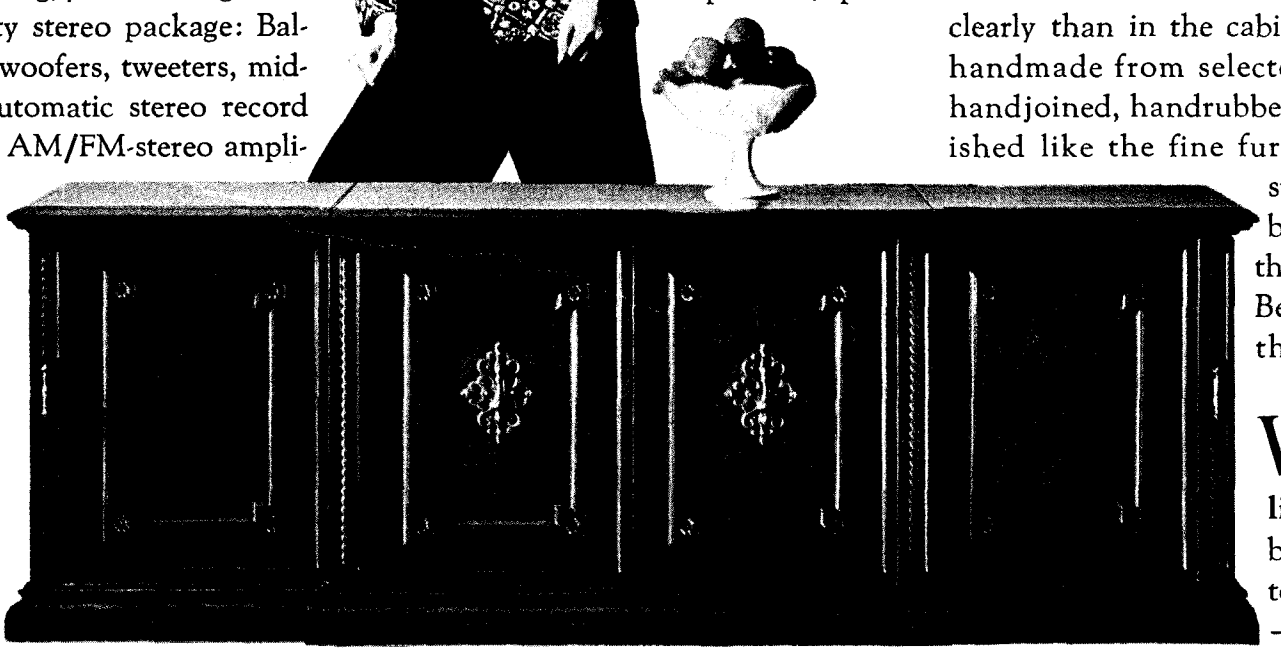

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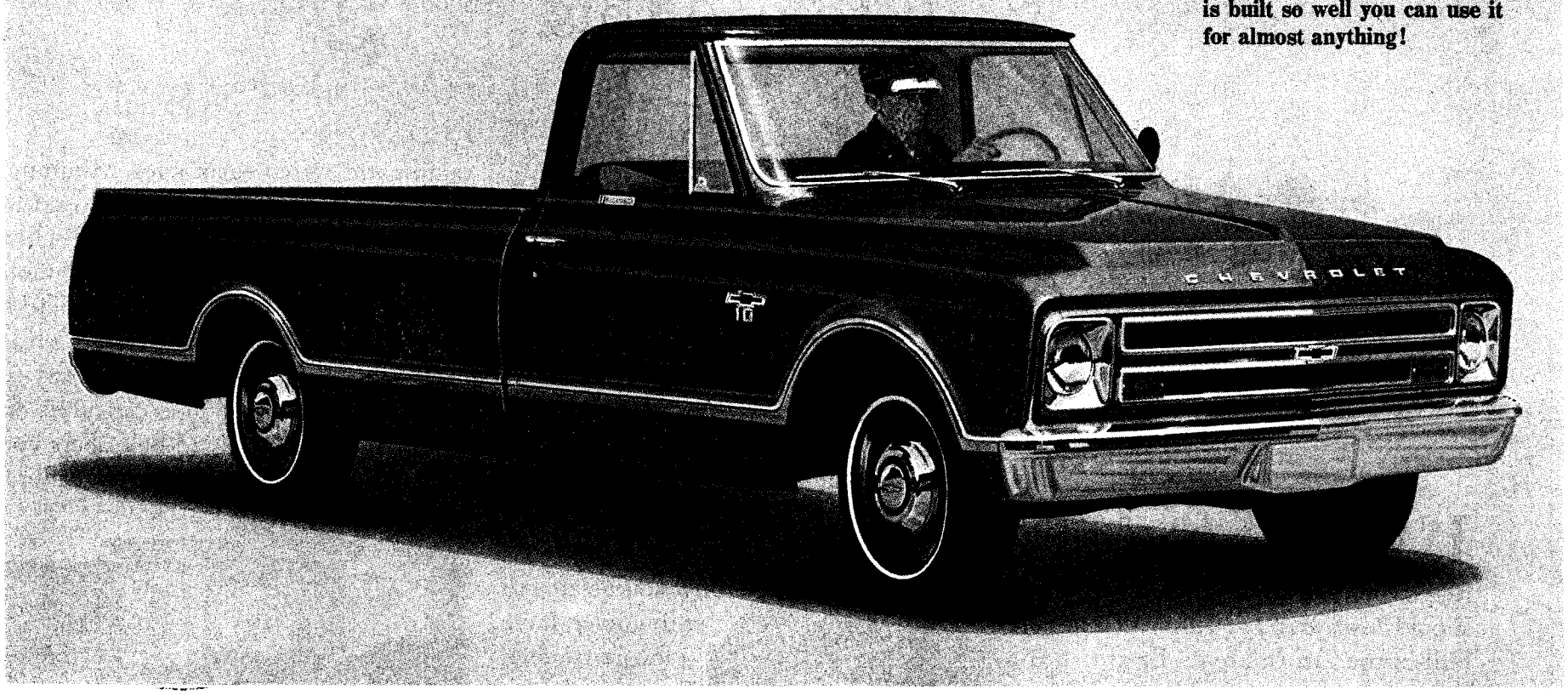
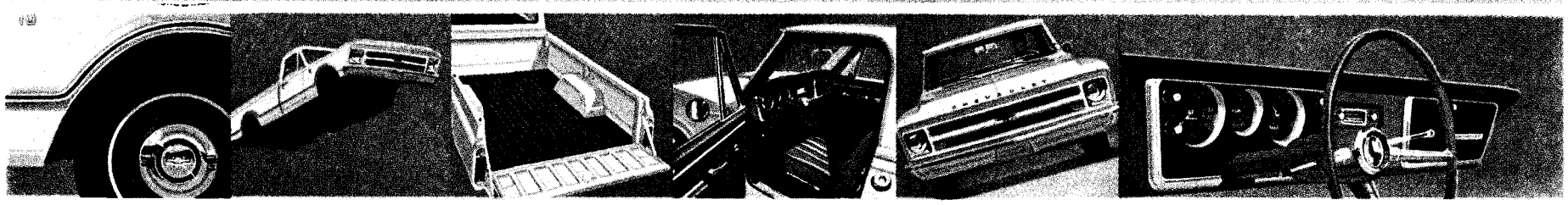
NEW LOOK!

Here's the brand new '67 Chevy pickup! It's strikingly new in styling (if it looked any better we'd have to stop calling it a truck!). Lower, sleeker, its trim appearance puts many cars to shame—and so does the bump-smoothing ride!

And there's rugged new construction. And a roomier interior with many new safety features (they're listed below).

So bring on your tough jobs and your camping trips! This one looks so good and is built so well you can use it for almost anything!





New body construction helps add to truck life; inhibits rust with new fender skirts, undercoated wheelhouses and new sheet metal that eliminates many welded joints. And the all-steel pickup box offers full-depth double-wall side panels and tailgate—and a tailgate latch that can be operated with one hand. For more pleasant driving, the new cab interior is roomier, with colors keyed to exteriors. For added driving safety, there's improved visibility plus padded sun visor, energy-absorbing instrument panel with smooth contoured knobs, seat belts, dual master cylinder brake system—and many more. You'll get the best truck power, too . . . a famous Chevy truck 6 or V8. (They're the most popular engines since work began!)

A BRAND NEW BREED OF CHEVY TRU

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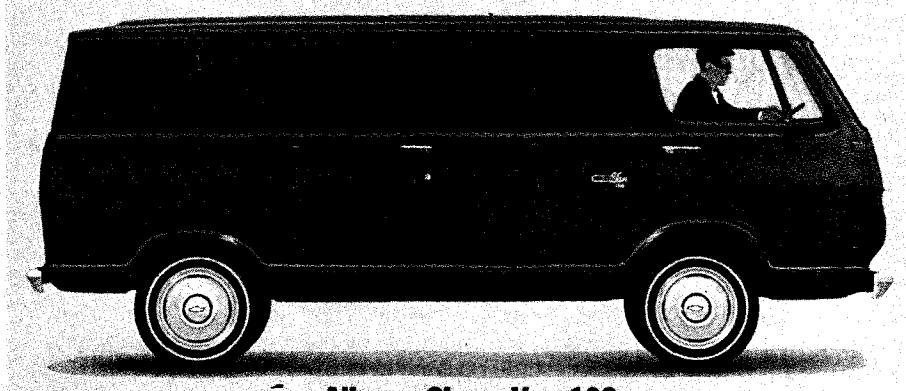
NEW LENGTH!

More load space on a longer wheelbase



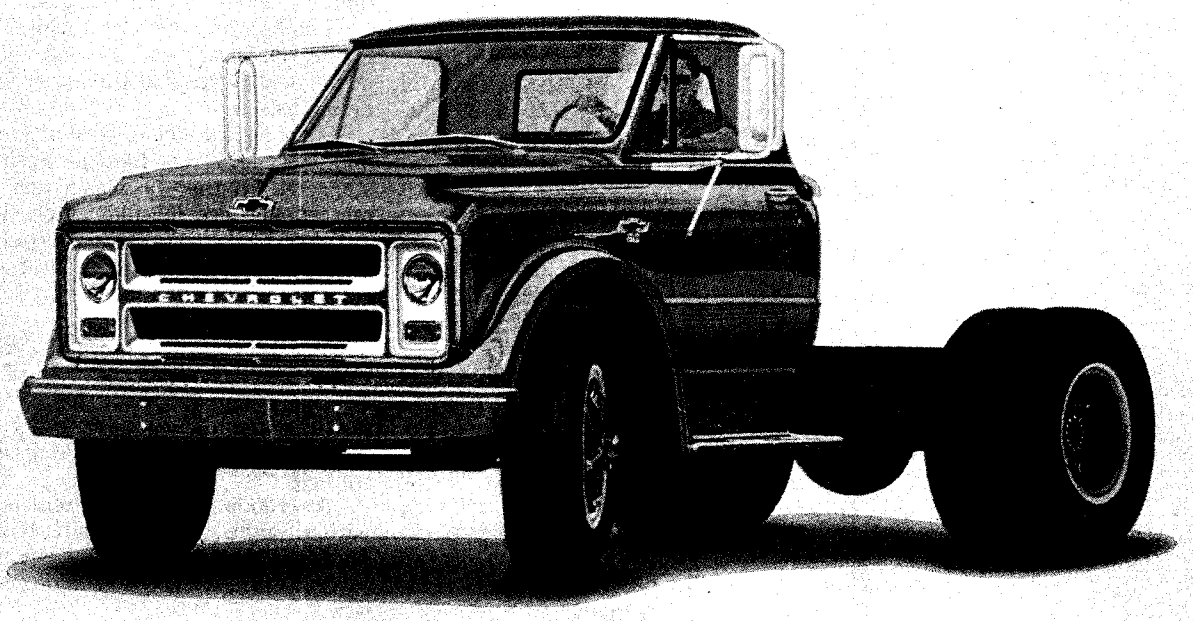
All-new Chevy-Van 108
(108″ wheelbase)

Newly styled Chevy-Van 90
(90″ wheelbase)

Chevy-Vans in two sizes for '67 . . . new V8 power, too! Now you can get a low-cost Chevy-Van to suit *any* size delivery! All new for '67 is the Chevy-Van 108 with 108″ wheelbase and whopping 256-cubic-foot load space. It's longer and stronger for the big jobs. Or pick the Chevy-Van 90 with 209-cubic-foot cargo area.

Both models offer sharp new styling and tough construction. Both can now be equipped with hustling V8 power—a big Chevrolet 283 V8! And both can be had in Sportvan versions for family use.

NEW CAB!



Meet Chevrolet's new conventional middleweight truck—the best way yet to move bigger loads for less! Newly styled and extra rugged, it provides, for the first time, a maneuverable 96-inch short-cab design that costs no more than regular conventional cabs.

As you can see, there are some great new 1967 trucks at your Chevrolet dealer's, so stop by and inspect them soon! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

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its moorings and crashed to the floor. Both men held their breath and listened for any sound from below. None came.

Then Eberley, pretending to concentrate on moving the drawer clear, allowed Gatiss to feel in the now exposed depths of the cabinet. He saw him freeze; then his hand reappeared, holding a green folder tied with string.

"Look outside," Gatiss said anxiously. "See if you can hear anything."

Quietly Eberley crept to the door, opened it slightly, and listened for a moment, then shut it, shook his head, and returned to the desk. His heart racing, he stood watching the other man open the folder.

The first object among the small pile of papers that Gatiss pulled out of the file was a photograph of a man and a woman in bed.

"Blackmailer," Gatiss said, and threw the picture aside. "Bloody blackmailer."

Six more similar photographs followed. At each one, Gatiss swore fiercely, but at the eighth picture he stopped openmouthed. It was of a handsome man, smiling. But it was not the innocence of the picture that surprised both Eberley and Gatiss. It was the face itself. It was Oriental.

Eberley identified the man without hesitation. It was Lo Jui-ching, chief of staff of the Red Chinese army.

Gatiss frowned and looked at Eberley. "Greiser can hardly be blackmailing *him?*"

"Hardly. What's underneath?"

"More of them. Li Hsien-nien, Lin Piao—oh, and him. He's one of the Old Guard. King Sheng. Greiser's got pictures of almost the whole bloody Peking Intelligence."

"Yes, but they're not unknown. There's nothing here that's ——"

"Wait a minute."

"What?" said Eberley.

Gatiss was standing dead still, staring at a photograph he had just picked from the file. For thirty seconds he said nothing as he studied the picture, his eyes wide, his mouth drawn tight.

"What is it?" Eberley whispered anxiously.

Slowly, Gatiss turned toward him, his face tense and his eyes assuming an almost maniacal quality. Then suddenly he dashed the picture to the floor.

Slowly Eberley bent down, picked up the photograph, and looked at it. It was an ordinary group picture of some of the higher-ups in Tiao Ch'a Pu, China's International Espionage Department. He recognized Lo in the foreground, and some of his grinning associates behind him. And then Eberley's mouth gaped open, and he had to turn away to prevent Gatiss's seeing his reaction. Rotopkin had been right. Eberley's agony of the past fortnight was frighteningly over. Prominent in the back row of the picture, a neighbor's shoulder obscuring a part of the chin, was a smirking, familiar face. Younger, perhaps, but nonetheless recognizable.

Eberley studied it for a long time, and found that all he could say was, "*Why?*"

Gatiss didn't answer. He seemed almost in a trance. Then, sluggishly bringing himself out of the catatonic state, he walked slowly to the desk and turned over the remaining objects in the file. One and all told the same pathetic story. A photostat of the man's account in a Swiss bank, the total touching five figures and indicating a regular withdrawal on the first of each month. Another photostat of a letter to Greiser. Three more photographs. Another photostat.

"You know what all this means, don't you?" Gatiss said quietly. "It means that Copperfield is Krasnevin."

Eberley didn't reply, remaining suitably silent for the occasion .Copperfield a double agent? That fat fool from British Intelligence—it was incredible.

Gatiss scooped up the pictures. "Do *you* think he is?" he demanded.

"I'm trying desperately to think of an innocent answer to all this."

"Don't try. It's Copperfield, isn't it?"

Eberley nodded.

Snatching up the file folder, the two men hurried downstairs, and out into the sunlit street.

Neither said a word until they reached the hotel and the photographs were laid out on Eberley's bed.

"He was in Gibraltar just before Nightingale was killed."

"I know," Eberley said quietly.

"He even attended his funeral."

Eberley sighed. He suddenly realized he hadn't slept for the past thirty-six hours. It was beginning to tell on hi . . He lay on the bed wearily, beside the pictures, and lit a cigarette. Gatiss slowly collected all the evidence together, and walked to the door. Eberley looked up.

"I'll contact Frazer in London. Tell him we found Krasnevin," Gatiss said, and stood staring morosely into space for a moment.

Eberley noticed that it was seven-thirty.

"Better pack your bag," Gatiss said finally. "We'll fly back tonight."

Then he was gone. For a while Eberley heard Gatiss moving around noisily in the next room, and then, mercifully, he fell asleep.

When he awoke, it was afternoon, and the room was like an oven. He staggered to the washbasin and submerged his face in cold water. Then, not caring to change clothes, he left the room and stopped suddenly in the corridor. He was safe, he realized. The pressure was off.

Gatiss's room was empty. The bed was stripped, and only a small packed valise gave evidence of its inmate. Eberley turned away and hurried downstairs, where Prentiss was waiting.

"Afternoon, Eberley," Prentiss said with a smile. "I heard all about it. Fantastic. I would never have guessed. Frazer's sure to get you a promotion now."

"Where's Gatiss?"

"Gatiss? Oh, he was here about an hour ago. Then suddenly he rushed off somewhere. He said something about the Grand Prix," Prentiss said.

Eberley glanced at him. "What do you mean?"

"Well, I think he was going to go there later. I'm not sure why."

Eberley ran quickly down the steps toward his Mistral.

The Avus speedway had been built by Hitler and ran for a distance of ten

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thousand meters as straight as an arrow, then banked into a sharp curve and rejoined itself. Along the length of the straightaway were trees, mostly poplars and elms, which thinned out only when the road angled into that tight sharp bank, so that from the island inside the bank the cars were hidden by trees until they suddenly appeared from nowhere and shot onto the banked turn, and hung static for a second before they zoomed off the curve and onto the level and out of sight once more.

The sun had brought thousands to the track, where they were now sitting in style with bottles of beer in the concrete stands, or packed on the grass island surrounded completely by track and approached only by a single tunnel under the road. Standing here, one came closer to a race than on any other track in Europe, with the cars roaring around one at well over a hundred miles an hour.

Eberley stood on the grass of the island, searching the crowd for Gatiss. He had been there over an hour now, and three races were over, the last being won hands down by a British Lotus, much to the consternation of the German crowd. Eberley didn't care either way. His only interest was Emmanuel Gatiss. And then, for the second time, he saw Sobakevich, the man who had given him the copy of *Playboy* in the elevator. The crop-haired Russian was standing near the tunnel, staring intently into the crowd, one hand in his jacket pocket, the other picking at a spot behind his ear. He was watching someone. Focusing his eyes in the direction of Sobakevich's gaze, Eberley spotted Gatiss himself, sunglasses on his nose, arms folded, staring up toward the grandstand. The man seemed momentarily frozen, etched clearly against the smudge of the cars behind him. Then he was gone, mingling with the crowd on the grass island, lost from sight. Then Sobakevich was gone, too, hidden in the sea of faces. A sudden scream and a shot hit the air, rising strangely over the screech of tires, and hung coldly in the sunlight long after the sound had faded. Voices were raised as the crowd surged toward the center, a swelling throng in the middle of the grass.

Eberley pushed his way through the spectators until he was within a few feet of the focal point of the crowd. He tried to peer over the heads, but saw nothing but strained, curious faces. Then the police were jostling him aside and a gap appeared between the legs of the people, and he saw him, lying on the grass, his face open to the sky, his crew cut standing out sharply on the pink scalp. It was Sobakevich and he was dead.

Eberley knew Gatiss had killed him, here in the crowd, in full view of all, and was probably standing a few yards away from the spot, cleaning his sunglasses or admiring the view.

Suddenly, a voice behind him snapped in his ear, "Come on. Let's get out of here," and he saw Gatiss pushing past him and hurrying toward the tunnel. But the police were already there, blocking the only exit and pushing sightseers back onto the island. Eberley stopped, feeling himself being shoved and kicked by the excited crowd. Turning slightly, he caught a brief glimpse of Gatiss as two of the policemen moved toward him, searching all those about him. Then Gatiss was gone, and Eberley was seized by other policemen, searched, and thrust aside. Then it happened, like an absurd farce.

Gatiss was running along the rim of the track curve, toward the safety of the fields beyond. The spectators were in a panic. Eberley stopped, awestruck and confused by Gatiss's action, but then he saw one of the policemen running out of the crowd, his eyes set only on his prey. Oblivious of the race, the policeman clambered up the bank, one hand reaching for a gun, the other clutching desperately at the crumbling surface of the bank. He stopped halfway up the steep slope and raised his gun to fire. Eberley saw a red Ferrari hit the embankment from out of the trees and hurtle straight at the policeman. There was a shout, and the policeman looked back. But it was too late. The car hit him and tossed him in the air, and he landed, his back broken, in the gully of the bank. At the same time, as if in a macabre ballet, the Ferrari spun lazily upward, taking its time, hovered for a second on the rim of the slope in a farewell salute, and then fell gently over the rim and exploded.

Gatiss had stopped momentarily on the top of the bank; then he was gone, into the trees and away. As the roar of the crowd reached fever pitch, Eberley saw his opportunity and slipped into the tunnel, now abandoned by the distracted police. He walked as casually as he could under the track until he reached his Mistral. Then, backing slowly into the street from the car park, he accelerated east toward nowhere and anywhere, his mind numbed by the events, and his stomach craving to be fed.

After driving blindly for an hour, he choked down a salami sandwich from a corner shop, and drove slowly back to the hotel. It was now six-twenty, and Prentiss was sitting in the foyer with his coat on and an anxious look on his face.

Half an hour later, they were collected by a British Army car and driven to Gatow Airport.

"Gatiss has already left," said Prentiss.

Eberley nodded. He sat, his arms folded, looking out of the window at the outskirts of the city. He was beginning to breathe again.

"I bet you're glad to leave Berlin," Prentiss said with a smile.

"In a way," replied Eberley. "Why exactly are we going to Gatow Airport? It's purely military, isn't it?"

"Well, yes. Speed, really. There's not another civil plane for hours, and Frazer ——"

"Frazer? You spoke to him?"

"Yes. Well, Frazer suggested we leave by kind permission of the army. They often do that."

"Hey," Eberley said suddenly, "what about my car?"

"Oh, don't worry about that. They're flying that back, too." Prentiss touched Eberley's arm. "Don't forget, you're pretty important to us now."

Prentiss and Eberley stood in a narrow waiting room on the edge of the airfield and gazed somberly at a DC-6 with British markings taxiing slowly to a halt outside.

After a while, a sergeant walked stiffly toward them and clicked his heels. "Mr. George Dancer and Mr. Joseph Prentiss?"

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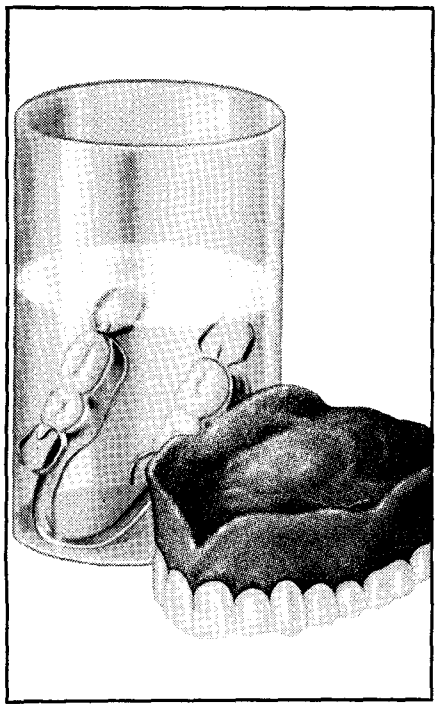
Do You Take Your Dentures Out At Night?



Special "fast-soak" discovery cleans costly dentures like fine jewelry.

Modern dentures are expensive . . . *and 15 times easier to scratch than natural teeth.* Therefore, whether you take them out for the night or remove them only for cleaning, your dentures *must* be treated like fine jewelry.

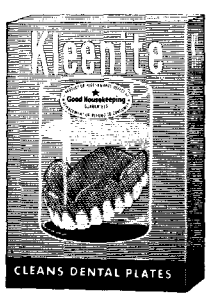
That's why more and more dentists now suggest *soaking* dentures clean in fast-acting KLEENITE instead of hard brushing with abrasive pastes or scratchy powders. KLEENITE *soaks away* discolorations—even smoke stains and film. And it leaves your dentures *odor-free.*

KLEENITE's unique formula combines 3 stain-removing actions: (1) detergent; (2) oxidizer; (3) solvent. Special soak-in surfactant removes stains that pastes and brushes can't even reach.

Dentists have discovered that just *soaking* dentures in KLEENITE beats even the hardest brushing with any ordinary dentifrice. And it restores original whiteness *safely.* Try KLEENITE today. Now at all drug counters.

More Dentists Now Give KLEENITE To Denture Patients

A survey of dentists—all of whom have had an opportunity to try KLEENITE—shows more dentists recommending KLEENITE than any other denture cleanser.



Helps Solve 3 Biggest FALSE TEETH Worries and Problems

A little FASTEETH sprinkled on your plates does all this: (1) Helps hold false teeth more firmly in place so they won't drop, slip or wobble; (2) Holds them more comfortably; (3) Lets you bite up to 35% harder—eat better and faster—all without discomfort. Famous FASTEETH Powder is alkaline—not acid. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste. Dentures that fit are essential to health. See your dentist regularly. Get FASTEETH at any drug counter.

THE ASSASSIN

Prentiss looked up with a self-conscious smile and nodded.

"Very good, sir. Sergeant Harris."

"That, I gather, is our plane?" asked Prentiss, making conversation.

"That's the one, sir. We should be leaving Gatow at twenty hundred hours. In about fifteen minutes. If there's anything you need, sir, just ask."

Eberley looked up. "Do you have a telephone near here?"

"Personal call, sir?"

"Yes."

"If you could follow me, sir."

"Thank you."

Eberley stood up and gave a quick smile to Prentiss.

"Girl?" Prentiss winked.

"Promised I'd phone her before I left." Eberley followed Sergeant Harris across the waiting room to a telephone booth. The sergeant nodded to Eberley, then strode away. Eberley entered the booth and dialed Rotopkin. The preliminary code phrases over, he said, "I'm just leaving Berlin now."

"Good," replied Rotopkin. "It couldn't be better."

"I suppose you know Sobakevich is dead."

"Yes. You've got to kill Gatiss for us. But not yet."

"I must say," Eberley said, "that the Copperfield thing has stunned everyone."

"I thought it might," replied Rotopkin. "I was worried in case it seemed too obvious."

"Not at all. We almost didn't find the file." He smiled. "Incredible, isn't it? Who would have thought Copperfield, fat Copperfield, was working for Peking?"

"He isn't," replied Rotopkin.

Eberley gave a slight gasp. "What did you say?"

"I said he doesn't work for Peking. He doesn't work for anybody except the British. At least as far as I know."

"You mean you framed him? You faked that picture?"

"Had to," answered Rotopkin, blithely. "Give you time to breathe. It'll take them weeks before they clear him—if they ever do. By then, we'll have you right out of it for good."

Prentiss had appeared in the corridor and was gesturing toward his watch. Eberley nodded, attempted a smile, and pointed at the telephone. Prentiss nodded with a grin and walked away.

"I wish there had been another way," Eberley said finally. "Supposing they don't accept Copperfield's protestations of innocence."

"Let him worry about that. All the better for us. You'd better go."

"Yes. The plane's waiting."

There was a pause.

"You know," Eberley said quietly, "all this wouldn't have happened if you hadn't killed Pavel."

"I didn't kill Pavel," came the surprised answer.

Eberley gave a nervous laugh. "Not you personally," he said. "I meant Kuzmich. If he hadn't been so ——"

"Just a minute," Rotopkin snapped. "We did not kill Pavel."

"But you must have," protested Eberley, his voice rising.

"I said we didn't. We thought *you* had got him out of the way."

The air was becoming difficult to breathe, and Eberley suddenly began to tremble. "Rotopkin—what are you saying?"

"Well, isn't it obvious? We were under the impression that you had told Pavel to go underground or whatever. Why do you think we've been ——"

"You must be mad. I saw you—the Buick—I saw you there. You were taking Pavel's body away." But he knew he was wrong.

"It wasn't us," replied Rotopkin. "I assure you it wasn't us."

The door of the telephone booth suddenly swung open, and Prentiss said cheerily, "Come along, Eberley, there's a good chap. They're waiting for us."

Then he saw Eberley's face and added, "Oh, sorry. She's like that, is she? Well, try to hurry her up, and I'll see you in the plane. You've got a couple of minutes."

He grinned again, winked, and hurried away. Eberley stood dead still, the telephone burning his ear. Then, his voice dry and broken, he said, "If it wasn't you, then it must have been the British."

There was no answer.

"Rotopkin? Rotopkin! Are you still there?"

There was silence, but he knew Rotopkin was listening. "If it was the British who killed Pavel," Eberley said, "then—then they know. They know who I am. They've known all the time. Rotopkin—they *know!*"

His words seemed to be screaming in the air. "Rotopkin? Don't you understand?"

There was a moment's hesitation, then the Russian answered, his voice cold and final, "You're dead, Krasnevin. You're dead."

"Rotopkin!" Eberley shouted, but no one was listening. He turned in panic as a voice behind him said, "I think we ought to go now, sir. Can't hold up the plane much longer."

Eberley stared at the sergeant, still gripping the telephone, incapable of doing anything. Harris leaned across and took the receiver from his hand, and listened momentarily.

"Seems the party has rung off, sir," he said.

The waiting room seemed filled with soldiers, standing silently in line, neither speaking nor moving. Eberley, his mind devoid of anything anymore, felt himself being led like a lamb down the corridor by the sergeant. It had all been a bizarre game. It was all so clear now. Everything had fallen into place. He had been used, manipulated, exhibited by the British in order to attract the flies. He had given them, *given* them Sobakevich and Henderson. And Greiser. And God knows how many more. And he had given them, before the race had barely begun, he had given them—Pavel.

At the corner of the corridor, he tried to run, only to collapse in a heap and be pulled to his feet by a sympathetic sergeant who knew nothing at all. And then he was led, surrounded by what seemed like a hundred regiments, out onto the pathetically grubby airfield, warm in the summer evening, and forward, forward toward Prentiss, now standing at the door of the aircraft.

Eberley tightened the strap across his lap and stubbed out the cigarette as he was dragged aloft, back to London.

"Marvelous planes, these," said Prentiss, with a smile. "Used to make model planes when I was a child. Still have them somewhere."

The horrendous throbbing of the engines vibrated against his skull. Beside him, Prentiss smiled and grimaced and chattered gaily about a million things, and all Eberley could say, not in a vain attempt at dignity, but because he could say nothing else, was, "Copperfield's innocent."

And Prentiss replied, "Oh, we know that."

Eberley closed his eyes.

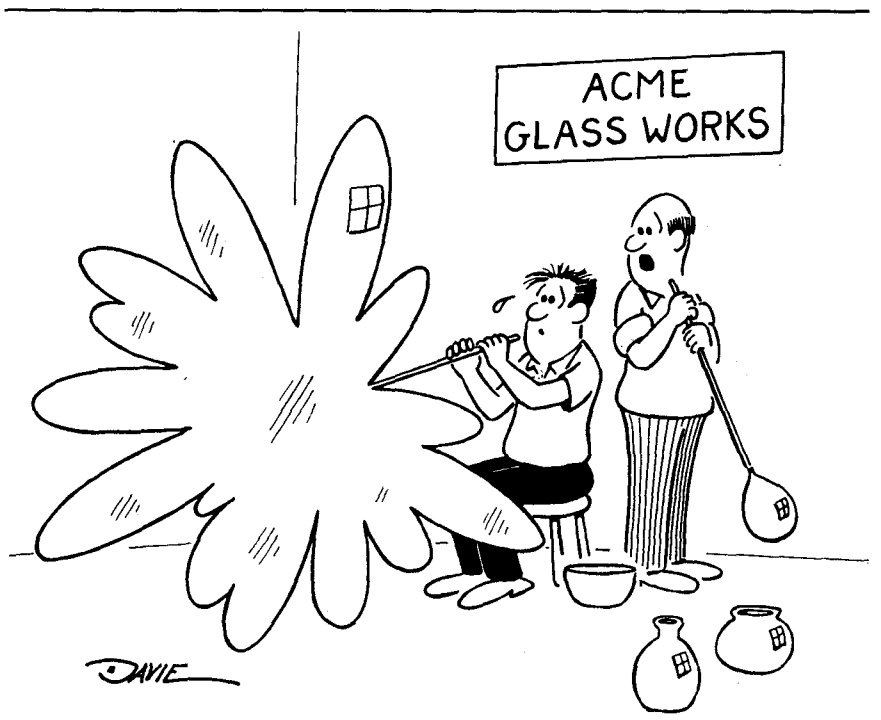
"Do you get nervous in planes?" Prentiss was saying. "My aunt does. I used to, but now they're so fast. I mean we'll be in London in a couple of hours."

Then, glancing at Eberley, he said, "Sorry. Was I rabbiting on? Sorry about that. I suppose you're thinking about that girl."

Eberley opened his eyes and looked at Prentiss for a moment. "I suppose Frazer will be waiting at the airport for us," he said. "In London."

"Expect so. Oh, I don't know, though. Will he be?"

Eberley nodded. "Probably," he said, and lit a cigarette. □



"Gesundheit."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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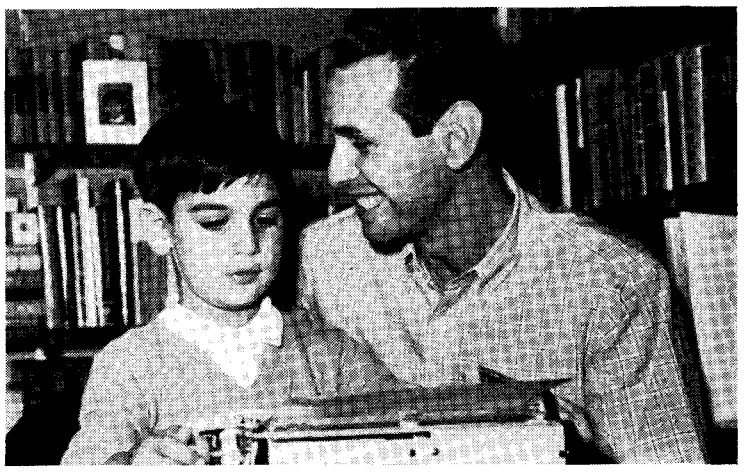
HOW TO TURN YOUR CHILD INTO A CLASSROOM CHAMPION



EUGENE M. SCHWARTZ AND HIS SON MICHAEL

When a father worries about the kind of education his son is getting in school—and when that father is also president of a publishing company that specializes in modern learning methods—then sparks really fly.

For the past six years, Gene Schwartz has worked with some of the country's leading pioneers in deutro-learning, the modern science of learning how to learn. As writer, editor or publisher, he has been instrumental in bringing to the American public, books on Memory Improvement, Executive Training Techniques, High-Speed Learning, Creative Thinking, Problem-Solving, Time Organization and many more.

But why not adopt these incredibly powerful learning breakthroughs to the problems faced by children of all ages in their classrooms? This is the goal of this book! "The job was too important to leave to someone else," Mr. Schwartz says. "I couldn't rest until I did it myself."

READ THESE THRILLING TESTIMONIALS:

From Reviews and Letters Received From Teachers and Private Tutors

(We regret that we do not have the space to reproduce them in full)

Many students do not do well in school simply because they have not mastered basic study techniques. To parents who are concerned about how they can help their children, I recommend Eugene Schwartz's book. The author emphasizes ways of improving reading, writing and mathematics. I especially recommend Mr. Schwartz's section on "Digging Out the Facts—Reading," which comprises the key to the book."

L. W. Block
High School Guidance Counselor
Livingston, New Jersey

"I am a retired teacher—who, after 35 years as a regular in Michigan, continues as a substitute and tutor . . . I like your book for selfish reasons, primarily! It vindicates my 45 years of practice! Your ideas belong IN THE SCHOOLS.

This summer I tutored a boy who had failed in Math and earned a D (70 or less) in English in the eighth grade. . . . What he needed was positive aims . . . self confidence. He was accustomed to considering himself "stupid" . . .

This fall, he is not concerned with passing—he is going after A's! . . . We have a new boy on the way! His parents are going to receive instructions for helping him every day – thanks to you . . .

S.R.W.
Orlando, Florida

I am an educator of thirty (30) years standing. I recently purchased a copy of your book, "How to Double Your Child's Grades In School." I found it an excellent book with many fine suggestions for improving not only my child's learning, but my own as well. In fact I thought so highly of the book I gave my copy to a friend as a gift, and it was very gratefully received.

May I order another copy of your book to keep as a permanent reference on my desk.

A member of the Board of Education of the largest city in the world.

"The singular, striking, overwhelming distinction of this book is the approach of giving parents a way to help.

I'm convinced that any parent could take this book, and measurably improve his child's grades."

G. R. Benson Jr.
High School Teacher of Art
Madjen, N.J.

This book, lucidly and excitedly, because you feel a sense of optimism as you read, teaches the parents how to aid their children to achieve academic success by proper study, memory, and test-taking techniques.

The author of this book, in both the English and Mathematics sections, explains in a clear and logical sequence how the parent, with patience and gentle guidance, can assist the child to learn those various techniques that will mean a higher average in all his school subjects.

It seems most practical to assume that with early preparation in the areas of English and Mathematics, the child will be fully prepared to take the College Board Exams successfully and to move on toward his chosen career with a spirit of confidence.

Mr. Schwartz has performed a valuable service with his important book.

Bernard Hailperin
Teacher-Counselor
Newark, New Jersey

"I have studied this book in every detail and found it very challenging in its concept and teaching methods. It is well worth the small investment.

Mr. A., Private Tutor
Wareham, Massachusetts

"It is an excellent book on how to study."

Mrs. M.
High School Teacher of Latin and English
San Antonio, Texas

From Parents Like Yourself (and their children):

"I thought you might be interested to know that all of my children have had difficulties with their school work. We have talked to teacher after teacher and all they ever seem to say is that they are smart but they are not producing. They never seem to be working up to their capabilities. No one has been able to really produce a concrete solution until now. My mother-in-law sent us this book. I only received it today and I have only read one third of it but it just sounds like the answer to a prayer. I am only sorry we did not have it years ago."

A.P.S.
Tampa, Florida

"It is well written, well thought out and beautifully organized . . . it is without question, the logical approach!"

Mrs. L.H.K. III
New York City

"Your book contains all the information I needed in the depression years when I attended classes in evening school . . . and information I can still use today in my adult education classes.

M.L.R.
Detroit, Mich.

"It made me aware of how important school is. I had been a hard worker but I did not know what was important. . . . This was the smartest thing I ever did. It looked like I was going to come in second every time—not any more."

Christopher W. (15 years old)
Smithtown, New York

"Anyone can understand this book. I am delighted and will recommend it to all my friends. I only wish I could have read it ten years ago."

Mrs. R.D.S.
Portland, Oregon

"I got this book to improve myself in school and what I have read is worth every cent I paid for it. Thank You."

H.L. (16 years old)
Detroit, Michigan

". . . well organized, fast reading, first book I've read which offers concrete ideas about improvement in learning and retention. Wish I'd had this book when I was in school."

Mrs. C.W.W.
Belleville, Michigan

From SCHOLASTIC Magazine

Mr. Schwartz has done an excellent job. . . . His book is easy to read. He arranges our job systematically, and spells it out in detail. We race through the book saying "This is a good idea," or "Now there's an idea that will work with my child."

The author has told us exactly what the child must do to improve his grades. He pulls no punches. . . . He has spelled out in plain English the techniques that will turn the trick in improving the pupil's grades. There's no doubt about it. . . .

Yes! Here at last is your chance to make such an overwhelming difference in your child's performance in school that the teacher may actually call you up to see what happened . . . and do it in as little as five short minutes of your time every day!

Let me explain! I don't care whether your child is six years old or twenty—boy or girl—in grade school, high school or college! It makes no difference how difficult it is for that child to concentrate today . . . how poor his memory may be . . . how much a prisoner he is of crippling mental habits . . . how terrified he may be of mathematics, or grammar, or social studies, or even the hardest science course!

I believe that your child's mind is working today at only HALF its true power—simply because he has never been taught the right way to make his subjects half-teach themselves!

Simply because he has never been shown the few simple secrets of Speed Reading, that are taught in almost every university in the country today—*and that have him flashing through the printed page TWICE AS FAST as he can read today – with absolute understanding of every single word!*

Simply because he doesn't know the right way to feed his mind the problems he is given in mathematics—*so clearly and logically that those problems HALF-SOLVE THEMSELVES before he even touches them!*

Simply because he doesn't know the right way to prepare for his tests—*so completely that he actually knows as many as FOUR OUT OF FIVE of the questions that his teacher must ask him on that test, RIGHT DOWN TO THE VERY WORDS THAT THE TEACHER WILL USE TO PHRASE THOSE QUESTIONS!*

Power-Studying Is A Trick! You Can Teach It To Your Child In 5 Minutes a Day!

Yes! Speed-reading is a trick! Complicated problem solving is a trick! Burning facts, figures, whole lessons into your child's mind is a trick! And, above all, *taking the sting out of tests and making them half-answer themselves IS A TRICK! Top grades can be made to order; your child doesn't have to be a genius to get them!*

The real secret of coaxing top grades out of your child is as simple as teaching him to tie his shoelace! You can do it in five minutes a day, SIMPLY BY SHOWING HIM THE RIGHT STUDY TECHNIQUES! Study techniques perfected by private-school teachers, professional tutors, writers of speed-teaching adult-education courses all over America!

Study techniques that you and your child probably never even dreamed existed! So incredibly powerful that I'm willing to prove them to you, without your risking a penny. Here's how.

The Very First Hour After You Use This Book, His Teacher May Marvel At His Improvement!

All I ask is this. Let me send you—at my risk—one of the most fascinating books you have ever read. When this book arrives, set aside a few minutes each day from the following weekend. Glance through a few pages. *Get ready to see the incredible performance your child can give you ONCE YOU GIVE HIM THE PROPER MENTAL TOOLS!*

What you are going to do, in this very first weekend, is this. You are going to make three simple tests with your child, *each one of which will show you such a thrilling spurt in his ability to master facts, that you may actually throw your arms around him!*

First, turn to page 87. Read this page alone—nothing more. Then ask your child to read to himself one page in any of his books. Time him. And then, *simply follow the instructions we give you to take an ordinary pencil and place it between his teeth! NOW ask him to read another page following the one rule we give you! Time him again! AND THRILL TO THE SUDDEN BURST OF SPEED YOU HAVE LIBERATED, AS HIS EYES BEGIN TO FLASH OVER THAT PRINTED PAGE!*

But this is only the beginning! Second, turn to page 135. Glance over the fascinating word game you find on this and the following pages. Play this game with your child for five minutes. See how he enjoys it.

And then, *ask him – without his ever hearing them before, and without going to the dictionary – to give you the meaning of FIVE DIFFERENT FOUR-SYLLABLE WORDS, THAT WOULD STUMP MOST COLLEGE STUDENTS! And watch the excitement on his face as he reels off the exact meaning of those "impossible" words. Just as easily and as quickly as though they were printed on the wall in front of him!*

And this is still just the beginning! Now turn to page 145 – *and break mathematics wide open for him!*

All you do is this! Learn one secret! Teach it to him in five minutes! And then let him take any homework paper that's been turned back to him! Let him do the problems again on a blank sheet of paper! And see for yourself that he now makes up to *20% FEWER ERRORS – UP TO ONE-FIFTH BETTER GRADES – ALL FROM FIVE MINUTES OF YOUR TIME, AND ONE SIMPLE CHANGE IN HIS WORK HABITS!*

Which Subject Do You Want Him To Shine In? Math, English, Writing, Science!

Think of it! From this moment on, in only five short minutes a day, you begin applying these wonder-working techniques of Power Learning to every untrained corner of your child's mind! You begin breaking through mental barriers – mental limitations that have been blocking him for years!

You begin tapping the buried powers of your child's mind! Powers that you have glimpsed before in brief flashes – now brought to the surface – strengthened with simple formulas to double their potency – and placed forever at his beck and call, ready to astound his teacher and classmates at the blink of an eyelash! For example—

DOES HE MAKE THE SAME SPELLING ERRORS OVER AND OVER AGAIN?

Then turn to page 125 . . . teach him three fun-filled tricks that burn to correct spelling of any word forever into his mind . . . and watch with astonishment from that day on, as he writes those former "trouble" words – automatically – *as easily and naturally as he writes his own name!*

DOES HE HAVE TROUBLE EXPRESSING HIMSELF IN CLASS?

Then turn to page 119 . . . read every word . . . and see how incredibly easy it is to overcome that shyness and uncertainty – to make his recitations sparkle – to think instantly on his feet – to build thought upon thought correctly and dramatically – persuade others to his point of view – *stand out head and shoulders above the rest of his class!*

YES! AND DOES HE FREEZE UP IN TESTS? FORGET MATERIAL HE KNEW PERFECTLY THE NIGHT BEFORE? RUN OUT OF TIME AND LEAVE HALF THE QUESTIONS UNANSWERED!

Then get ready for the revelation of your life starting on page 195! Just take one look at this *complete armory* of test-passing techniques – that remove all trace of nervousness and tension from your child the moment he steps into the test room – that takes all the trickery out of those double-meaning test questions – that show him how to make even the hardest test problems half-solve themselves – *that practically pop right answers into his mind!*

Read It From Cover to Cover, At My Risk!

What I've described to you on this page is only a small sampling of the information packed into a revolutionary new book HOW TO DOUBLE YOUR CHILD'S GRADES IN SCHOOL!

Here at last is a practical, easy-to-read book on improving your child's performance in class *that really works!* It is meant for every child – six years old or twenty – boy or girl!

It brings that child – for the first time between the covers of any book – *incredibly powerful new study techniques that he probably never even dreamed existed before! Study techniques perfected by private-school teachers, by professional tutors, by writers of speed-teaching adult-education courses all over America!*

Yes! *Rapid-study techniques,* that produce twice as much homework, in half the time! *Flash-reading techniques,* that pick out the CORE of an assignment, as fast as your child's eyes can travel over the page!

Word-building techniques, that can double your child's vocabulary in a few short weeks! *Instant-problem-solving techniques,* that give him the answer to "jawbreaker" math problems as easy as 1-2-3.

And—above all—a complete memory of test-passing techniques—that can literally DOUBLE the grades of your child in every one of his classes in school! That can turn D's and C's into B's or even A's! That can turn 60's or 70's or 80's into 80's or 90's or even 100's! THAT CAN UNLOCK THE TRUE, NATURAL ABILITY OF YOUR CHILD, THAT IS BEING TRAGICALLY HALF-WASTED TODAY! AND PUT HIM ON THE ROAD TO THE COLLEGE OF HIS CHOICE . . . THE FUTURE OF HIS CHOICE—TODAY!

The price of this revolutionary new book is only $4.98. But it is yours to read without risking a penny! You prove it at our risk for ten days! It must do everything we say—every cent of your money back immediately!

VITAL NOTE!

To gain its wonder-working benefits for your child—immediately within five minutes after you pick it up—there is absolutely no need for you to read this revolutionary new book from cover to cover!

This is not a textbook! Not a study manual! There are no lectures—not a single "blue-sky" theory to ponder over or memorize in this entire book!

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THE FABULOUS FIFTY

A chance to see New York, to see the World Series, to see Babe Ruth in action! Who wouldn't cheat to win a prize like that?

By MORTON GROSSER

Illustrated by Arnold Roth

Tony Ammanati was the first real businessman I ever knew; he stole the magnetos from Model T Fords and rebuilt them into spark transmitters for radio amateurs. He had low overhead, an unlimited source of supply, and a good product that he sold at an unbeatable price. I worked with Tony, mostly in manufacturing, but sometimes in procurement too.

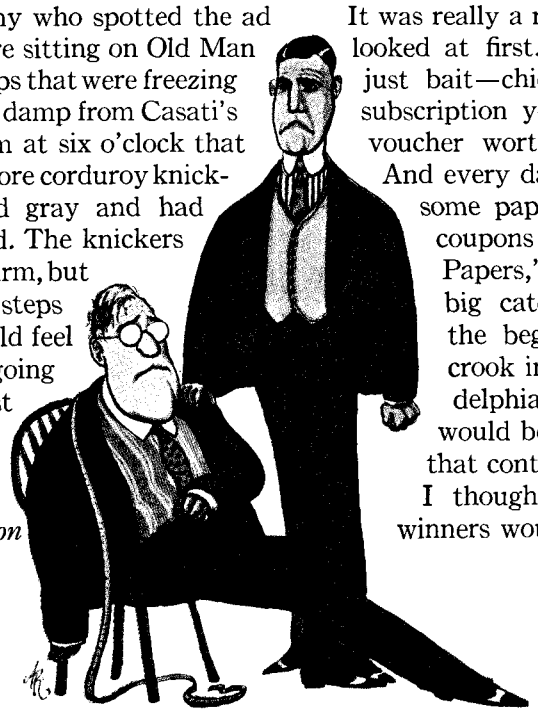
You have to understand that in 1921, when Tony and I were fifteen, money was hard to come by on Philadelphia's South Street. On summer days you could buy two hot, freshly buttered and salted ears of Jersey corn for a penny, and when the pushcart man turned to put the penny in his tin can you could swipe a pickle from the barrel. "*Dirty kids! Crooks! Get outa here, little crooks!*" And after you ran, you could walk down the soft asphalt streets eating the sweet corn and cold, tart pickle.

Anyway, it was Tony who spotted the ad in the *Clarion*. We were sitting on Old Man Casati's stone front steps that were freezing cold in March and still damp from Casati's daughter washing them at six o'clock that morning. Tony and I wore corduroy knickers that were mottled gray and had elastic cuffs that itched. The knickers were supposed to be warm, but they let the cold of the steps right through; you could feel your bottom slowly going numb until it was past feeling anything.

"Hey, look at this." Tony opened Old Man Casati's morning *Clarion* to a double spread festooned with stars and rockets. THE FABULOUS FIFTY was printed across the top in letters as big as the ones that had announced the Armistice. Next came, MAMMOTH PRIZES FOR FIFTY (50) LUCKY READERS OF PHILADELPHIA'S LEADING DAILY. In between the stars and rockets it told how fifty people would be taken on a special train to the 1921 World Series, and how they would stay at one of America's most splendid and luxurious hostelries and get lots of prizes besides, courtesy of the *Clarion*. All you had to do was enter this simple contest. It was a simple contest, too—none of those phony puzzle pictures or listening for secret words on the radio. Beginning that day, March 1, the *Clarion* would print a coupon on the front page every day. You just cut the coupons out and saved them, and on August 15 you sent them to the paper. The fifty people who sent in the most coupons were the winners.

It was really a rougher proposition than it looked at first. The daily coupons were just bait—chicken feed. For each new subscription you brought in, you got a voucher worth two hundred coupons. And every day the *Clarion* would issue some papers with a whole page of coupons in them—"Lucky Bonus Papers," they were called. But the big catch we figured right from the beginning. Every small-time crook in Philadelphia—and Philadelphia was loaded with them—would be working on angles to win that contest.

I thought about how famous the winners would be. I imagined the pic-



Mr. Rine and Mr. Whitworth, haberdashers and sporting men.

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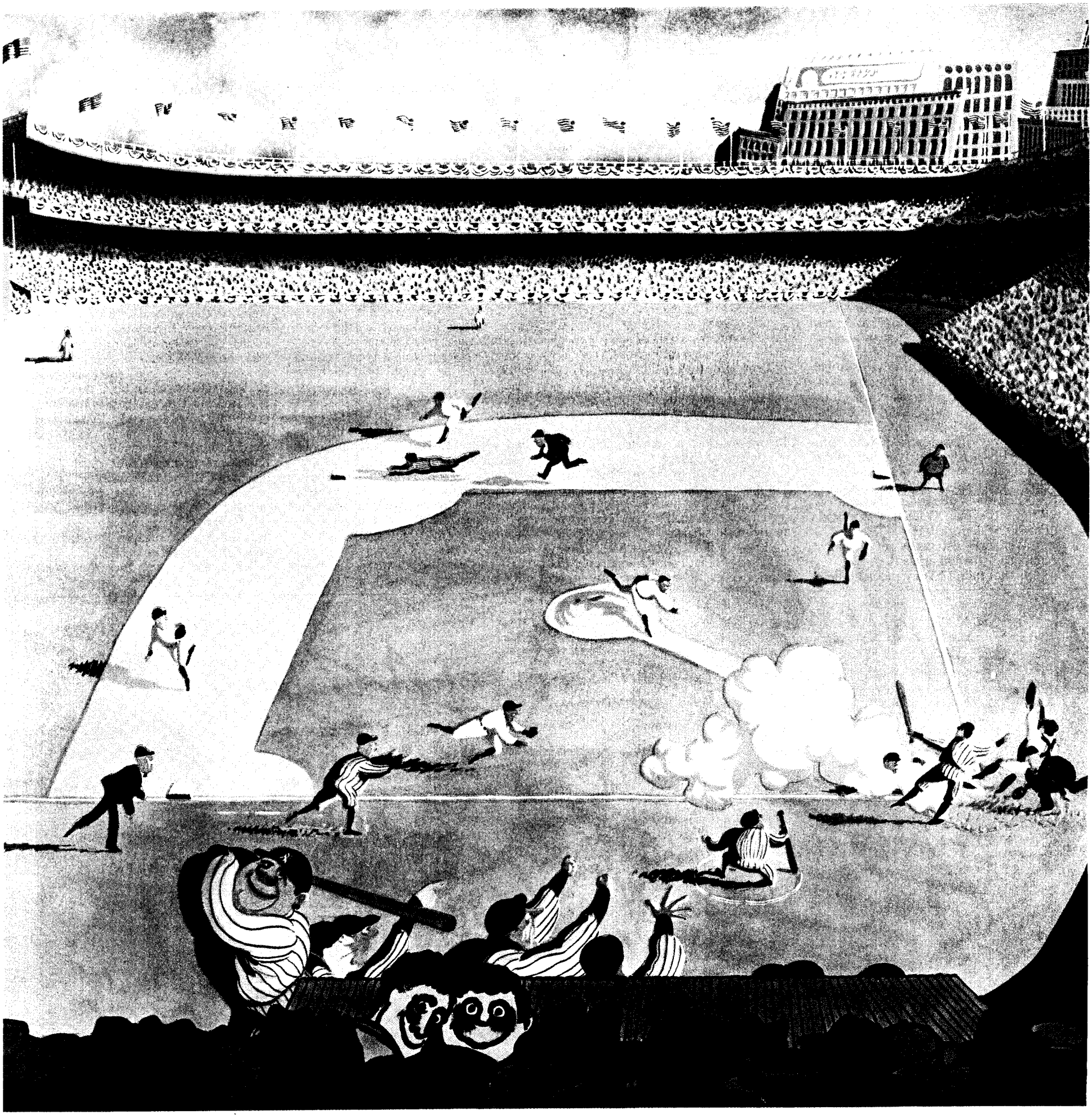

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ture in the newspaper, me standing between my parents in front of their hardware store.

"We gotta enter," Tony said.

"You're crazy," I told him. "We wouldn't have a chance."

"Not just us two. All the guys—the whole club."

"You're out of your Egyptian mind." My older sister was always saying that; it was supposed to be very smart.

Tony looked surprised. "I'm the president."

"Well, I'm the vice president," I said. "We gotta have a vote."

"Okay, we'll have a meeting tonight," Tony said.

"I think you're nuts," I said.

Tony looked at me with disdain, took out his stag-handled pocketknife, and slit coupon number one out of Old Man Casati's *Clarion*.

The club, five of us, met that night at Goodman's candy store on Reese Street. Before the meeting, Tony treated us to a nickel's worth of potato chips. A nickel's worth was a paper bag that Mrs. Goodman filled from a giant can of potato chips so fresh that the cooking fat stained rich and greasy through the paper. Tony's bribe was successful, which was partly my fault; Mrs. Goodman always gave extra potato chips when I was there. My name is Sol Janus, and I was the only Jew in the club.

"Okay, so we enter the contest. What's the plan?" That was Angelo Parello.

"Well, we just gotta get the most coupons," Joe Dinari said.

"Is that right?" Tony shook his head in sarcastic wonder. "So that's it. I knew there was something."

"Aw, hell," Joe said.

"All the crooks are gonna be in there," Bucky Kolaks said. "So we ain't gotta be fair or anything."

"That's right," Tony said. "The only thing is to cheat better."

"More efficiently," I said.

"Yeah? You got any ideas?"

"Well, we can start like you did this morning," I said. "We can swipe the coupons out of everybody's paper."

"That ain't hard," Bucky said. "Hymie Silverstein is delivering on South and Lombard. I can find out his pickup schedule easy."

"We'll have to take turns tailing him," I said.

Joe groaned through a mouthful of potato chips. "I hate to get up early."

"Shut up, Fatso. You'll take turns like everybody," Tony said. "We have to think of some more angles."

He was still avoiding the important problem, so I brought it up. "What I want to know is, suppose we get all these coupons and win, who goes on the trip and gets the prizes?"

Tony looked at me as though I had questioned his honor. "There's only one way," he said. "We choose out, and that guy gets to go."

"You mean one potato, two potato?" Joe was horrified at so much depending on a whim of chance.

"Or we'll pull straws or something," Tony said, less sure.

"So what do the losers get for all their work?" Angelo asked. There was an awkward silence.

"Look, I'll tell you what." Tony unfolded the *Clarion*'s contest announcement. "It says here many other prizes like Stetson hats, fountain pens, and others to be announced. How about this? The guy who wins the choose goes to the Series, but he don't get the other prizes. We split them up between us. That way everybody gets something."

Angelo shrugged, Joe grinned, Bucky nodded. "We start in the morning," Tony said.

We did. One day out of every five for the next three months, I would get up at four-thirty, pull on my clammy knickers, and sneak out of the house into the cold, gray dawn. I would tail Hymie Silverstein down South Street to Swanson, along Swanson to Bainbridge, up Bainbridge to Eighth, across Eighth to Lombard, and down Lombard to Swanson again. Keeping about two blocks behind Hymie, I would unfold each of his carefully folded papers and slit out the Fabulous Fifty coupon with my pocketknife.

People woke up early in 1921, and the women would come out to get the paper before breakfast, so many days I didn't make it to the end of Hymie's route. I only got caught twice, though, both times by an old bag on Kater Street. She yelled for the cops the second time, but I twisted out of her hands and ran. On an average day I got a hundred and fifty coupons, which isn't bad when you realize that an honest subscriber who clipped his coupon every day only had a hundred and sixty-seven coupons for the whole contest. The other guys were doing about as well as me, except for Joe, who was slower, and Tony, who always got the most.

By the end of May we had fourteen thousand, three hundred and twenty-one coupons stashed away in cartons in Tony's basement. The weather was getting warmer, which made collecting more difficult. People woke up earlier in the morning, and kids were beginning to sleep out on the roofs and fire escapes. I would be cutting coupons in a deserted street, and someone would yell, "I see ya, ya crook!" and there would be a wise six-year-old aiming spit at me from the edge of a roof three stories up. Still, we were doing okay.

One night in June, the summer really began. It was too hot to stay inside; the sidewalks were crowded with old people sitting on kitchen chairs. Some kids opened a hydrant, and we all went under it. It was the only cool place in Philadelphia that night. Later, Tony and I sat against the wall of a store a block away and watched the cops shut the hydrant off. "Let's go down to Harney's," Tony said.

Harney's was jammed. People overflowed out the front door and down the steps to the sidewalk, most of them drinking beer (Prohibition or not) and eating cold hard-shell crabs that had been boiled in pepper water. We got sarsaparillas and two orders of crabs, pushed our way out through the crowd, and sat down to eat beside the steps of a house two doors away. There were two men sitting on the top step, but we didn't pay any attention to what they were talking about until Tony recognized one of the voices.

"That's Morello," he whispered in my ear. Morello was a ward boss from the Italian district. We listened, and next thing you know he said something about the *Clarion* contest.

"Oh, yeah," the other man said. "You in on that deal?"

eye-opener

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DEL MONTE—THE PRUNE JUICE WITH FRUIT JUICE APPEAL

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Tony and I looked at each other. Morello gave a tremendous belch.

"Sure," he said. "Hell, I got my boys working over the whole ward. I got twenty-two thousand coupons now. Ain't nobody in the city gonna touch that."

Twenty-two thousand! Tony and I sat stunned while Morello gave his opinions on the local rackets. After a few minutes he and the other man lit stogies and strolled away.

Tony breathed a long sigh of exasperation. "How we gonna beat a crook like that? We have to think up some more angles. Let's have a meeting right away."

In half an hour, we had the club together. Even after Tony pointed out that Morello was a big-time crook, and that there couldn't be many people with as many coupons as we had, everyone was dejected. We all knew that there were more than fifty big-time crooks in South Philadelphia alone, never mind the rest of the city.

"We just gotta get more coupons," Joe Dinari said.

"Hymie's customers are getting wise," I said. "It's hard to break a hundred anymore."

"Then we gotta find another route," Angelo said.

"That ain't gonna be enough," Bucky told him, and on that glum note we broke up.

That was the low point of our fortunes. The next day I found out that a kid who delivered the *Clarion* up around Twelfth Street was a radio amateur. For three of Tony's spark transmitters, we bought the coupons from his route until the contest ended. We clipped all our coupons in an alley off Waverly Street, before the papers were delivered, and we never got caught. What with the Lucky Bonus Papers and a few new subscriptions, we averaged two hundred coupons a day right up through August 14, the end of the contest.

That night we sat up until one o'clock counting coupons, and the next morning Tony and I took them by streetcar to the *Clarion* building. Even at seven-thirty there was a long line of people carrying cartons tied with string, and it was nine o'clock before we reached the desk where a man sat recording names and addresses and the number of coupons claimed. Tony turned to me just as we got there. "We forgot to choose," he whispered. "Whose name should we use?"

"Yours," I whispered back. "We can always change it later."

The clerk looked up at us impatiently. "Well, how many?" he asked, and Tony handed him a slip of paper with the total written on it.

"Thirty-three thousand, seven hundred and eighty-two," the man intoned as he wrote it down. He looked up grinning. "Not bad, boys. Name?"

"Tony Ammanati."

Next morning's *Clarion* had an article about the contest. There had been such a gratifying response, it said, that it would take two weeks to verify the counts. The winners would be announced on September 1.

That was a tough two weeks, though in the beginning we were confident that we had won. We started to follow the baseball news so that we would be experts by World Series time. We were not really baseball fans; we knew more about the Salvatore brothers, the stickball champions of the Sixth Ward, than we did about the New York Yankees. But we studied. Babe Ruth was belting them out of the park in the summer of 1921; everyone said he would hit sixty homers by the end of the season. The batting champs were Rogers Hornsby of St. Louis and Harry Heilmann of Detroit, both averaging over .390. By the end of August, John McGraw's Giants had knocked five games off Pittsburgh's seven-and-a-half-game lead and despite the tough battle between Cleveland and the Yankees, it began to look like a New York series.

By that time the heat and the humidity and the waiting had worn away our confidence and left only tension and short tempers. We helped our parents sulkily, snapped at our kid brothers, and sweated. Rumors were everywhere. There was one story about a North Philly kid who had hijacked a *Clarion*

It's an Old Forester kind of day
The bite of autumn. The rustle of an evening breeze coming on. And soon there'll be the fine taste of a great bourbon.
At the end of a good day.
An Old Forester kind of day.
OLD FORESTER
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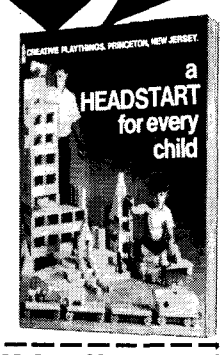

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at your service station

delivery truck and turned in forty thousand coupons; there was another about a bunch of crooks who had forged a printing plate and made fifty thousand fakes. Looking back, it seems strange that people would go to so much trouble for baseball tickets, but a team had to take five out of a possible nine games to win the World Series in 1921 (it went back to four out of seven the next year), and maybe that had something to do with it.

The night of August 31 was torture, and the next morning there were crowds of people waiting for the *Clarion* at the pickup corners. But no winners. The tabulators were still counting; the results wouldn't be announced for two more days.

On September 3 the paper came out with the winners on page one. The big type was there again—THE FABULOUS FIFTY—and under it, surrounded by the *Clarion*'s entire stock of stars and rockets, the fifty names. I raced through the list with the club members breathing over my shoulders. Nothing, nothing, nothing. . . . Then I found it: Number Twenty-nine, Tony Ammanati. A triumphant shriek went up from the five of us, and everyone standing on Hymie Silverstein's corner knew what the yelling was about. "Which one of them? . . . A cousin maybe?" The news was all over South Street in five minutes. My parents stood in front of their hardware store, basking in the neighbors' envy. They were as proud as if I had done it all myself.

The paper explained how all the arrangements would be made by the Fabulous Fifty staff before the Series began in early October. Tony would have to be excused from school, we realized. The decision that Tony would be the one to go was just as simple as that; we never even chose up.

For the next month, the Ammanati grocery store was a landmark. People from all over South Philadelphia walked by it in the evening, gesticulating and talking in Italian, Yiddish, Polish, Russian, Latvian, and Lithuanian. My father's store picked up some extra business when the story of the club's efforts got around; my mother hugged me a number of times for no reason. It was a good month, even after school began.

By that time we knew that the top winner was a little old lady who had turned in fifty-two thousand coupons, which will show you that I wasn't kidding when I said it was a rough contest. We heard she ran the biggest numbers game in the city, that she had inherited it from a brother who got knifed when he tried to shake down a ward boss. Everyone knew we had turned in over thirty thousand coupons, and many people on Lombard Street suspected where their missing coupons had gone. We told each other that they could have done what we did if they'd had as much ambition.

In late September the Giants passed Pittsburgh and won the National League pennant by four games; it would be them against the Yankees. The first game was scheduled for Wednesday, October 5, and the Fabulous Fifty train was to leave for New York the morning of the day before. Tony's mother bought him a new outfit, and I got permission from school to accompany him to the *Clarion* on Tuesday morning.

My mother pressed my only suit the night before so I would look nice to go with Tony. I had trouble sleeping and woke up early, and Tony met me in the alley off Waverly Street where we used to clip coupons. It was only seven o'clock when we got to the *Clarion*. The entrance was decorated with red-white-and-blue bunting, but the lobby was deserted. We walked around a while and stopped to have breakfast—the first time I ate in a restaurant—and I barely kept the food down. When we got back to the *Clarion* at eight-thirty, the sidewalk in front of the building was packed solid with people. We began edging our way through the crowd to the door. "Excuse me, Fabulous Fifty," Tony kept saying. I repeated the phrase after him; it made people turn to look, and then we'd squeeze past them.

As we worked our way forward, we heard two men talking in the roped-off area around the entrance. "Can't help it if they're not all here yet," one said. "Well, we have to get the picture first."

We found ourselves facing them. "Ah, boys, Fabulous Fifty?"

"Number Twenty-nine, Tony Ammanati," Tony said.

One of the men lifted the rope, and Tony ducked under it. I hesitated, and the man took my arm and pulled me through. "Come on, fellas, don't let's waste time!" I walked ahead with Tony, and when we entered the big lobby, he turned and winked at me. I was scared.

"This way, gentlemen." A pretty girl led us to a decorated table near the elevator door, and there another girl pinned a big red-white-and-blue Fabulous Fifty rosette on Tony. When she started to pin one on me, I drew back. "Ooh, did I stick you?" the girl said. I blushed, and both girls laughed. I let her pin the rosette on me, and then the first girl led Tony and me into the elevator. "What the hell," Tony whispered in my ear.

"Congratulations, boys," the elevator operator said. I couldn't believe what was happening, and I must have looked it. The girl took my arm. "Don't be shy, there's lots more to come. We're going to meet the publisher and have our picture taken." I wondered where they got those pretty girls.

We went up on the roof, where maybe a hundred people were standing around in the sunshine. Everybody was wearing a Fabulous Fifty rosette, and I began to think it might be fun to be in the picture; I could sneak out later when we went downstairs. We were introduced to the *Clarion*'s publisher, the circulation manager, and the Fabulous Fifty assistants who were going to New York with the group. Everyone congratulated me, and I kept saying, "Thank you very much"—shyly at first, then more and more easily.

After a while, someone shouted, "Now line up, everybody! Everybody in a nice line!" and the assistants shaped the crowd into a straggly curve facing a camera on a high stand. Then they knelt in a row in front of us, the ones in the middle holding a big sign that said FABULOUS FIFTY 1921. The photographer shifted people this way and that, and finally disappeared under his black cloth. "Smile, Fabulous Fifty!" said Mr. Johnson, the contest

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Quentin Phillips Service Station — 601 South Mississippi

Altus
Bell Champlin Service — N. Main St.
C & M Service Station
Gene's Citgo Service — 521 N. Main St.

Ardmore
Naler Conoco — B & Broadway N.W.

Barnsdall
Bill Wells Service

Bethany
J. W. Voyles KM Service — 7104 N.W. 23rd
Snider's Texaco Service — 6201 N.W. 39th

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Vacin Champlin Service — 1602 East Maine
White's Service Station — 228 W. Broadway
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B & M Texaco Service — 816 East Main St.
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Lee's Citgo Service — 101 Eastside Blvd.
Pennington Penco Service — 1602 E. Okmulgee
Roy Gibson Lakeland DX —348 East Side Blvd.

Ochelata
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Classen Texaco Service — 3201 Classen Blvd.
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Harper DX Service — 6315 N. May
Jack's Skelly Service — 2520 N. Walker
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Lloyd's DX — 1701 N. Meridian
May-Ten Texaco Service — 2901 N.W. 10th
Northwestern D-X Service — 5022 N. Western
Ronald Black Shamrock — 4421 N. Western
Schultz Mobil Service — 1608 N.W. Expressway
Shiflet DX Service — 3043 N.W. 16th
Sullins K & M Service — 9000 N. Western
Village Conoco Service — 9253 N. Penn

Okmulgee
Calvin Conoco — 15th & Wood Dr.
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Ken McWherter's APCO Station — Main at Elm

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Carl's Pemco Service —1503 East 15th St.
Claiborne Firestone Service — 3903 South Harvard
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TEXAS

Arlington
Parkraw Super Shell — Parkraw Ave.

Clarksville
Main Conoco Service — 201 East Main St.
Moore Sinclair Service — 314 West Main St.

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Al Nelson's Servicenter — 1728 N. Central Expressway
Bill Morris Shell Service Station — 4232 Lemmon Ave.
Bob Phillips Enco — 5701 W. Lovers Lane
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Groom Bros. Auto Service — 4441 Lawnview Ave.
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Jim Parkason Enco — 9947 Harry Hines
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Mills Auto Clinic — 4207 Oak Lawn Ave.
Muller Humble Service — 3202 South Lancaster
Oak Lawn Automotive — 3313 Oak Lawn
Paynes Garage — 2433 North Fitzhugh St.
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Tacker & Greer Texaco Service — 4022 Live Oak St.
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Denison
Rice Gulf Service Station — 401 N. Austin Ave.

Ennis
Barton's Texaco — 407 W. Ennis Ave.
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Brentwood Texaco — 6509 Brentwood Stair
Lyle's Enco Service Center — 5000 Trail Lake Dr.
Ray's Shell Service — 1424 Pennsylvania Ave.

Garland
Harold's Humble Servicenter —3421 Walnut St.
Kirkpatricks Shell Service Station — 4555 Forest Lane
Sam Shipley Service Station — 3102 Broadway
Smitty's Enco Service — 2431 Walnut St.
Stowers Shell Service — 3034 South 1st
Woody Able Texaco — 1336 Kingsley Rd.

Grand Prairie
Farr Texaco Service Station — 1901 East Main St.
W. A. (Dog) Langford — 221 East Main St.

Greenville
G. B. Gibson Mobil Service — 3006 Stonewall St.
Hugh Rowan Fina Service — 4902 Wesley
Lindsey's Fina Service — 3214 Stonewall
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Jack's Shell Service — 431 South Loop 12
John Baker Conoco Station — 969 E. Irving Blvd.
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Craigs Fina Sta. — 214 W. 1st.

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Hatcher 66 Service — 1706 Church Street
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If you haven't bought a muffler at a service station, you must like to go out of your way.

Drive any farther than your corner station for a muffler and you're missing a good deal. After all, the guy who sells you gas is right there on the corner. Which sure beats banging clear across town for one of those "deals". Especially when you figure service stations don't charge a nickel more than anybody else. (Surprised? Check it out for yourself; you'll see.) And aside from instant credit, there's another nice thing about service stations. They'll install your muffler as fast as anybody, and do a great job while they're at it. (They have to. They want you back for gas, you know.)

Of course, the best deal of all is where you see the sign above. It means AP Mufflers. Which means up to 33% thicker, coated steel, plus our exclusive design *inside* that helps stop rust before it ever gets started. Chances are you'll never need another muffler for your car. Now who can pass up a deal like that?

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THE AP PARTS CORPORATION, TOLEDO, OHIO

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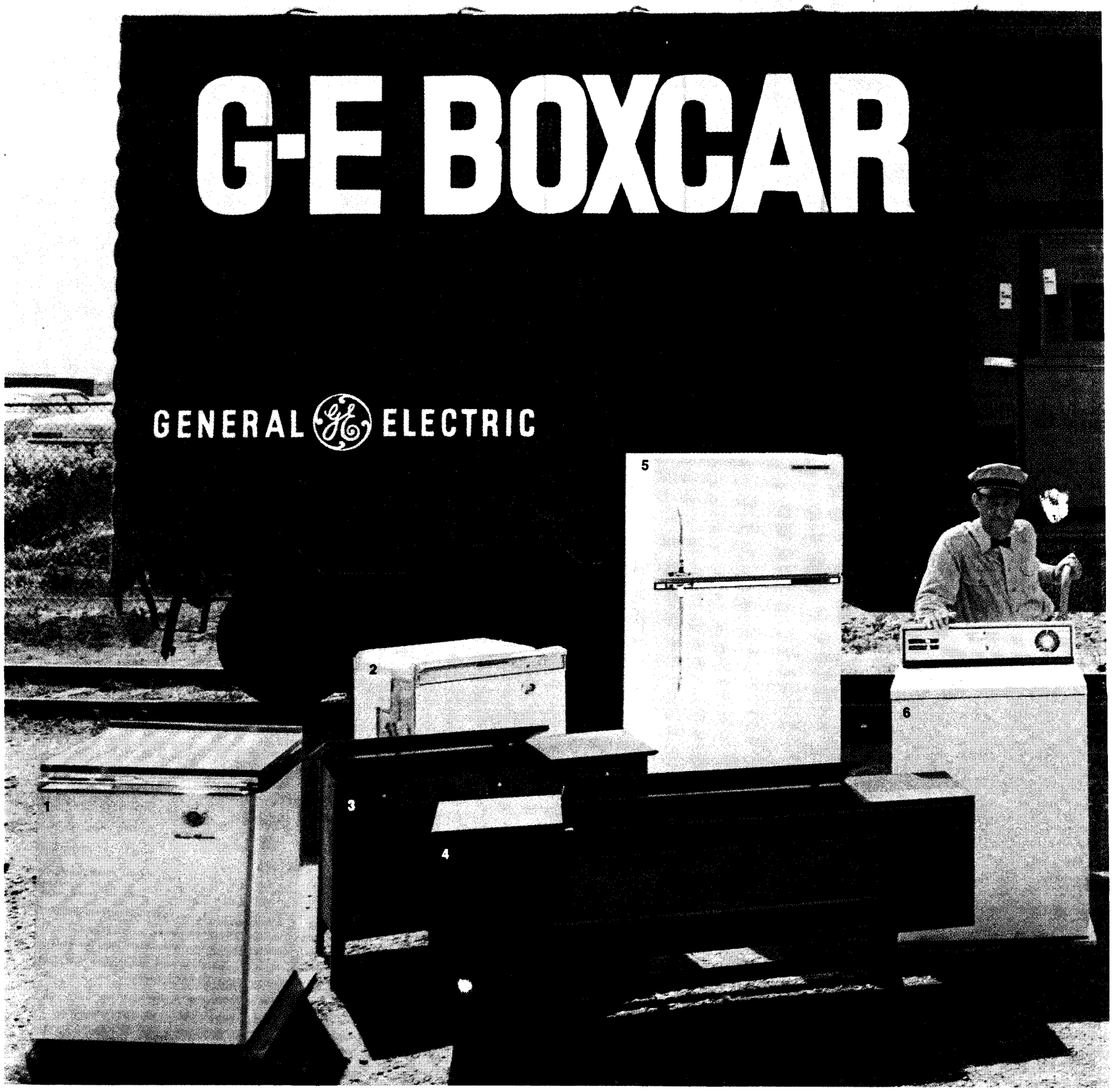

There's a carload of reasons why your G-E dealer is value headquarters for appliances and home

1. Mobile Maid® Portable Dishwasher (Model SP-391B). THORO-WASH† action, attractive, handy maple carving top and a Lift-Top Rack that makes putting dishes in and taking them out easy. Priced about $199.95.*

2. Built-In Automatic Dishwasher (Model SD200B). Features THORO-WASH† action to give you spotlessly clean dishes without hand-rinsing or scraping. Swing-down door makes loading and unloading dishes a cinch. Priced about $189.95.*

3. Lexington-Stereo Console (Model C-222). Solid-state AM/FM Tuner, 4-speed changer, balanced 6-speaker system, G-E Man-Made® diamond stylus, contemporary styling. Priced about $199.95.*

4. Granville-Stereo Console (Model C-521). Solid-state AM/FM/FM-Stereo Tuner and solid-state amplifier. Six-speaker system, twin 12" woofers. Jam-proof changer, precision tone control, hand-crafted cabinet. Priced about $359.95.*

5. 'NO FROST 16' refrigerator-freezer (Model TBF-16S) has big 15.6-cu. ft. capacity. Fastest ice freezing of 10 leading comparable models tested. Giant freezer holds up to 147 lbs. No defrosting ever! Priced about $299.95.*

6. The Total Washer (Model WA 840A) with MINI-BASKET® to do delicates, leftovers, sneakers, colored things that run. Anything you now wash by hand. Big tub washes family-sized loads. G.E.'s exclusive Filter-Flo® traps lint fuzz. Priced about $199.95.*

†THORO-WASH is General Electric's name for more than one level washing action coupled with Flush-Away Drain.
*Price optional with dealer. Subject to fair trade where applicable. Prices may be slightly higher in Hawaii and Alaska. **Overall diagonal tube measurement.

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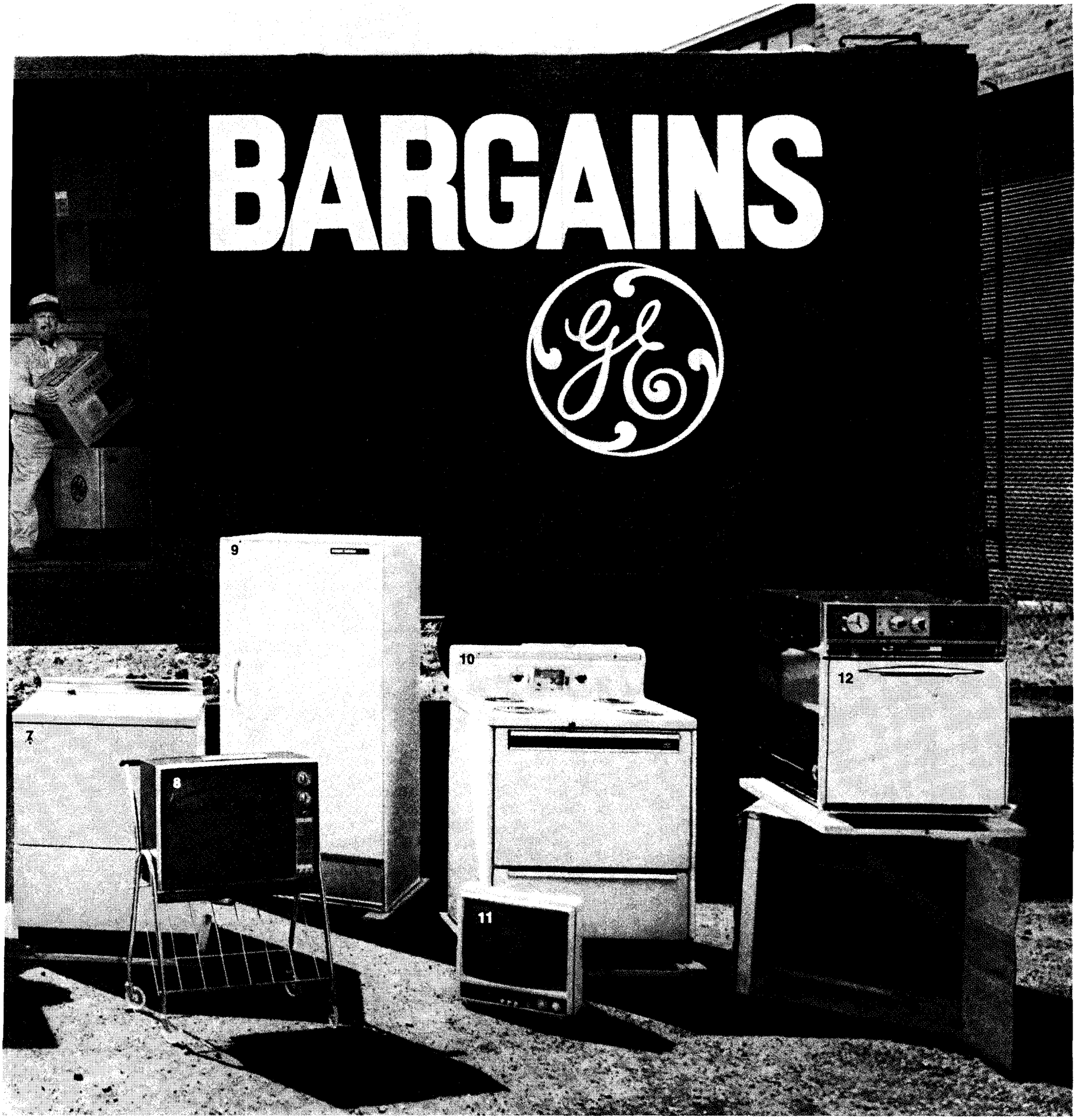

tertainment products this fall. Great bargains all of them. Better make tracks to his place right now.

The Sunshine Dryer odel DE 420B) that *ns!* Gently tumbles and ffs unwanted wrinkles of permanent-press thes. Dries family-size ds just right. Easy-to-*an lint trap picks lint* z out of your clothes,). Available in yellow y. Priced about $99.00.*

8. Designer Portable TV (Model M452CEB). Handsomely styled, big-screen portable offers brilliant 21″** picture. Comes with matching roll-around stand. Both for about $159.95.*

9. Economy Food Freezer (Model CA-12D) holds up to 406 lbs. Solid shelves give you extra-fast freezing. Four door shelves, plus juice can storage. Nine-position temperature control. Tumbler lock. Priced about $189.95.*

10. This deluxe 30″ freestanding automatic range (Model J-329) has the fabulous P-7® Oven that cleans itself electrically. Also features convenient push-button controls and high-speed Calrod® surface units. This P-7 Oven range is at the low, low price of about $249.95.*

11. Adventurer II Portable TV (Model M503CWH). Weighs in at less than 20 pounds, so you can tote it wherever you go. 16″** screen gives a bright, sharp picture, big enough for family viewing. Priced about $99.95.*

12. Handsome 24″ built-in (Model JR-12) is a P-7® Oven that cleans itself. Features an automatic clock and timer. Fits most 24″ enclosures. Other P-7 self-cleaning built-in models available for both 24″ and 27″ enclosures, some with rotisserie and meat thermometer.

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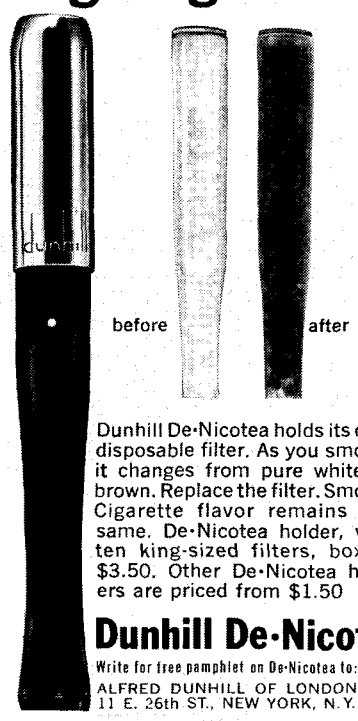

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Painful hemorrhoids?

All too often, humans who sit and stand pay the price of vertical posture. Sitting and standing combine with the force of gravity to produce extra pressure on veins and tissues in and around the rectal area. The result may be painful, itching or burning hemorrhoids.

The first thought of hemorrhoid sufferers is to relieve their pain and discomfort. However, of the products most often used for hemorrhoids, some contain no pain-killing agent at all... others have one too weak to provide necessary relief... and still others provide only lubrication.

Now at last there is a formulation which *concentrates on pain*. It actually has over 8 times more pain-killing power than the topical anesthetic most commonly used in hemorrhoid remedies. 8 times the power to ease the itching, pain, and burning of hemorrhoids.

The name of this product is Nupercainal. Nupercainal starts to work *on contact*. Provides *prolonged* relief from pain. Soothes and lubricates.

When you suspect you have hemorrhoids, check with your doctor. If hemorrhoids are the cause of your discomfort, chances are he'll recommend Nupercainal. Almost two-thirds of the people who now use Nupercainal first heard about it from physicians.

Nupercainal is available without prescription at professional pharmacies everywhere. Ask for ointment or new suppositories with free pocket-pack. (Say New-per-cane-all.)

Nupercainal®
over 8 times more pain-killing power

director. "Just like a big happy family!"

We grinned obediently, the photographer squeezed his rubber bulb, and the camera began to pan across the group, making a ticking noise like a big windup toy. "There!" the photographer called. Boy, I thought, wait till they find out! I was really enjoying having put one over on the *Clarion*.

"All right, everybody, the buses are waiting," the director said, and we moved off the roof to the elevators. "Where did you come in?" a fat man asked Tony.

"Number Twenty-nine," Tony said. The man looked at him with respect. "No kidding? I was only number Forty-one."

In the elevator, getting ready to sneak away, I covered the Fabulous Fifty rosette with my hand. The car doors opened.

"There they are!" A brilliant flash blinded me, then another and another. The path from the elevator to the front entrance was cordoned off with velvet ropes, and press photographers lined the ropes on both sides. Holding on to each other, Tony and I made it out to the sidewalk, but the ropes led right up to the door of a bus covered with the red-white-and-blue bunting. "Hey, not bad, eh?" Tony said. Okay, I thought, I'll ride to the station.

What with the director and his assistants and the pretty girls, it took two buses to hold us all. It was a real parade to the Broad Street Station, led by the *Clarion*'s publisher in a beautiful Cunningham limousine, his son and several pretty girls behind him in a bright red Kissel roadster. Tony waved from our bus window to the admiring crowds on street corners.

I had decided to make my escape at the railroad station, but halfway there a horrible thought struck me. Suppose I couldn't? I whispered my fear to Tony, but he only grinned. "Ah, quit worrying and enjoy yourself. So what if they make a little mistake?"

I looked around nervously. No one seemed to have heard Tony's remark; they were all laughing and smiling and beginning to trade coupon-collecting anecdotes. I got a cold feeling in my stomach, and when we pulled up in front of the station, I saw that my premonition had been correct. The sidewalk was cordoned off, and there was an aisle of ropes again, leading right up to the train. Our bus pulled up in front of the aisle, the door opened, and there was only one place to go. On a carpet. There were more photographers and a brass band. I walked slowly toward the train, feeling like a convicted murderer on his way to the gallows, and then suddenly I remembered how Mr. Fleter, my history teacher, had impersonated Julius Caesar in one of his great moments. Turning toward the blackboard as toward the Rubicon, pointing with a chalk sword, Mr. Fleter had intoned in an unnaturally deep voice, "Gentlemen, the die is cast!" Probably Caesar never said anything like that, but the memory of Mr. Fleter turned the trick for me. I laughed, and Tony poked me in the ribs and whispered, "Atta boy! The hell with 'em." I stepped into the Fabulous Fifty Special like a ruler entering his rightful domain.

"Everybody here?" Mr. Johnson, the director, ran back and forth through the two special cars, telling everybody to call him Harry, and perspiring freely. "Everybody here? We have to take a count, make sure no one got lost on the bus." He laughed heavily and a few people joined in. Uh-oh, I thought. "Sit tight," Tony said.

While Mr. Johnson was up at the front of the car, Tony tried to hide in the men's toilet at the back, but the door was locked. He darted into the vestibule, and as he did I saw the fat man, Number Forty-one, who had been joking with the pretty girls on the platform, hurrying to board the train. Tony apparently intercepted him in the vestibule, because neither of them came into the car. Meanwhile, Mr. Johnson was working his way back, counting. "Forty-three," he said as he passed me. I turned to watch him counting the people in the seats behind me. "Forty-six, forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine." He looked perplexed. "I only got forty-nine," he called to the assistant at the head of the car. The assistant suggested that he count again. While Mr. Johnson was walking to the front of the car, Tony sat down beside me. Then Number Forty-one took a seat across the aisle and gave me a big wink. My stomach congealed into a small block of ice. "Don't worry, he's okay," Tony murmured. Harry Johnson was back to us again. "Forty-three," he said, looking at me. I sat perfectly still and listened. "Forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine, fifty, fifty-one. Fifty-one?" The assistant, coming down the aisle, said, "Well, forty-nine and fifty-one averages fifty." The train whistle gave two blasts. "Right," Mr. Johnson said, brightening. "At least we know everybody's here." The train gave a terrific lurch and began to move. Outside, the band struck up *Give My Regards to Broadway*. Tony turned to me. "New York, here we come."

When we were under way, with the windows open and the sticky air of North Philadelphia streaming through the car, Tony filled me in on Number Forty-one. He was a real-estate broker named Joe Sofer, and he had entered the contest because he had a grudge against the *Clarion;* he thought they had been cheating him on advertising rates. During the contest, he had taken part of his commissions in coupons, which was how he came in forty-first. "All strictly legitimate," Sofer said, when we got to talking. "All on the up-and-up." He thought it was a great joke that we were pulling on the paper.

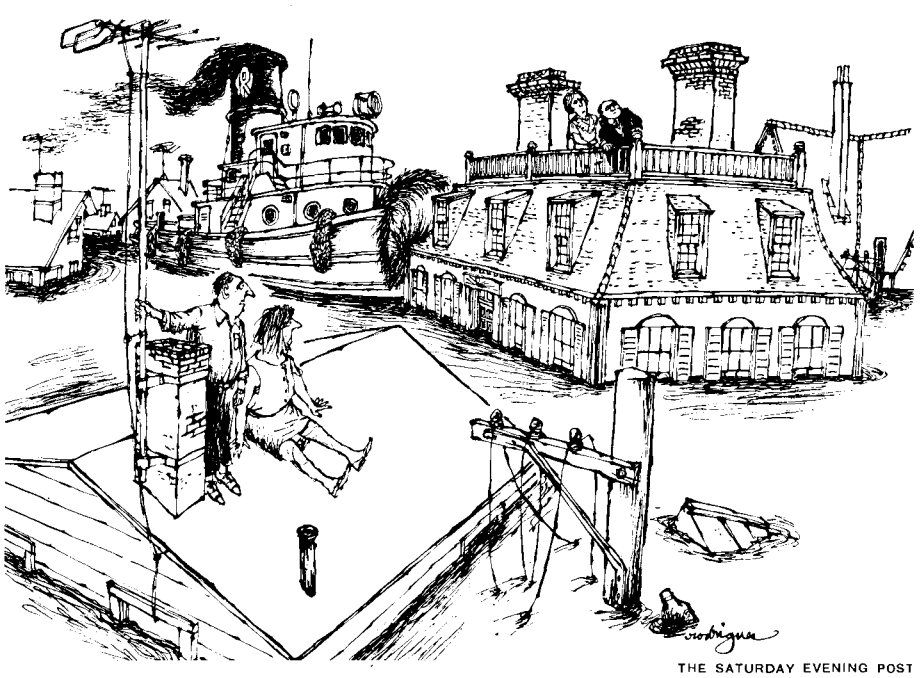
Our conversation with Sofer was interrupted by one of Harry Johnson's assistants, who was handing out souvenirs. He gave each of us a straw boater with a red-white-and-blue band that said Fabulous Fifty. There was a Fabulous Fifty cane, a Fabulous Fifty button; there were Fabulous Fifty tie clasps and boutonnieres and fountain pens. The *Clarion* was apparently worried that we wouldn't be recognized in New York. "Here you are, boys," the assistant said, handing us each a watch fob.

"But I don't have a watch," I said.

"Just tuck the end with the clip down inside your watch pocket,and it'll stay by itself. Like this." I tried it the way he showed me. "See? Looks terrific," he said. "Just like you had a watch on the other end." By the time he was through outfitting us, we looked like the cast of a Fourth of July minstrel show. "Ain't this the bee's knees?" Tony said, tipping his boater forward like a vaudeville star. "It sure is," I said. I was wondering what my father would say when he found out that I was playing hooky.

It was an hour-and-a-half ride to New York. We swayed and clacked along, washing the soot from our faces, drinking lots of water, and meeting the rest of the Fabulous Fifty. Morello, the ward boss, was there, and we recognized a couple of other racketeers from South Philly. There were two women, the numbers racket one and a lady who owned a dress shop. Number Fifty was a wrinkled little mouse of a man from Germantown who had sent in eight hundred and fifty-three coupons. Tony and I guessed that the *Clarion* had felt it ought to reward one honest subscriber. Number Fifty seemed to sense his difference from the rest of the sharpers in the group; he pushed to the back whenever he could.

The scene at the station in New York was a repeat of that in Philadelphia,



"Boy, it's nice to have money."

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IN '67 BUICK

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The In Crowd knows what's happening, and what's happening is Buick '67. Proof: GS-400, Buick's personal sports car. It has a 400-cu. in., 340-hp V-8, a new brake system with dual master cylinders, bucket seats, heavy-duty suspension and a list of standard equipment features—including all the new GM safety items—so long it takes a Buick dealer to do it justice. (He'll also tell you how four out of five new-car buyers pay Buick-sized prices to begin with.) The In Crowd's at your Quality Buick dealer's right now. How soon can you join them?

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except that there were more people watching. We climbed into our decorated bus, and Harry Johnson said, "Well, folks, we better make sure nobody got lost on the train." Number Fifty was shrunk into a little seat up by the driver, and Harry didn't even notice him as he began to count. "Twenty-six here!" he shouted out the rear window. "I've got twenty-four," an assistant called back from the other bus, and Harry made an okay circle with his thumb and forefinger as he turned back to us. Number Fifty had his hand up, like a kid who has to go to the bathroom. "Harry!" Tony yelled. "What hotel are we staying at?"

"Why, the best!" Harry boomed back. "The Plaza." Number Fifty's hand wavered, then crept downward toward his vest. "Is it nice?" I called, anxious to shoot down those fingers for good. A laugh rippled through the bus.

"Nice?" Harry was enjoying my naïveté. "Don't you read the *Clarion*, son? That's where the *kings* stay!" Another laugh at my expense, but Number Fifty's hand was motionless on his lap. I didn't mind the laugh.

The Plaza was nice, all right. Most of the Fabulous Fifty had never seen anything like it; certainly Tony and I hadn't. "Only one bag in this room?" the bellhop asked us, incredulous. I said, "Yeah, it's such a short trip, we thought we'd share one." The bellhop looked from the bag to the dime that Tony had tipped him. "Well, have a good time, fellas," he said, scratching his head. He couldn't have been much older than me, but as far as I was concerned he was from another planet. But he was trying not to make us feel shabby. "He's okay," Tony said thoughtfully.

We wandered around the room, awed by the furniture, the lamps, the pictures. Tony unpacked his clothes. I had only what I was wearing. "We'll have enough," Tony said. Socks and handkerchiefs, I thought. I couldn't picture myself getting into Tony's spare pants; I was twenty pounds heavier than him. I'll be careful not to get dirty, I thought.

On our first day in New York we had a sight-seeing tour around the city, and that night there was a banquet at Harry Johnson's favorite restaurant, a big Italian place. I drank red wine that tasted sour at first, but not after I got several glasses down. Tony wasn't impressed with the restaurant. "My mom makes better tortellini than that joint," he told me on the way back to the hotel. I suddenly realized that my parents didn't know where I was. My drowsy wine-drunk evaporated, and I sat bolt-upright in the bus seat. "My folks don't know where I am."

"Call 'em up," Tony said.

They'll be asleep, I thought; better wait until morning. No, they're not asleep, you dope, they're sitting up worrying. When we got back to the room, I called the hotel operator.

"May I help you, sir?"

"Yes, I'd like to call Philadelphia. Mrs. Elcon Janus."

"Do you have the number in Philadelphia, sir?"

I gave her the number.

"One moment, please."

I felt sophisticated until my mother answered the telephone. She sounded as if she had been crying, and I knew my father must be mad as hell.

"Yes, Mrs. Janus," my mother said. "There's any trouble?"

"Just a moment, madam. Go ahead, sir."

"Hello, Mom."

"Sol! You're all right?"

"I'm fine."

"Thank God. Where are you?"

"In New York."

"In New York?"

"Yes. With Tony."

"What are you wearing for clothes?"

"The ones I had on this morning."

"So tomorrow morning?"

"Mom, I'm fine, everything's fine. Don't worry about my clothes."

"At school they know you're in New York?"

"No, but it'll be all right. I'll be excused."

"You're with the contest?"

"Right."

"Your father says you should come home."

"Tell him I can't. I don't have any extra money. I have to stay with the group."

"You don't have any money, so how are you going to have clothes?"

"Mom, don't worry. Look, the Series starts tomorrow. I'll be home as soon as it's over. Okay?"

"You don't want me to worry, remember I didn't bring you up you shouldn't listen. Tony's all right?"

"We're both fine. I'll see you in a few days. Don't worry, all right?"

"I'll tell Tony's mother. When I see you, then I wouldn't worry."

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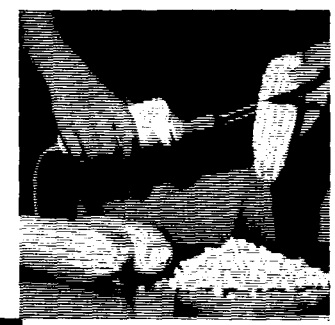

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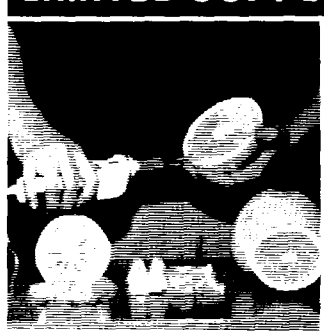

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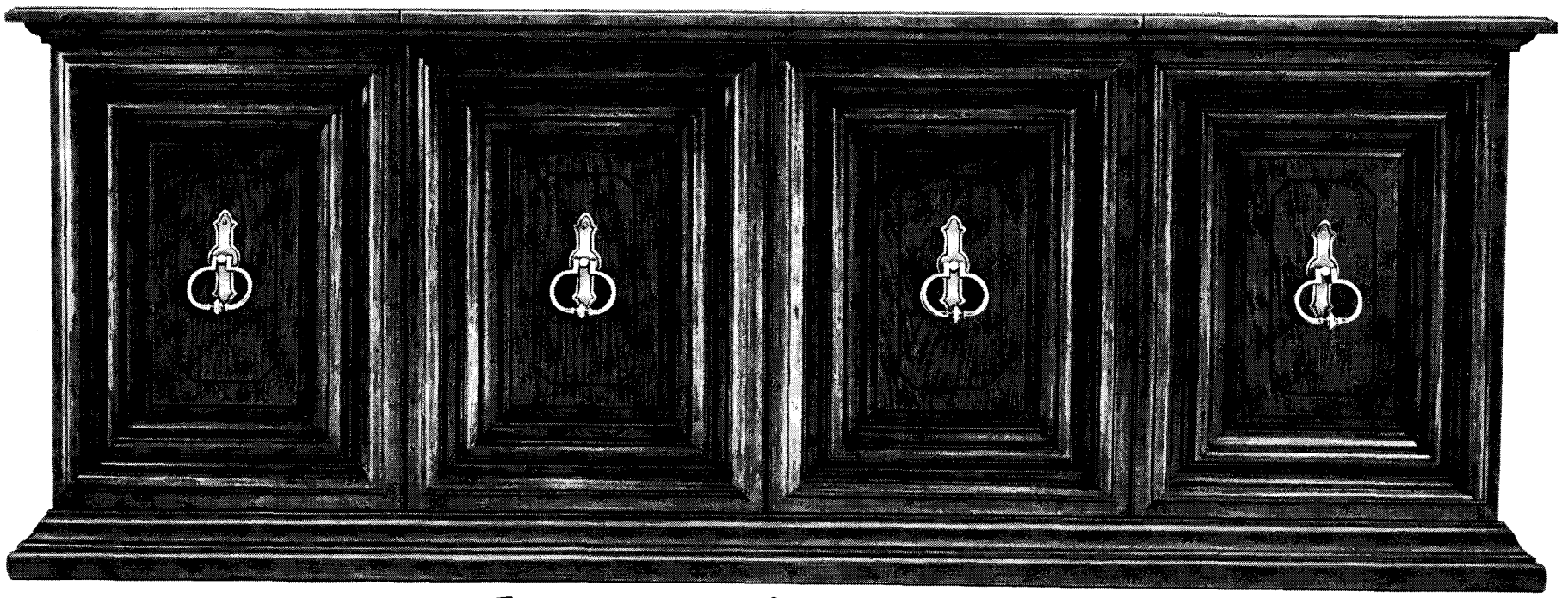

the quiet one.

It's not how much sound it can make, but how little that's the true test of good stereo.

You've got to be able to turn the volume way down and still hear nothing but pure, undistorted music. And you can do that with a Philco. You've got to be able to play records (even your oldies) without hearing the needle hiss and pop. And you've got to be able to tune in AM or FM without distortion or static or hum. And you can do that with a Philco, too.

You can even match the electronic characteristics of the amplifier to the type of sound you're listening to at the moment. A three-way switch on the control panel gives you especially rich concert sound, especially clear speech or especially soothing background music.

One of the reasons Philco Stereo sound is so controllable and so good is that we use solid-state devices throughout. They're the tiny space-age miracles that do the work of vacuum tubes, but do it better. They don't heat up, don't get noisy as they get older.

We give you 300 watts of peak music power, too. Not so that you can annoy the neighbors, but so the circuits can loaf along easily at normal volume. And, finally, we use specially designed speakers (up to a dozen per console) to translate the flawless electronic signals into flawless sound.

Our record changer is new and quiet and gentle. Instead of dropping your records onto a moving turntable, it stops the turntable and slowly lowers the record. Then it starts the turntable and starts to play.

And we've put everything we've got into gorgeous solid-wood cabinets that are made as well as (or maybe a little better than) the furniture in your living room now.

So before you go out and buy components, listen to the quiet stereo that carries a big name. Philco. And listen good.

Components are what we *start* with.

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"All right, Mom, I'll see you soon."

"Your father says he'll fix you good. He says just wait when you get home."

"Okay, Mom, okay. Good-bye."

"So good-bye."

I was already tired, and talking to my mother had really worn me out; it was like shouting across a great distance to another country. I fell into bed in my undershorts and slept the sleep of the innocent.

The next morning I felt wonderful. I took a bath in the biggest tub I ever saw and decided that my clothes were still clean enough to wear. Tony and I sat with Joe Sofer at breakfast, and I kept them waiting while I read through the menu. All the things I wasn't supposed to eat: bacon, ham, pork sausages. Curried kidneys! How could people eat anything like that first thing in the morning? I ordered scrambled eggs, and was surprised when they came with parsley sprinkled over them and hash-brown potatoes on the side. Later in the trip I had fancier meals, but that first hotel breakfast was the best. You can only do something the first time once.

After breakfast Joe lit a thick cigar. "Well, boys, what's on the docket?"

"Nothing special," Tony said. "Maybe we'll just walk around."

I'll say one thing for the *Clarion*, they knew who they were rewarding. The Fabulous Fifty didn't have any guided tours of the Metropolitan Museum or the New York Public Library. You could spend your spare time in burlesque houses, for all the *Clarion* cared. That's where Joe went. Tony and I, wearing our Fabulous Fifty boaters and buttons, wandered out of the hotel and down the street, looking at the shops. As we passed a plush men's haberdashery, a salesman standing in the doorway smiled at us. "Hi, fellas. Congratulations."

"Thanks," Tony said.

"You look like a couple of sports," the man said. We didn't answer him. We knew we didn't look like sports; my suit even had knickers. Tony glared, and the salesman backed down. "Now take it easy. I didn't mean anything. Why don't you fellas come in and look around?"

"What for?" I said.

"Well, you might just see something you like." He laughed professionally. "Look, just to show you I'm on the level, we'll give you each a free tie. It's our Fabulous Fifty special."

"Really free?" I asked.

"Sure, no kidding, no purchase necessary."

Tony shrugged, and we went into the store. The salesman called toward the back, "Tom, got a minute? There's two gentlemen here I want you to meet." Tom sauntered up, and neither his smile nor his fashion-plate clothes distracted Tony and me from the eyebrow signal that the first salesman sent him. *Suckers*, it said.

"Tom Whitworth," the fashion plate said, holding out his hand. "Glad to have you men look around."

"Thanks," I said. There was an awkward silence, and Tony and I looked expectantly at the first salesman. "Uh, Tom," he said, "I told these gentlemen, Mr. ——"

"Ammanati," Tony said. "And this is Mr. Janus."

"—Mr. Ammanati and Mr. Janus about our Fabulous Fifty get-acquainted offer of a free tie." He gave Whitworth a wink.

"Sure, Bob, glad you did. Right this way, men."

Whitworth led us to a display case and pulled out a bright green tie. "Now here's a handsome number." He draped the tie over his hand and held it against Tony's shirt. Tony shoved his hand away. "Whaddya think I am, one of those micks from Fitzwater Street?"

Taken aback, Whitworth turned to me. "What about you, Mr. Janus? Do you see one that you like?"

I didn't know anything about ties. My father had three, all identical, that he wore to his lodge meetings. They were dark blue with tiny white dots scattered over them. There was a tie like that two shelves down in the display case. "I'd like that one," I said, pointing to it.

Whitworth pressed his lips together tight, and the salesman named Bob said, "Uh, that isn't part of the ——"

"I like that one too," Tony said.

"All right, men. That's the one you like, that's the one you'll have!" Whitworth threw a venomous glance at poor old Bob and pulled out the ties. "Now, what else would you like?"

"What do you mean, what else?" I said. "We only came in because he said he'd give us free ties."

"And you got them," Whitworth said through clenched teeth. "Rine and Whitworth keep their promises. But I thought perhaps you might care for something else from our large selection."

"Maybe tomorrow," Tony said. "We'll be here for a week."

"See, they'll be here for a week," Rine echoed hopefully. Whitworth wrapped the ties and handed them to us without a word. "Thank you very much," I said, and we started out.

"Say, boys," Whitworth called, "you being Fabulous Fifty winners, I just wondered if you have any ideas about how the Series is going to go?"

"Sure, we got ideas," Tony said. "You got ideas?" His tone, cocky and professional, worried me. I guessed what was coming.

Rine rubbed his hands together. "Well, maybe we can reach a little sporting agreement."

"Sure," Tony said. "We'll take the Yanks by two runs."

"Is that so?" Whitworth asked, ice cold. "Just who's gonna give you the Yankees?"

"You are," Tony said.

"Well, now, " Rine wheedled, flashing Whitworth another message: *Come on, we have to get them on the hook somehow.*

"Okay, we'll give you a little bet," Whitworth said. "How about twenty bucks?"

"Shake," Tony said before I could stop him.

"Are you crazy?" I said when we were back out on the street. "Are you nuts? We don't have any twenty bucks. If we lose, what will we pay them with? What if they make a fuss, and everybody finds out about me?"

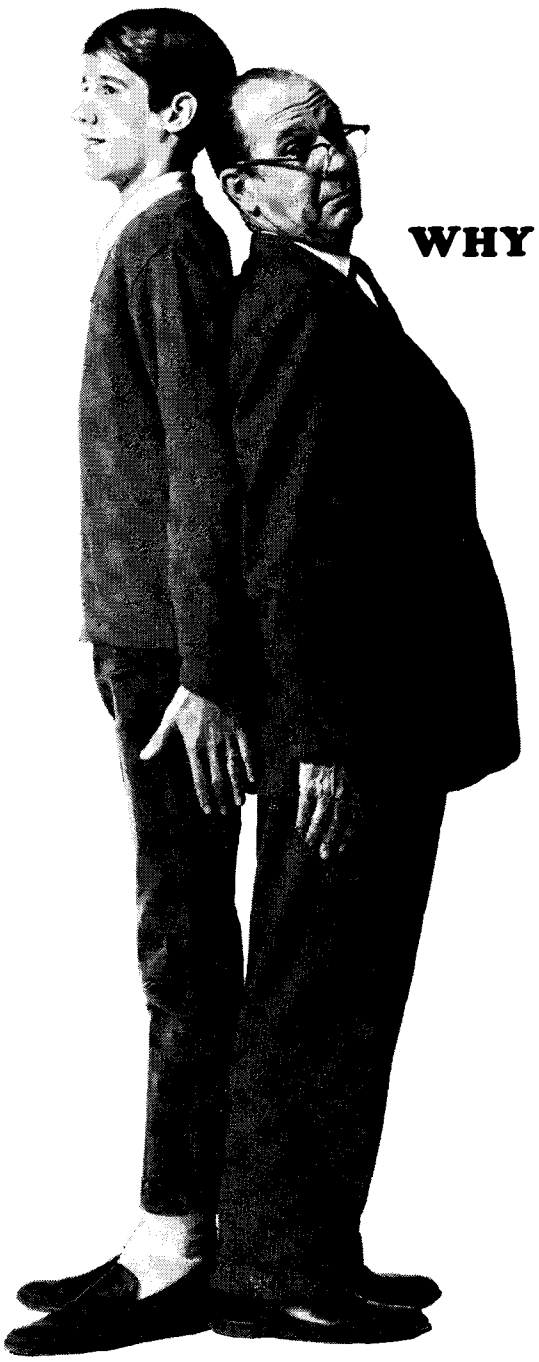
"Relax," Tony said. "Those guys think we're a couple of rubes, that's why they took the bet. The Yanks are a sure thing in this game; they got Carl Mays, they got Ruth. The smart money is on them by two runs."

"How do you know?"

"One of the bellhops told me this morning, and he's got an uncle who works at the Polo Grounds. So relax. Besides, if we lose we just won't show."

When we got back to the hotel, I turned to the new ties for comfort, and when I unwrapped them I found that Whitworth hadn't even taken the price tags off. PURE SILK—$2 the tags said. "Hey," Tony said. "You got good taste." If you can remember 1921 and those ears of corn, two for a penny, you can imagine what two-dollar ties meant to us. I carefully rewrapped my tie and laid it in the bureau drawer.

At lunch that day Harry Johnson gave each member of the Fabulous Fifty a red-white-and-blue book of World Series tickets, and explained that they were just souvenirs; a section had been roped off for us, and we would be ushered into it every day as a group. Our buses left from the hotel at one o'clock, and when we arrived at the



WHY IS JOHNNY TALLER?

"Enrichment" makes a big difference

Dad and Johnny both grew up, basically, on meat, potatoes and white bread. *But the bread Johnny ate was enriched with added B-vitamins and iron.* The results of improved nutrition through our everyday foods are obvious.

Today's 16 year old is almost 3 inches taller than Dad was when he was 16. He weighs nearly 4 pounds more than his dad did. And he's expected to live 2½ years longer.

Ever since 1941 when bakers began their enrichment program, kids have been growing up stronger, taller, healthier. The enrichment of white bread with riboflavin, thiamine, niacin and iron is one of the great contributions to the health of our nation. How lucky that the white bread youngsters enjoy so much is so good for them.

HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENED SINCE ENRICHMENT BEGAN IN 1941:

16 year old boys	When Dad was 16 *(Prior to 1941)*	16 year olds *(Born after 1941)*
Average Height	64.6 inches	67.4 inches
Average Weight	130.4 pounds	134.0 pounds
Expected Life Span	67.4 years	70 years

Statistics from the U.S. Census Bureau

This advertisement appears in the public interest
sponsored by The Bakers of America and suppliers to the baking industry

Enrichment means extra nutrition without extra calories.

Enriched BREAD ENRICHES YOUR DIET with VITAMINS & IRON

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The 12 Michuda kids think life in a big family is fun.

But it's only work, work, work for the Michudas' Maytag Washer & Dryer.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Michuda, of Palatine, Illinois,were married 15 years before they bought a Maytag.

By that time they had nine youngsters. And had already worn out several other washing machines.

The Michudas remembered seeing Maytag advertisements about big families and dependable washing machines, so they decided to try a Maytag of their own. That was three years ago.

Two years ago, they were so happy with their Maytag Washer, they added a Maytag Dryer.

Now the Michudas have 12 youngsters. Their Maytags have 30 loads of wash to take care of every week. And neither the Washer nor the Dryer has ever had a single repair.

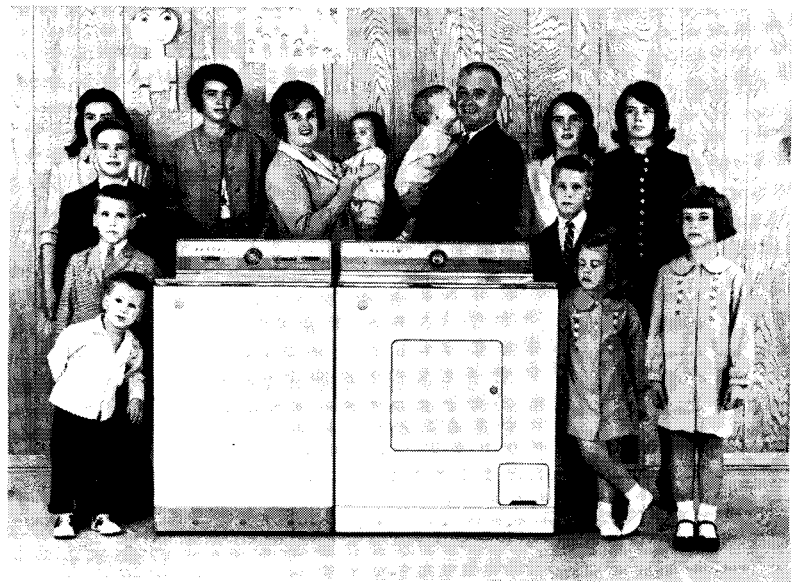
In fact, the Michudas have only one regret—that they didn't start out with a Maytag in the first place.

You can get New Generation Maytags, with a lot of new features the Michudas don't have. Like a Washer with new giant capacity. And a Dryer with Electronic Control to make sure every load—including permanent press clothes—gets dried just right every time.

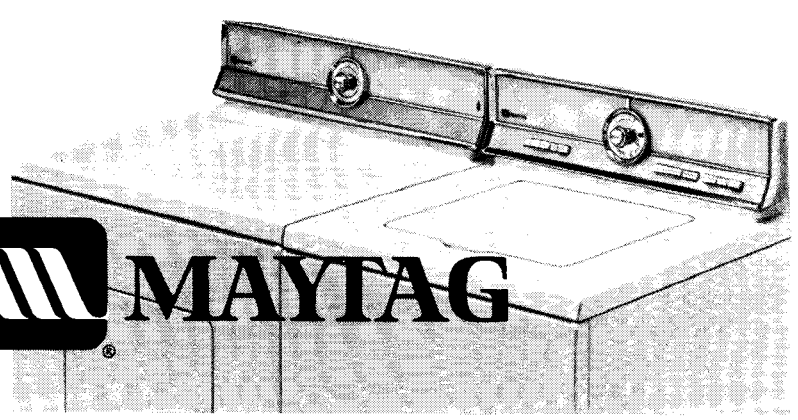
But one thing hasn't changed. We try to build each New Generation Maytag to be every bit as dependable as the ones the Michudas use 30 times a week.

If you have a lot of living to do, and laundry's the last thing you want to worry about, see the New Generation of dependable Maytags.

WALTZ THROUGH WASHDAY *with a dependable Maytag Washer and Dryer*



The Michuda family with their Maytag Washer and Dryer. You can get New Generation Maytags with a lot of new features the Michudas don't have. A Washer with new giant capacity. A slim new Electronic Control Dryer that can't underdry or overbake your clothes.



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Polo Grounds, there was a brass band and all the hoopla the *Clarion* could whip up. The section reserved for celebrities was right below our seats, and from it the new Baseball Commissioner, Judge Landis, looked over our group with friendly curiosity. I flushed when he glanced at me. I couldn't look him in the eye.

I was disappointed to find that there were lots of empty seats in the unreserved sections, but I felt better when Carl Mays shut out the Giants, 3–0. The only thrill of the game was when Mike McNally, the Yankee third baseman, stole home. It was a bigger thrill when the game was over and we were twenty bucks richer.

Flushed with victory, we headed straight from the Fabulous Fifty bus to the haberdashery. Rine wasn't there, but Tony got right down to business with Whitworth. "Hear the game score?"

"Why, no," Whitworth lied. "Giants take it?"

"Yankees, three to nothing," I said.

"Oh," he said.

"So where's our twenty bucks?" Tony asked.

"That's easy." Whitworth opened the cash drawer and gave him ten dollars. "I'm a little short. How about this on account?"

"Okay, with an I O U," Tony said.

Whitworth wrote out an I O U for ten dollars and handed it to me. "You boys care to make a bet on tomorrow's game? Another twenty?"

"Sure." Tony smiled. "Twenty again. Who do you want?"

"Well, you had the Yanks today," Whitworth said, oily as a movie villain.

"And they're a sure thing tomorrow, right? Okay, we'll take the Giants."

"You'll take the Giants?" Whitworth had trouble concealing his smile.

"And five runs," Tony said.

"Five runs! You're out of your mind, kid!"

"Look," Tony said, "the Yanks wiped them out today, and they weren't even trying. Why, Ruth's just getting warmed up. You know they're gonna win again tomorrow."

"But I'm not giving any five runs."

Tony looked serious, considering his next move. I was filled with admiration for his talent. "Well," he said slowly, "maybe four runs, then."

"That's a tough bet," Whitworth pleaded.

"That's it," Tony said.

"Okay," Whitworth said weakly, and we shook hands.

Just then I noticed a display of shirts. "You wouldn't have any my size, would you?" I asked Whitworth.

"What size do you wear?"

My mother had always bought my shirts for me. "I forget," I said.

"Well, loosen your tie and I'll measure you," Whitworth said. As he pulled the tape around my neck, his look brightened. "Say"—he indicated the I O U still in my hand—"would you like to take some of that out in trade?"

"That's a rook. You get the stuff wholesale," Tony accused him.

"But it would cost me the retail price anyway," I said, anxious to replace my dirty shirt.

"Look, I'll split the difference with you," Whitworth said. "Twenty percent off. How's that?"

I left the store with three shirts, three pairs of socks, three handkerchiefs, and a pair of undershorts. I felt cleaner already. "You're nuts," Tony said, fingering his ten-dollar bill.

There were many more people at the second game. Almost thirty-five thousand of us saw the Giants get only two hits, make three errors, and stand around flatfooted while Bob Meusel stole home after shouting to Earl Smith, the Giants' catcher, that he was going to do it. Smith not only dropped the ball, he let everybody hear exactly what he thought of the throw, the game, and the Yankees. (Later, we heard that Judge Landis had fined him two hundred dollars for his "diction." Poor Smith.) The Yankees got three solid hits from Artie Nehf, the Giants' southpaw pitcher, and won the game 3–0, making it two in a row, a traditionally unbeatable beginning for a World Series. And because the Yanks had won by only three runs, not four, it was another twenty-dollar win for Tony and me.

Tony bounced up and down in the bus seat all the way back to the Plaza. I had visions of a new suit.

Rine and Whitworth were both waiting for us this time, and we collected our twenty. "Pretty sharp betting, fellas," Whitworth said.

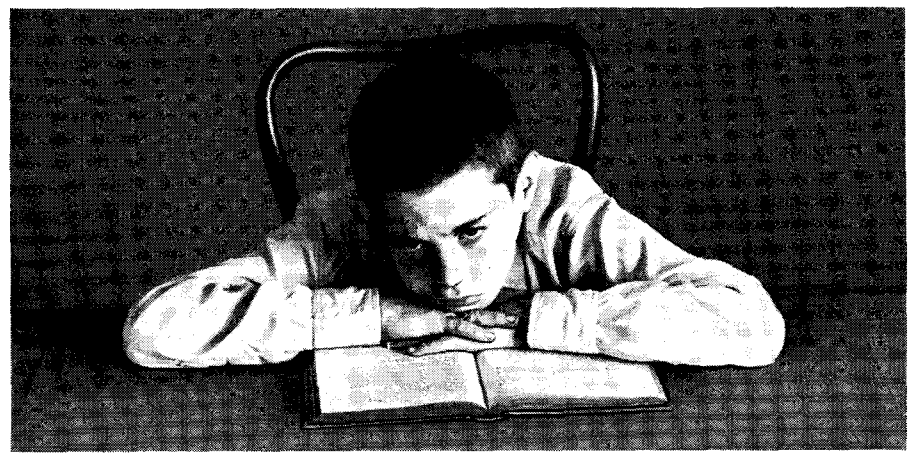
"Just lucky," Tony told him. "How about tomorrow?"

"We have to talk about it," Rine said defensively. They went into the fitting room together, and I wandered around the store looking at clothes. I saw a suit that I knew I had to have someday. It

If your child is a poor reader
—see how *phonics* can help him

Try it at our risk— for two weeks!

See how your child can learn to read better and spell better in just a few weeks with records that teach him by *phonics*, at home! Mail Free Trial Coupon below.



Would you like to see your child gain as much as a full year's grade in reading in as little as six weeks' time? These are results parents have seen again and again with this simple home-tutoring course in reading.

Mrs. B. J. Smith of Concord, Calif. writes: "*In ten weeks my son advanced from second grade level in reading to the fourth grade level. His spelling improved to the high fourth grade level. We feel fortunate in learning of The Sound Way To Easy Reading.*"

Mrs. B. J. Smith is only one of over 50,000 parents who have turned to The Sound Way to Easy Reading for help in the frustrating problem of a child who can't read. And over 3,000 schools use it.

Teaches with records

Don't think it's all your child's fault if he hasn't learned to read. Many of our brightest children are not able to grasp the "look-and-say" method taught in most schools today. Yet, many educators insist that at least 40% of our children *must* have formal training in *phonics*—that they will never master reading without it!

That is why so many poor readers show remarkable progress with The Sound Way to Easy Reading. It teaches reading by the phonics method (the method by which most parents learned to read years ago). Its phonograph records and charts show your child exactly what to do, so he can teach himself without any help from you.

The records *drill him in the sounds of the 26 letters in the alphabet* and their blends. Once he learns the 123 basic phonics sounds in this course he can read up to 85% of the words in the English language. It works for children of all ages—in the earliest grades, and even in high school.

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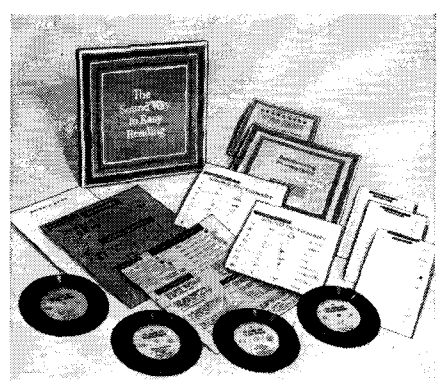
In a pilot study by university psychologists, children gained up to a full year's grade in oral reading skill after only 30 lessons with The Sound Way to Easy Reading.

A semester-long study involving 214 pupils in 4 Chicago schools proved that the classes given The Sound Way to Easy Reading showed marked improvement in reading and spelling over the control groups.

Help your child now

Don't wait for your poor reader to reach high school before coming to his aid. By starting your child on The Sound Way to Easy Reading now, you can change his entire attitude toward school—turn his sense of failure into the joy of success. Try it free for two weeks. You send no money—just mail this coupon now!



These are the records and self-quizzing cards that can help your child gain as much as a full year's grade in reading in just a few weeks.

PARENTS DELIGHTED

Advanced two grades—"Larry was having a really hard time in second grade until he took your phonics course. Then, in two months, his grades went from D's and F's to A's and B's. I cannot give your course enough praise."
Mrs. Muriel Rich, Fairfax, Va.

Better marks—"At the end of his first semester in fourth grade, Gerald's ***highest*** mark was a D-minus. After working 6 weeks with the records his ***lowest*** mark was C." *Mrs. William Leger, Buffalo, S. Dak.*

Four sons—"In twelve weeks, two of our boys brought up their reading grades from D to B. And our other two came up from D to C. I'll never get more for my money than I already have with your course." *Mr. John Gehde, Jr., Cassville, Wis.*

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Recommends to parents—"Your course has been excellent in standardizing the teaching of phonics in our entire school system. I recommend it to parents as a home tutoring course for poor readers."
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Mary L. Henderson, Crowley, La.

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Please send me The Sound Way To Easy Reading, postpaid, *on approval*. After 2 weeks trial, if I see encouraging results, I will send $5 as first payment and will remit $5 each month for the next 5 months. Or, I will send $25 as payment in full. If not satisfied after first 2 weeks, I will return the course and owe you nothing.

Send me ☐ 33⅓ RPM, ☐ 45 RPM

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☐ TEACHERS: Check for prices and facts on Classroom Edition with large wall charts.

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was dark blue, with long pants, and the fabric was rich and soft—it would never itch. The price tag said forty-nine dollars. Well, I thought, maybe someday. Rine and Whitworth came back, smiling.

"We have a bet," Whitworth said. "Take it or leave it."

"Shoot," Tony said.

"We'll give you the Giants and one run, but no more."

No team had ever won a World Series after losing the first two games, and I thought the Yankees would probably make a clean sweep. Rine and Whitworth obviously thought the same thing, but Tony didn't.

"Okay," he said. "How much?"

"Fifty bucks," Whitworth said. They wanted to cover their losses and then some.

I remembered the blue suit. "Let's make it a hundred," I heard myself say.

Tony turned to me in surprise. "A hundred?"

"Why not?" I said. Half of that would get me the suit.

Tony shrugged. "Okay with me, sport." He held his hand out to Whitworth, and Whitworth shook it.

"Boy," Tony said when we were outside. "What got into you?"

I told him about the suit, and he poked me in the ribs. "That's the stuff, sport," he said.

The third game pulled the biggest crowd of the series, but it got off to a terrible start as far as Tony and I were concerned. In the top of the third inning, the Yanks knocked Fred Toney out of the box and scored four runs. Ruth driving in two of them with a long single. The Giants still hadn't scored a run in the Series. It looked as though Tony and I were sunk.

We could see John McGraw haranguing his players as they waited for their turn at bat. I crushed my score card into a sweat-soaked wad of pulp when Jesse Barnes, the Giants' relief pitcher, and Dave Bancroft, the shortstop, both singled. Bob Shawkey, the Yankee pitcher, took a deep breath and walked Frankie Frisch. Then, before a hushed and disbelieving crowd, he walked the next two batters, forcing in two runs. The crowd began to boo, and the Giants came to life. By the end of the inning the game was tied up, 4–4.

Old Jack Quinn had replaced Shawkey for the Yankees, and for the next three innings we sweated out a pitching duel. Jesse Barnes bore down, methodically fanning Yankee batters, and in the seventh inning Quinn blew up. The Giants got hit after hit; they scored eight runs that inning, a World Series record. By the time the game ended, the scoreboard read Giants 13, Yankees 5. Tony pounded me on the back, "The Giants and one run!" he shouted.

Rine and Whitworth looked pretty grim when we walked into the store. Tony said, "Hi, fellas," and for a long time neither of them said anything. Then Whitworth said, "What do you guys want?"

I knew right away that what I'd been worried about was coming true, but Tony just looked surprised. "They're not going to pay us any hundred bucks," I said.

Rine and Whitworth didn't contradict me, but Tony wasn't paying any attention to them. "What a rotten thing to say! You think these guys are crooks or something?"

I looked at him blankly.

"They're honest," Tony said. "And even if they weren't, they'd have to pay us anyway, wouldn't they? I mean, suppose they didn't, and we told the *Clarion*. Two young kids like us, we come to New York with the Fabulous Fifty, and what happens? Some guys who run a store talk us into betting on the games—us, a couple of rube kids—and then don't pay up when they lose."

Tony shook his head, as if he couldn't get over how dumb I was. "A story like that in the papers would probably cost this store an awful lot of business. But what's the use of talking about something that isn't going to happen anyhow?"

"Excuse me," I said to Rine and Whitworth. "I'm sorry about what I said." I caught the hint of a smile from Tony. Rine and Whitworth looked at each other, then at us, then at each other again.

"Look," Whitworth said. "We're a little short of cash."

"How short?" Tony asked.

"We can give you fifty bucks now."

"And another I O U," I said.

Whitworth gave me a look of pure hatred. "Right, kid, and another I O U."

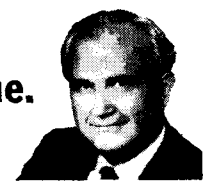
"Well," Tony said, after we had collected, "how about ——"

"No more bets, buddy," Whitworth said viciously.

"Okay, you don't have to be a sorehead about it," Tony said.

I eyed the blue suit longingly, but this didn't seem like a good time to ask for it. We started back to the hotel, and on the way we were intercepted by an-

Americans work harder than any other people on earth to make adequate financial provision for their families after they are gone. BUT much of their hard-earned money is wasted, siphoned off by a scandalous probate system before it ever reaches their loved ones



Why Haven't You and Your Family Been Told These Facts?

- **On average, it takes one to five years to close out an estate. During that time your spouse can draw a pitifully-small "widow's allowance" but your children can't draw a cent.**
- **It costs three to ten times as much proportionately to settle a poor man's estate as that of a millionaire.**
- **Under the existing probate system, complete strangers may share your estate with your family.**

But, in the next 60 seconds I will tell you of an astonishingly simple way to transfer absolutely everything you now own to your loved ones after your death without delay, without red tape and without the excessive probate costs which your estate may otherwise be called upon to bear.

If you don't take the steps I suggest, my advice to you is "Don't die," because complications will start the moment you do. Your estate will come under the jurisdiction of a special court. Sometimes called the "orphans," "chancery" or "surrogate" court; its most common name is "probate" court. If you've left no will, it will dictate one for you in accordance with your state's law which won't necessarily read as *you* would wish. Now your children can start their long one-to-five-year wait to get what is left of their inheritance after the appraiser fees, executor or administrator fees and probate court costs are deducted.

THE UGLY SIDE OF PROBATE

Senator Robert F. Kennedy recently charged that courts handling probate are "shot through with scandal, scandal that has been documented over the years."

Fiorello LaGuardia called the probate system "the most expensive undertaking establishment in the world." The New York *Herald-Tribune* editorially denounced those "clubhouse lawyers" who "profit to the extent of one million dollars annually in fees, many taken, at a large percentage, from small guardianships where every dollar is needed." The Bridgeport *Post* called the probate system a "gravy train." An article in the Journal of the American Bar Association called the Connecticut probate system "one of the most viciously corrupt."

Probate judges on average are the highest paid judges in America. Many of them work on percentage and may earn more than the governors of their states. The income of one judge was 20% higher than that of the Chief Justice in Washington.

The clerk of a Chicago probate court appointed 691 "special guardians" in a nine-month period. One of his friends got 76 guardianships—an average of two a week. A probate judge has reported that 90% of the appraisers appointed by a probate court perform no service whatever for the fee they receive. Many conscientious members of the bar are worried about the corruption built into our probate system but most lack the courage to speak out.

It is up to *you* to do something to help yourself. Sooner or later some of your own family's money will be involved. Don't wait and let your family and your children face this problem. Learn now how to avoid the probate system.

THE MAGIC KEY TO AVOID PROBATE

How can you give your loved ones the very maximum estate in the very minimum time after you have gone? By *avoiding* probate. Yes, virtually everything you now own can be quickly and easily transferred to your heirs after your death—and exactly as you specify, without any red tape, without publicity, without strangers meddling in your affairs and draining off the financial security you worked so hard to build for your family.

You can achieve all this very simply by a method which few laymen know about called an "inter vivos" or "living" trust. Indeed, only a small proportion of lawyers fully understand its use—the American Bar Association has just issued a training film to be shown to local bar associations to educate them on its advantages.

It's amazingly simple: Let's assume that you own a piece of real estate which you wish to leave to your wife at your death. In a simple "declaration of trust" you say in part: "I declare that I am holding this property in trust for my wife. Upon my death my successor trustee is to turn the property over to the beneficiary and terminate this trust. I hereby appoint as successor trustee the beneficiary hereunder." Upon your death, your wife, acting in her capacity as successor trustee, simply turns the property over to herself as beneficiary. She is then immediately the complete and absolute owner of the property. That's all there is to it—no executor's fees, no appraiser's fees, no probate court cost. No one-to-five-year wait. No piece in the paper telling all your business.

VITAL IF YOU OWN A SMALL BUSINESS

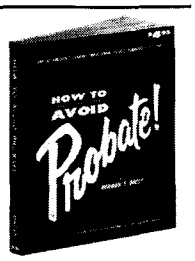
Passing on a small business, incorporated or unincorporated, to relatives or employees is extremely important. If necessary, your business can be quickly sold by the beneficiary-trustee if that is your and their wish. Otherwise, it could be tied up in probate court for years. A distress sale under probate procedures may produce little or nothing . . . may even create obligations. With an "inter vivos" trust, your successor trustee can quietly, privately and immediately investigate possible buyers . . . then take his time to make the deal that will give your family the very maximum, with no undesirable publicity to harm the sale.

WHY THIS BOOK?

I wrote this book to tell a few friends and clients how to avoid probate. They told *their* friends . . . and now it has zoomed almost to the top of the best-seller list because Americans everywhere are discovering that it frees them from the bondage of the iniquitous probate system.

In it you will find an explanation of why it is vitally important to you and your family that *you* avoid probate. Next, you'll find the *actual trust instruments* needed to exempt your home or other real estate, your savings or checking account, your stocks, your mutual fund shares, your small unincorporated business, your close corporation . . . even your personal effects such as jewelry, antiques, paintings, etc.

Even the manufacture of this book is extraordinary. It is not even printed on regular book paper. Norman F. Dacey has insisted that it be printed on the highest quality bond paper suitable for the important legal forms it contains (and which you will be able to fill in), so that these will last over one hundred years.



With each instrument are instructions that even a school child can understand, and a picture of how the instrument should look when it is completed. All of the instruments are specially perforated for easy removal from the book and *actual use*.

In addition, you'll find precise advice on a wide range of family financial planning decisions which you are called upon to make on matters of life insurance, taxes, investments and the like . . . the very things you and I would talk about if we sat down in your own home to discuss your financial estate problems.

LOADED WITH TAX-SAVING IDEAS, TOO

I'll show you a special way to give support to an elderly relative or to a growing child. I'll show you how you and the beneficiary can gain valuable tax benefits. I'll show you how to make gifts to charity to take effect at your death—but give you important tax benefits this year. I'll even tell you exactly what you do if you change your mind about any of the trust arrangements or want to change a beneficiary . . . and provide necessary forms.

WHAT DOES ALL THIS MEAN?

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Norman F. Dacey

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

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other smooth type, a not-so-handsome Whitworth. "Enjoying the Series, boys?"

"We sure are," I said.

"Tomorrow ought to be a really hot game, with the Giants coming up like that."

"Probably," I said. Tony stayed out of it, looking the guy over.

"There's a terrific demand for tickets for tomorrow," the man said meaningfully, and Tony woke up. "How terrific?" he asked.

"Five bucks terrific," the hustler said.

Tony took out his book of Fabulous Fifty souvenir tickets. "But those are just ——" I began.

"The best seats in the house, mister," Tony said. "Gimme your book, Sol." A minute later we had our Fabulous Fifty books back, each with one ticket missing and a five-dollar bill in its place. "What a town," I said.

The next day, Saturday, it rained, and the fourth game was postponed. We read the newspapers in our room with Joe Sofer. The sports columnists had articles about the Giants' eight-run inning, giving the credit to the new rabbit ball. One paper had a picture of some slum kids who had been taken to the game by the Lions Club. The kids had been excused from school, the story said. They didn't look like they ever went to school, but if they had been excused that was more than I could say. And my parents hadn't heard from me since Tuesday. I went down to the lobby and bought a postcard with a picture of Central Park on it: "Dear Mom and Dad. I am fine and hope you are the same. We have had hot weather here, but it is raining today. The World Series has been very exciting. I will have lots to tell you when I come home. That will probably be next week. Will you please call Mr. Groetzinger [he was the principal of my high school] and tell him where I am. Thank you. Don't worry. Love, Sol."

The card eased my conscience, and on Sunday I left for the Polo Grounds with a light heart; I had discharged my responsibilities, and we had no bets on this game. The sun was shining in a hot blue sky as Tony and I and the rest of the Fabulous Fifty climbed to our seats. There, sitting in the middle of the roped-off section, were two men. One of the *Clarion* assistants went over and explained that this was a special section reserved for the Fabulous Fifty. The men ignored him. The assistant tried again, and this time one of the men turned to him condescendingly, reached into his shirt pocket, and held up two Fabulous Fifty souvenir tickets. "Look, buddy—" he began, and the horrible truth suddenly dawned on me.

The assistant scowled when he saw the tickets, and the Fabulous Fifty, still waiting outside the ropes, began to gabble with indignation. The assistant wagged his finger at the two men; one of them shook his fist at the assistant. The assistant got hold of an usher, and both men stood up and shook their fists at the usher. Then the usher called a pair of cops, who took the interlopers by the shoulders and marched them out of the Fabulous Fifty section. "But we paid ten bucks apiece for these seats," one of the men complained as he was hustled past us. I couldn't look at Tony, and I knew we'd never do a thing like that again.

The Giants, heartened by their success on Friday, won 4–2 that day, and it was two games each. In the fifth inning, Babe Ruth hit his first homer of the Series. I stood up and cheered with the Yankee fans, and Tony looked at me as though I had committed treason; his allegiance was to the team he had bet on last.

We stopped by Rine and Whitworth's first thing Monday morning. Rine was there by himself. "How's your cash?" Tony asked him.

"Well, to tell the truth, we're still short," Rine said.

"Did Whitworth tell you that we took some winnings out in trade?" I asked.

"Yes." He caught on. "You want to take out some more? What would you like?"

I walked straight over to the blue suit. "Do you have this in my size?"

"I'll measure you," he said, and did. "A perfect thirty-six." He went into the back room and returned with a suit. "Here it is."

While he fitted me, I visualized my return to South Street, and my folks beaming at me. I hardly recognized myself in the mirror in long pants, and I wasn't sorry to have spent my half of the hundred-dollar win. I put on my old suit again, and the brown coat looked shapeless after the slim blue jacket. Rine said he'd have the new suit cuffed and ready the next day.

As we were leaving the shop, he asked hesitantly, "How about another bet?" I couldn't believe my ears. Tony and I looked at each other, then at Rine. He licked his lips. "A bet on the whole Series," he said.

"On the whole Series?" Tony repeated.

"Sure," Rine said, gaining confidence. "It can go either way now." It was clear that he wanted to make up the losses and surprise Whitworth. Tony and I could read the wish on his face as though it were printed there.

"Who do you want?" Tony asked.

"Well, it's two and two so far," Rine mused. I realized that he wasn't talking to us; he was just thinking out loud. He didn't know which team he wanted. "Two for the Yanks and two for the Giants," he went on, "so it's the Yanks' turn next, and if they take three they'll probably take five." He was counting on his fingers. "We'll take the Yanks," he said brightly, as if Tony and I hadn't heard what had gone before.

"How much?" Tony asked.

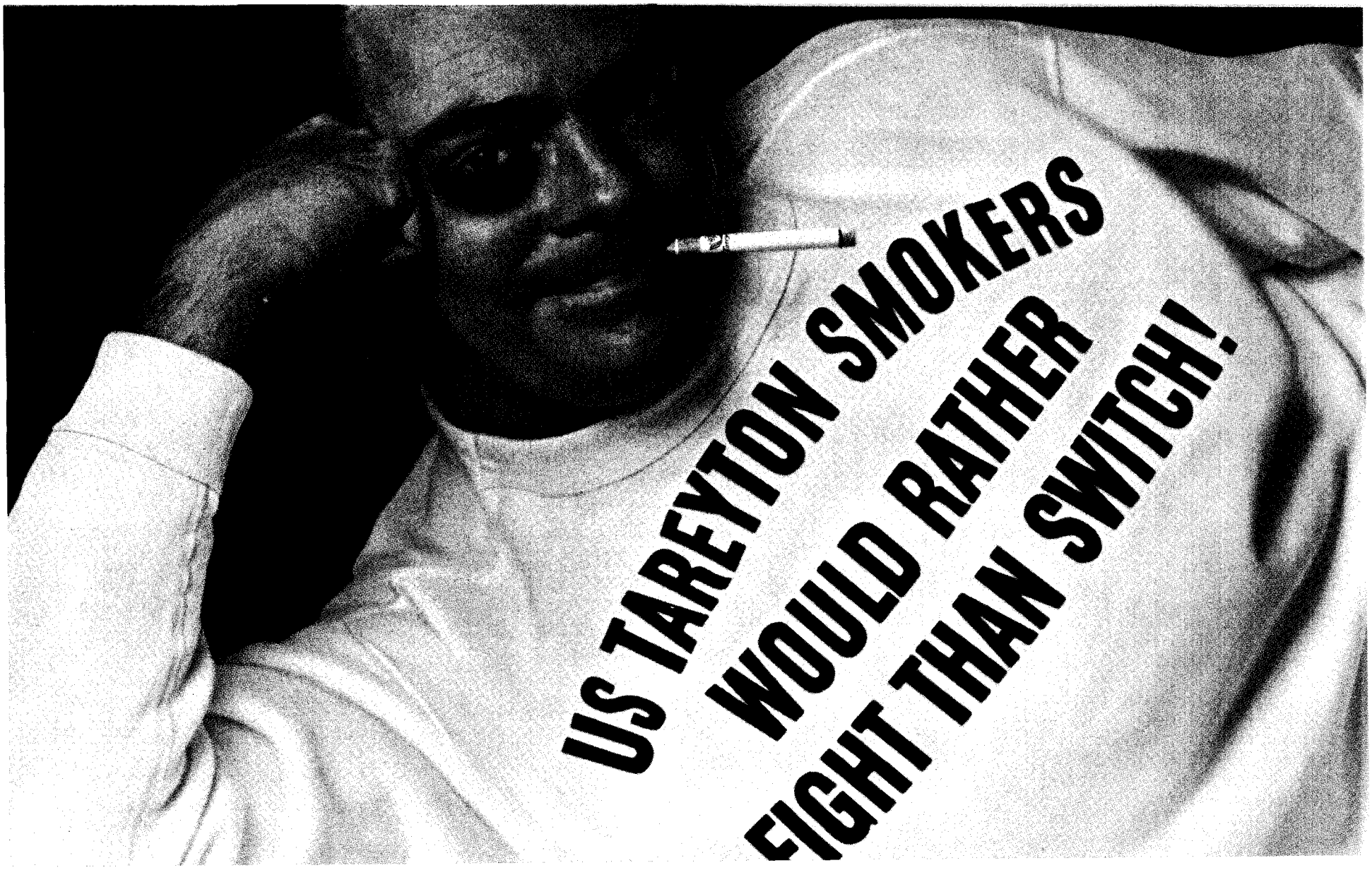
"Two hundred?" I said.

Rine hesitated. "Okay, two hundred."

"We better write this one down," I said.

I wrote out the bet, two copies, on Rine-and-Whitworth sales slips, and we all signed them. Leaving, I looked back and saw Rine mimicking Babe Ruth's left-handed stance in the back of the store. Swish! He swung a yardstick and walloped a pincushion across the floor. It was funny, but in the dim light he did look a little like Ruth.

Everybody expected the Babe to go for homers, but that afternoon, with the score 1-1 in the fourth inning, he beat out a completely unexpected bunt and started a Yankee rally. The Yan-



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kees won, 3-1, and led the Series, three games to two. In despair, Tony and I hurried over to Rine and Whitworth's to pick up my suit. I figured that at least I'd get to wear it for a couple of days. "Well, hi!" Rine said, winking furiously as he met us at the door. Whitworth came up behind him. "Oh, you two again," he said sourly. "Got any bets with anyone today?" Rine gave us a warning look.

"Well, maybe," I said.

"Whoever it is, I hope he wins," Whitworth said.

I picked up my suit and wore it back to the Plaza. Even Tony wasn't prepared for the full effect. "Boy!" he said longingly, "maybe I should get one like that too." I knew he wouldn't; cash meant more to him than anything. And if we lost our two-hundred-dollar bet, where would we get that much cash? I worried all night.

I had less to worry about by the time we sat down to watch the sixth game. Word was out that Babe Ruth had developed an abscess on his left elbow and couldn't play; Chick Fewster had been substituted for him. It was all the crowd could talk about. I was afraid to count on anything, but it was a big break for the Giants. They took the game, 8-5, despite a homer by Fewster, and the Series was evened up again.

From then on it was the Giants all the way. They won the seventh game, 2-1, and the crowd for the eighth game was the smallest of the whole Series, reflecting what was felt to be a foregone conclusion. It was the first time since 1905 that the Giants had come within reach of a World Series title, and when they sewed it up, they did it with style. At the end of eight and a half innings the score was Giants 1, Yankees 0. Then the Yankees came up for their last licks. With one out, Aaron Ward, the second baseman, drew a walk. Frank Baker, the third baseman, was up next, and he walloped a drive toward right field that looked like a sure hit. The crowd came roaring to its feet as Johnny Rawlings, the Giants' second baseman, leaped high to knock the ball down and, on his knees, threw Baker out at first. George Kelly, the first baseman, made a great throw across to Frankie Frisch, who tagged Ward out as he came into third. It was a great finale.

When Tony and I got back to the hotel, we hung around the lobby for a while, listening to all the excited talk. It had been the biggest money Series ever, a man told us; the total gate would be over nine hundred thousand dollars. Tony whistled softly. "Come on," he said. "Let's go get ours."

Rine's face was as white as his shirt when we walked in. "You guys back again?" Whitworth asked.

"Uh, Tom . . ." Rine began. Whitworth looked at him suspiciously. Rine swallowed and came out with it fast. "I-made-another-bet-I-meant-to-win-it-all-back-so-we-wouldn't-lose-so-much."

"And?" Whitworth said.

"And—well, we lost."

"*We* lost? I didn't make any bet."

"I made it for both of us."

"On paper," I said, and took out our copy of the bet.

"On paper," Whitworth repeated dully. "May I see it, please?" He read my adolescent legal description. "Oh," he said to Rine. "You lost two hundred dollars." Then he shouted, "Two hundred dollars!" I was scared; I thought that maybe he was going to kill Rine.

Rine ran over to the door, but he wasn't trying to slip out; he only shut it and locked it. "Two hundred dollars!" Whitworth shouted again. He began to pace like a caged animal, his head darting back and forth. He looked right through Tony and me. Then he picked up a yardstick and began to swing it wildly. It broke against the corner of a showcase, and Whitworth dropped it. He jerked his tie loose, pulling at it until it tore. Then he threw all the socks from the showcase out onto the floor, scrabbling through them like a dog, and panting, panting through it all. Saliva ran out of his mouth. Tony and I stood frozen, and Rine looked pale, but not especially alarmed. Whitworth pulled his shirt open, ripping the buttons off it. "Two hundred dollars," he whispered. Then he went into the fitting room. Rine motioned to us to be quiet. He tiptoed around the shop, picked up the buttons and the pieces of the broken yardstick, and dropped them into the wastebasket. When he began to pile the socks back in the showcase, Tony and I helped him. Then, still silent, Rine went to the door and hung a sign on it: CLOSED.

When Whitworth came out of the fitting room a few minutes later, you couldn't have told from his appearance that anything had happened. He was wearing a new shirt and tie; his hair was freshly brilliantined. He looked around the shop. "I'm sorry about that," he said.

Tony and I didn't know what to say.

"I'll level with you," Whitworth said. "We can't pay you in cash. We can't spare that much cash until after Christmas, and I presume you don't want to wait that long."

"That's so," I said.

"We'll give you fifty in cash, if you'll take the rest in trade. Right now."

I looked at Tony.

"Okay," he said.

It was quite an afternoon. We had trouble spending the money, even after getting presents for our folks and the other club members, and we ended up taking two twenty-dollar suitcases to carry everything in. Then we tore up the IOU's and shook hands all around, and Tony and I left Rine and Whitworth's for the last time.

"Well, you boys look positively handsome!" Harry Johnson boomed when we boarded the train for Philadelphia that evening. "How did you enjoy the trip?"

"It was great," I said.

"Well, you earned it, boys, you earned it!"

Tony and I grinned and collapsed into our seats, and Harry walked to the front of the car. "Everybody on board?" he called. "We don't want to leave anybody in New York."

Tony and I were too exhausted to mess up Harry's count. ". . . forty-eight, forty-nine, fifty, fifty-one," he finished. "Fifty-one?"

Tony burst out laughing, and Harry gave a baffled smile as the train began to move. "Well—" I said, and Harry joined in automatically, so that we ended up saying it together "—at least we know everybody's here." □

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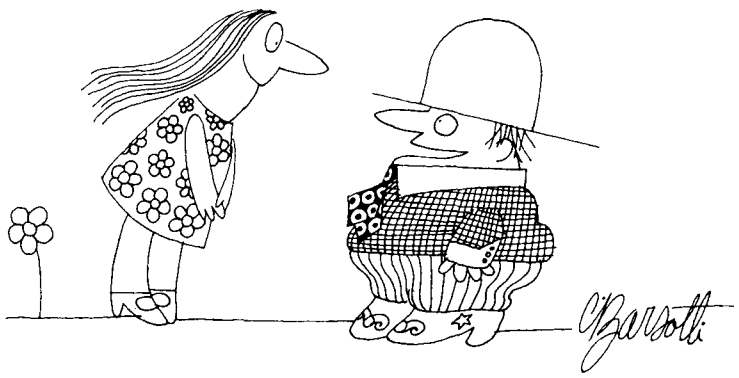
Post scripts

"Come on, level with me. Have you people been buzzing our swamps?"

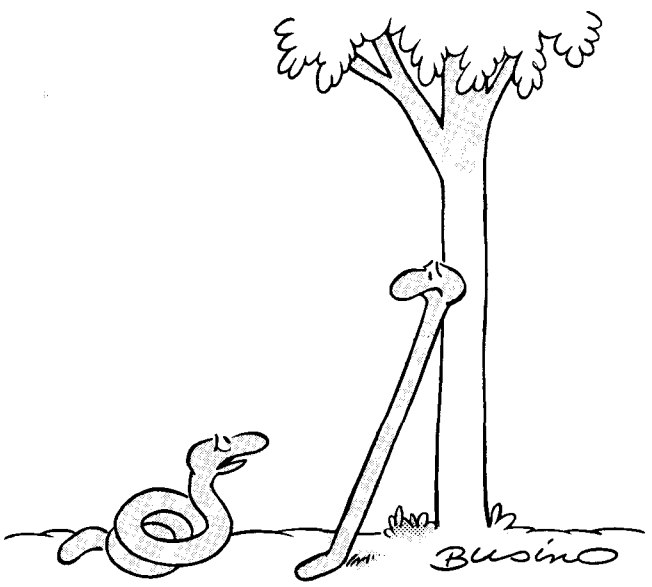
"Mom, how do you know so much 'bout me? Have you been reading my diary?"

"Are you humming protest songs, Carter?"



"Oh, no, ma'am, the other Henry Fonda is a bit taller."

"Lady, I been drivin' a cab for eighteen years and I've had a lot of fussy passengers . . ."



"You've got to learn to relax."

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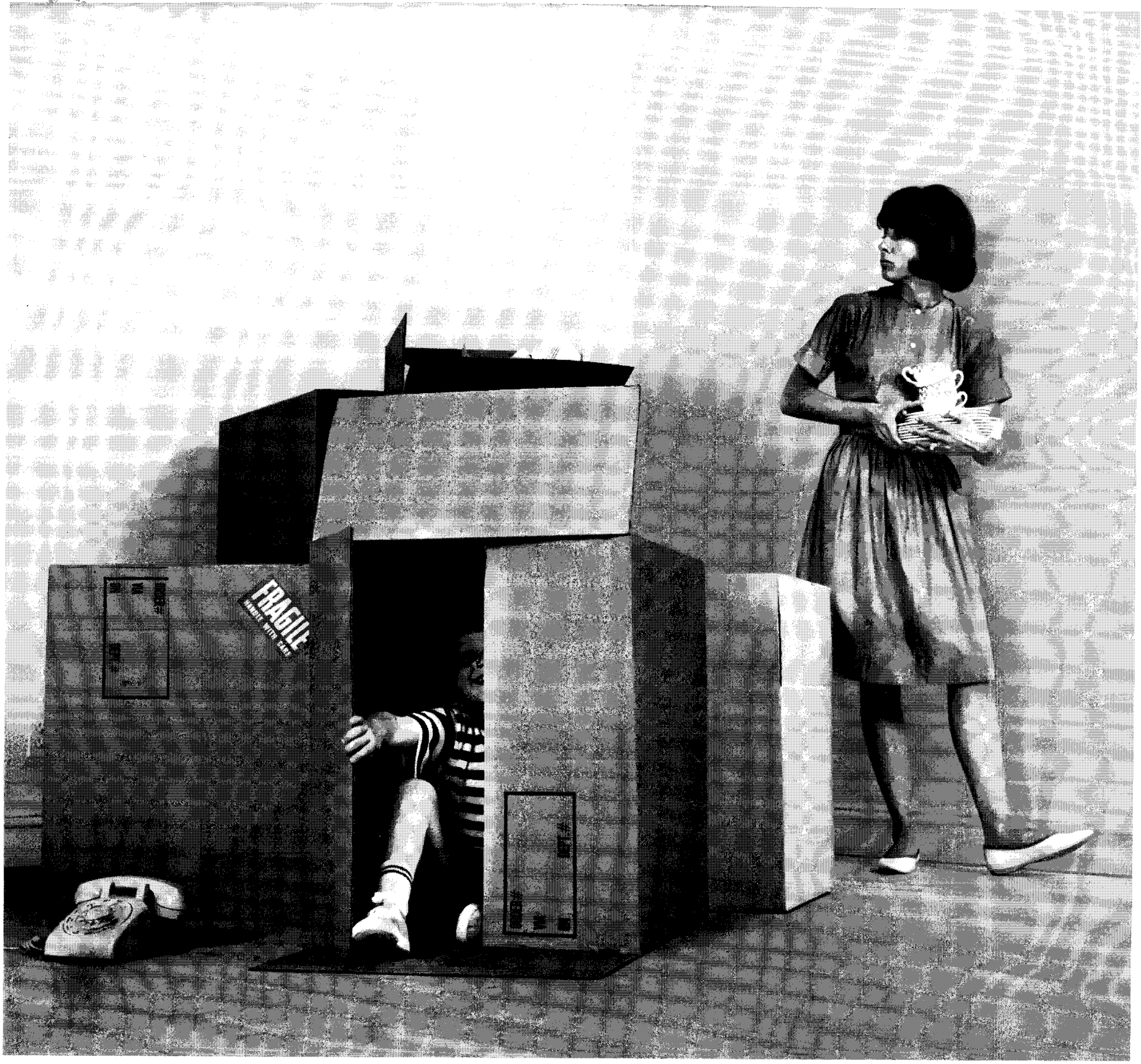

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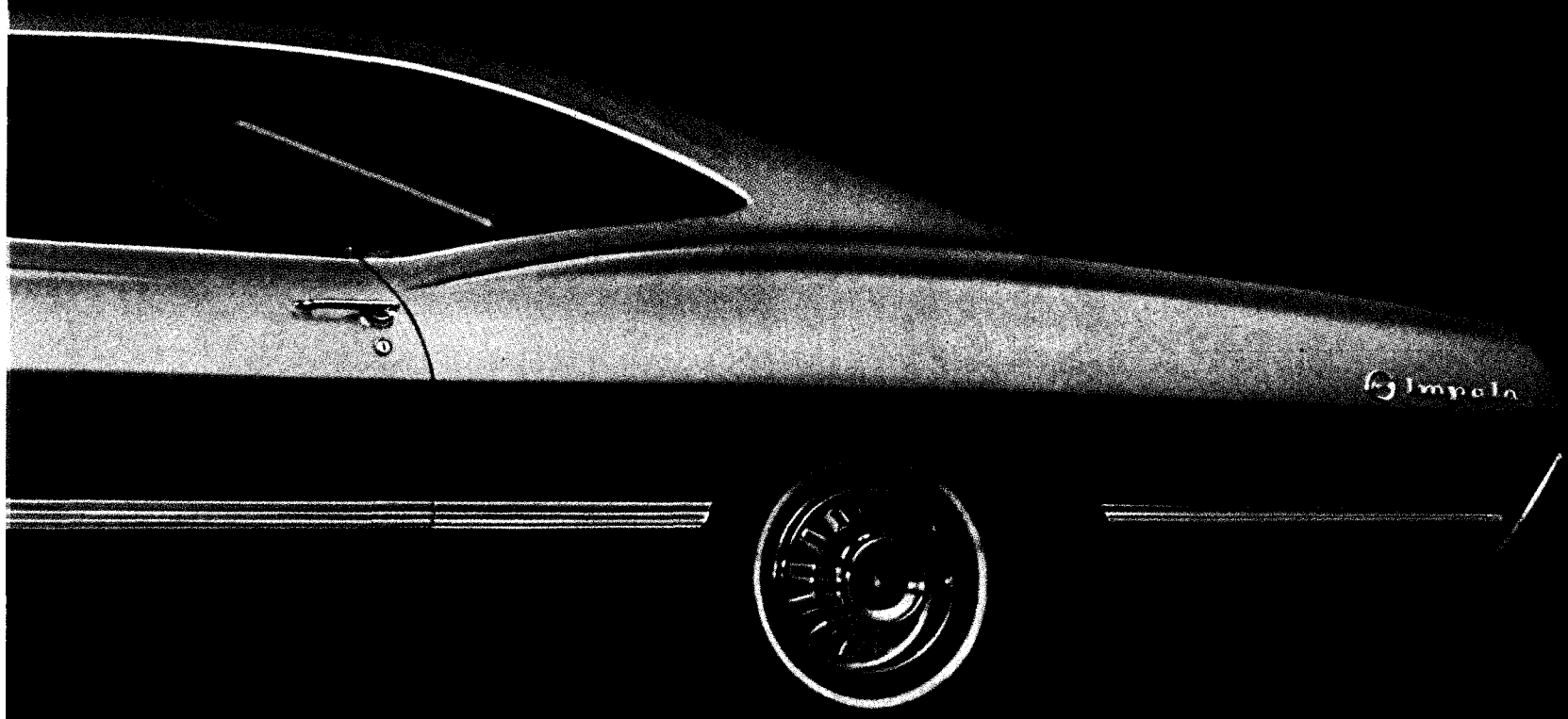
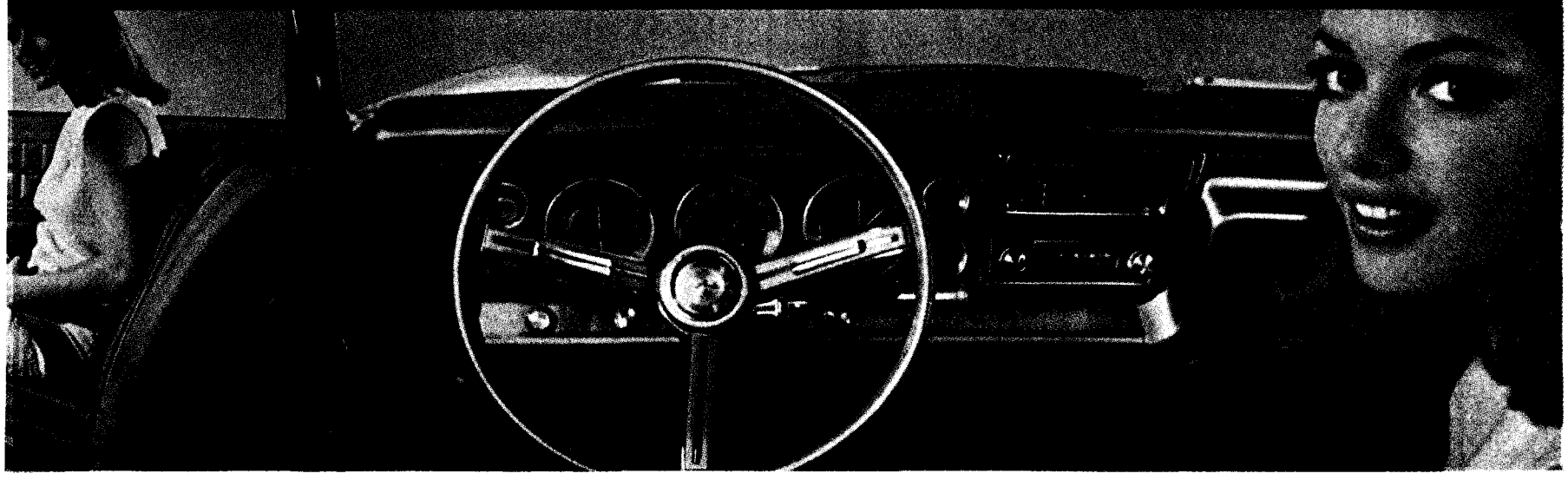


and in all these things for your pure personal pleasure



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'67 CHEVROLET

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'A VERY PHONY PROFESSION'

That's the way Oskar Werner describes the theatrical life. Even so, the moody Austrian is being hailed as 'one of the greatest actors alive.'

By Trevor Armbrister

He is blond, thin-shouldered and slender, and, at 43, he hopes to become a grandfather soon. He speaks English with a Viennese accent, and his sentences sometimes get jumbled up. He hates to fly, panics in high places and suffers from claustrophobia. He drinks "because I like the ecstasy it gives me—I come out from my brooding nature." He likes to whistle the Mendelssohn violin concerto, and he sprinkles his conversations with quotes from Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. His name is Oskar Werner, and he would seem to be a most unlikely candidate for screen adulation.

Until recently, in fact, Werner was largely unknown to the U.S. moviegoing public. He has made only four American films, and one of them—*Fahrenheit 451*—hasn't yet been released. Then, last December, he won the New York Film Critics Award as best actor of the year for his role as the sensitive doctor in *Ship of Fools*—a performance that also netted him an Oscar nomination. And in March Hollywood's foreign press corps gave him a Golden Globe award as best supporting actor of the year for his part—opposite Richard Burton—in *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold.* Producer-director Stanley Kramer calls him "perhaps one of the three or four greatest actors alive today."

Werner views the prospect of becoming a box-office idol as unappealing—indeed, as vaguely unpleasant. "I want to be an *actor*, not a so-called movie star," he insists, and it is obvious that he feels the two are seldom synonymous. "Stardom just doesn't interest him," adds Stanley Kramer. "I don't know if he'll ever permit the exposure you need to become a major star."

Ever since he first won international acclaim in the 1951 film *Decision Before Dawn*, Werner has been courted by Hollywood. He has shown extraordinary resistance to the film colony's lures and has rejected more than 100 movie roles.

"I am married to the theater," he adds, "and films are only my mistress."

He has no agent or business manager and is diffident about publicity. Not long ago he canceled an appearance on a network television show in order to have dinner with a friend. "I don't think money is much of a motivation for him," says screenwriter Abby Mann. "I know he once rejected three hundred thousand dollars for a film and then turned around and tried something chancy for practically nothing—just because he believed in it."

To Hollywood, such behavior borders on lunacy. To Werner it comes naturally, for he springs from an environment quite different from that of most movie stars. He is a product of the Vienna Burgtheater—one of the most illustrious training grounds for actors on the Continent—and its traditions have shaped both his attitudes toward his profession and his personal

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goals. According to these traditions, an actor should never compromise his integrity for financial gain.

Werner's reluctance to accept Hollywood stems also from the fact that he is by nature a shy and introverted man. He plainly dislikes discussing his private life ("You should cook nice things for the people, but the people should not go into your kitchen").

Dressed in black trousers and a white terry-cloth robe, he sat in his dressing room at England's Pinewood Studios one day not long ago and listened to the rain play a gentle melody on the roof. A bottle of Scotch stood beside the mirror on his dressing table. For a few minutes he was vague and uncommunicative. He had just come from the set of *Fahrenheit 451*—the forthcoming science-fiction movie in which he stars with Julie Christie—but he obviously didn't want to talk about it. "I never describe the character I play," he explained. "If there is nothing in the performance you cannot put in words, then it is a bad performance.

"Being an actor is a very phony profession," he continued. "Only a prostitute changes dresses more often. You always have to compromise. But sometimes, as an actor, one can also be an artist. In lucky moments one is not just a model or a mannequin."

For Werner, most of these lucky moments have occurred on the stage. "The film belongs more to the director than to the actor, but the theater belongs to the actor. As a movie star, usually you play yourself, and they put the script on you like a suit. A theater actor is different. You try to fit into the suit a great author has written."

In Werner's view, most of the great playwrights died several centuries ago. "What I hate so much about the modern writers," he said, "is that they vomit up only their own problems. They offer only the skin, and there's no love behind it."

Werner is equally adamant on the subject of acting schools. "I do not believe in them; they create pretentiousness." And he is frankly critical of young actors. "Before, they had to grow—like plants. Now, they become stars—just like that. But they are marionettes. I wanted to become an actor to show how *I* saw Richard III. This was once the pride and nobility of an actor. Today it is nothing."

"Pride" and "nobility" are words that Werner uses often. They underline his feelings about his craft and account for his dislike of Hollywood's flummery. They also explain why some coworkers find him arrogant. For although Werner can be extremely considerate to others on the set, he can also explode in fits of rage. Julie Christie, who calls him "extremely sensitive" and "a wonderful actor," nevertheless points out that "he changes so much when he's working. He's not at all the soft, gentle soul that he seems to be on film." Off the set Werner seems comfortable only in the company of those whom he considers to be his intellectual equals, a characteristic which rather limits his circle of friends.

"Most producers barely grasp the alphabet," says Werner, "let alone questions of art."

With his second wife, Anne, an attractive brunette whose quiet strength counterpoints his moods, he lives in a mountaintop chalet in the little principality of Liechtenstein. Werner met Anne, the stepdaughter of Tyrone Power, in 1951 on the set of *Decision Before Dawn.* They were married three years later. There are no servants at the chalet—which is so small that "no one can stay but a very good friend."

Werner is not particularly interested in sports and likes nothing better than to sit in his den and listen to classical music. In his 5,000-volume library are weighty books on psychology and philosophy as well as seven shelves of works by and about Shakespeare in both German and English. "I underline and I make marks in the margins," he explains. "Someday I will publish a book with only the notes I make."

Werner also enjoys cooking and is an excellent chef. "He makes very elaborate dishes," says French director Jean Renoir, an old friend, "but it is more than a hobby for him. Whatever Oskar does, he does with his whole being."

Such singlemindedness, it seems, has long been part of Werner's character. He was born in Vienna on November 13, 1922—the only son of an insurance clerk. By his 11th birthday Werner had decided to become an actor. "I was very, very shy then," he recalls, "and I found it was marvelous to hide behind another person, behind a costume, behind a gesture." After making an inconspicuous debut in a high-school performance (He dashed out on stage shouting "*Wo brennt's?*"—Where's the fire?), Werner won a series of equally inconspicuous parts in amateur theatrical productions. "In my first play, I was so embarrassed that I came out onstage with closed eyes. Then I said to myself that small parts don't exist—only small actors. And to lose the inhibitions, I concentrated on gestures." A few weeks later he was given a role as a short-sighted painter. He had only seven lines, but by losing his glasses and fumbling convincingly for them during a crucial scene, he nearly managed to steal the show.

In 1941, at the age of 18, Werner was admitted to the Vienna Burgtheater—the youngest actor ever to be so honored. Unfortunately, he was drafted almost immediately into the German Army and sent to Czechoslovakia. Six months later he was selected to enter officers' training school.

"So many officers had been killed on the Russian front that they needed replacements desperately," he says, "and I was for them the embodiment of the Aryan type. But I am a pacifist. I didn't want any responsibility, so I behaved stupidly. I fell from my horse and made mistakes reading the range finders on the cannon, and finally they kicked me out of training school."

Werner is flanked by his wife and mistress in his newest film, 'Fahrenheit 451.' Both are played by British actress Julie Christie.

Photographs by PHILIPPE HALSMAN

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Top: Oskar and wife Anne in front of rented house near Iver, England. Bottom: Werner and Christie chat on set of 'Fahrenheit 451.'

'There was nothing to eat. I was so hungry I ate peas with worms.'

OSKAR WERNER

For the next three years Werner was stationed in Vienna, peeling potatoes and cleaning latrines. The tedium of his daily routine was brightened only by the chance to resume his career on a part-time basis with the Burgtheater. During one performance he met an actress named Elizabeth Kallina, and in early 1944 they were married secretly—a necessity because she was half-Jewish.

That September U.S. planes dropped 106 bombs—he remembers the number exactly—in one raid on the Vienna barracks. Many of Werner's friends were killed. He escaped unhurt, but was in such a state of shock that he was given two months' sick leave. Ordered to join an active reserve unit on his return, he took his wife and infant daughter and fled into the woods.

Eventually he found refuge in a small hut, only to learn that his sanctuary was squarely in the path of the Red Army. "The artillery fire was constant for two and a half days," he recalls. "The shells hit all around our little hut, and it was shaking like a leaf. My wife almost went crazy, and I would have killed us all except I had no weapon. We knew that to go out there would be suicide, but it was better than to have to wait for execution."

Hiding his daughter in a laundry basket, he and his wife raced toward the disintegrating German lines—and into the arms of a lieutenant from his old company. In the confusion they escaped. "I was a deserter from December, 1944, to April, 1945," Werner says. "It was a nightmare."

For Werner, the nightmare didn't end with the surrender. "There was nothing to eat. I couldn't sleep because I was so hungry. We ate peas with worms, there was no oil or fat for cooking, and my wife traded her watch for eight pounds of filthy, dirty grease. I had to play at the Burgtheater every evening, and when I turned onstage, I would feel dizzy because my weight—even with my winter coat—was not even one hundred pounds."

In the fall of 1950 the director Anatole Litvak came to Austria to cast the movie *Decision Before Dawn*. Unknown to Werner, a friend had suggested him for the part of Happy, an idealistic German prisoner of war who spies for the Americans. "One night there was a party for Litvak," Werner recalls. "I was standing in a corner imitating somebody when he came in. He looked at me and said, 'That's him.' Everyone thought he was joking."

Werner accepted the part against the advice of his friends. "The opposition to making an anti-Nazi picture was incredible," he says. "I can't tell you how I was insulted. The film was blacklisted by the German picture industry, and the director said, 'For you, maybe it is better if it doesn't come out at all.' I told him, 'But I have the convictions of that boy in the picture; the blacklist is an honor for me.'"

Before filming *Decision Before Dawn*, Werner had signed a seven-year contract with Twentieth Century-Fox to make two movies annually. "They kept me sitting around, and they had no idea what to do with me. The parts they came up with were more suitable for Rin Tin Tin. One was even a cowboy film. I told them that if they wanted just a muscle man with a pretty face they could pick him up behind the counter at any cafeteria. In the end they got tired of arguing with me." Rather than accept what Hollywood offered, he terminated his contract, returned to Europe and went into seclusion.

For 18 months he brooded alone in his mountaintop retreat. (He and Elizabeth were divorced in 1950.) "I drank a lot, and I read a lot (mostly Schopenhauer and Nietzsche), and the people who loved me were worried. They said, 'What's wrong with him?' and I said, 'No, no. I refuse to be a prostitute. I have to become a real actor before I become a movie star.'"

For Werner, becoming a real actor meant only one thing: playing Shakespeare. When he was 11, he had read one monologue from *Hamlet* in school and then, "out of respect, I never considered playing it." But now he felt he was ready. At eight o'clock each morning he sat at his desk and studied the part. In the afternoons he walked along the narrow mountain trails—a spare, lonely figure with his blond hair disheveled—reciting passages until he knew them all by heart.

Toward the end of his self-imposed exile, he received a letter from his former director at the Burgtheater. Would Werner be interested in playing Hamlet? He signed the contract on his 30th birthday.

The critics raved over his performance, calling him perhaps the finest Hamlet the German-language theater had ever produced. And although he continued to make European films (*Mozart, The Last Act, Spionage* and *Lola Montez*), Werner devoted most of his time during the 1950's to the stage. In 1960 he traveled to Paris, met French director François Truffaut and agreed to play the part of a cuckolded husband in Truffaut's *Jules et Jim*. The movie was enormously successful, leading to other offers, but Werner chose to return to the stage. In 1961 he starred in Shakespeare's *Henry V* at the Burgtheater, and in 1962 went on a recital tour reading the poetry of Goethe, Schiller and Rilke. ("It is a kind of striptease of the soul," he explains. "I am naked and I read only what means something for me.") In 1963 he took his own repertory company to Paris to play Goethe's *Torquato Tasso* at the Théâtre des Nations.

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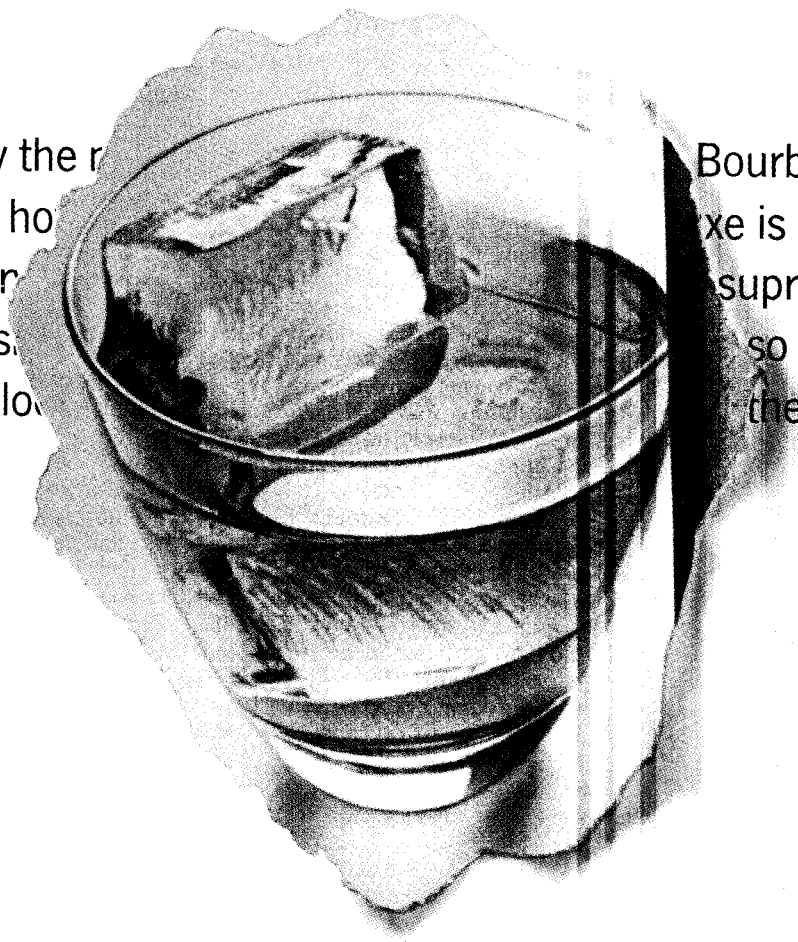

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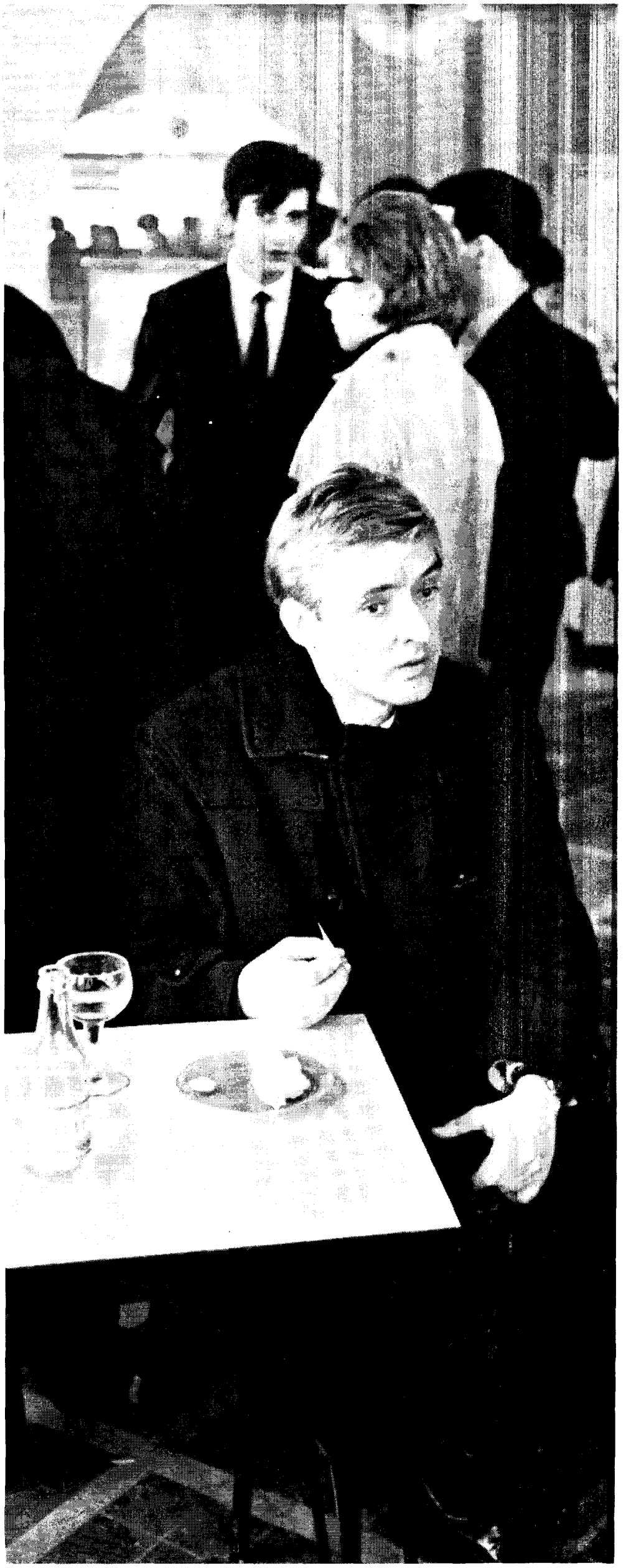

'One should leave types to the automobile factories.'

OSKAR WERNER

During his stay, Werner met Stanley Kramer, who was then assembling a cast for the film version of Katherine Anne Porter's novel *Ship of Fools*. "Somehow it's always necessary to woo an actor like Werner," Kramer recalls. "We talked for a few days before Oskar became excited about the part."

In the movie Werner plays a doctor on a German vessel sailing from Veracruz to Bremerhaven in 1933. He is detached, and his obliviousness to the anti-Semitism on ship symbolizes the inability of the Germans to react to Hitlerism. Finally, after an affair with an impassioned countess (Simone Signoret) strips him of his indifference, his mistress is carried off the ship to prison and he succumbs to a heart attack. The complex story drew upon all Werner's skill as an actor.

He was meticulous about every detail. On one occasion he and director Kramer discussed a sequence to be shot in the ship's cabin. The next morning, before the start of filming, he approached Kramer to say he had been thinking about the scene and decided that he felt uncomfortable going on camera from the right side of the set. "But the door you enter through is on the right," Kramer countered. Werner acknowledged that this was true, but said he wanted desperately to feel comfortable. "So I simply struck the set [at a cost of about $1,000] and turned it around," Kramer recalls, "and I think he was probably right. Oskar is daring and experimental, but his touch and instinct are almost unerring."

Soon after completing his role in *Ship of Fools*, Werner met Edward G. Robinson at a party. Robinson complimented him on the performance, then said, "I see you playing only doctors for the next ten years."

"Not me," Werner replied. "One should leave types to the automobile factories."

True to his word, Werner promptly accepted the part of Fiedler, a laconic East German intelligence agent in *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold*. "I am sure that my fans from *Ship of Fools* were shocked to see me in this thing," he says, "because there was nothing sensitive about it. But I did it on purpose to avoid being typed."

Last January Werner arrived in England to begin filming *Fahrenheit 451*, in which he plays the role of an anti-intellectual "fireman" in some future time who burns books "because they make people unhappy." Eventually he rebels, kills his captain and finds refuge in a colony of booklovers.

Julie Christie is cast in a double role as Werner's wife and mistress, and his instincts told him to react to her differently in the two parts. But this is precisely what director François Truffaut didn't want him to do, and the two men argued frequently. "If you don't like the scene as it is," Truffaut exclaimed one day, "you can stay in your dressing room, and I will shoot it without you." At length Werner gave ground. "In the old days," he says, "I wouldn't compromise at all. Now I have realized that one sees only the shadows of dreams. Still, you are always seeking perfection. You are never satisfied."

One afternoon, just before the movie's completion, Werner invited two Americans to his rented home in the village of Iver—about 20 miles from London. Sprawled in a red velvet armchair—a glass of Scotch in one hand—he talked about his recent fame and said he took it "with humbleness." The fact that he had been nominated for an Oscar as best actor of the year seemed not to excite him at all. "It's not the prize that counts," he explained "it's the dignity. Prizes you can win or lose. But dignity is something you either have or have not."

Werner said he planned to bring a German-language Hamlet to the U.S. in 1968, but this was the only commitment he had made so far. Although he had received "a couple of offers" to appear in Broadway plays, he had rejected them. Nor did he want to consider television, because "it is just a bastard from the films and the theater; it has the bad habits from both."

Despite his screen successes, his attitudes toward Hollywood seemed unchanged. "I refuse to be treated like a commodity," he said. "Most producers can barely grasp the alphabet, let alone questions of art." Until recently he had been scheduled to appear as Wirz, the Confederate jailer in *Andersonville*, but the movie was postponed, and he hadn't yet found an appealing substitute. He expects to make another picture with Stanley Kramer, for whom he has enormous respect, but nothing has been settled. "I make only films that I would want to see myself. That cuts out a lot of movies."

With his wife, Anne, sitting at the foot of his chair, he talked about Goethe and Schiller and Schopenhauer and Kant and about the true nature of melancholia. He mentioned that he hopes for a grandchild, now that his beautiful 22-year-old daughter Eleanor is married (to a cellist of the Vienna Philharmonic). Finally, toward the end of the afternoon, Werner turned the conversation toward cooking. His visitors were rising to leave, and photographer Philippe Halsman suggested some informal pictures in the kitchen—Werner might don an apron, he thought, and prepare some *Wiener schnitzels*. "But I could not do that," Werner replied. "It would be too much posed." For a second he paused. "You know," he added, "the great director Max Reinhardt once said a marvelous thing: 'If you would be a true actor, never put an act on; never in life or on the stage.' And I believe this." □

Oskar broods in small French bar. He drinks, he says, "because of the ecstasy it gives me."

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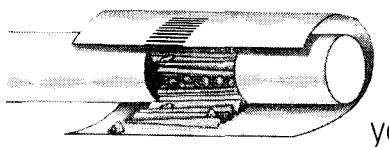
Why would the commodore go around pinching cigarettes?

Because he smokes new Waterford with the water tip...the tip you pinch for flavor.

There are tiny capsules of water suspended in the tip of every Waterford cigarette.



Before you light up, you pinch the blue lines on the Waterford band. This breaks the capsules and releases the moisture. That's all there is to it. You're ready to enjoy the newest taste in smoking. Try your hand at pinching a Waterford. Enjoy the milder, smoother Waterford taste. It's a crime to miss flavor like this!

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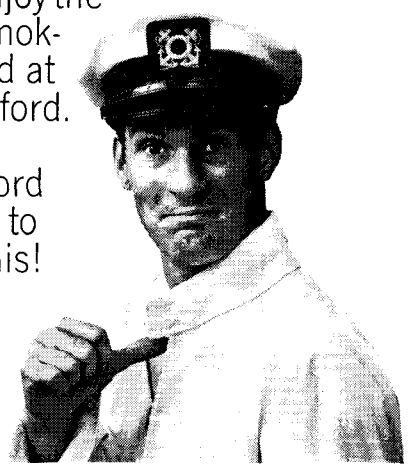

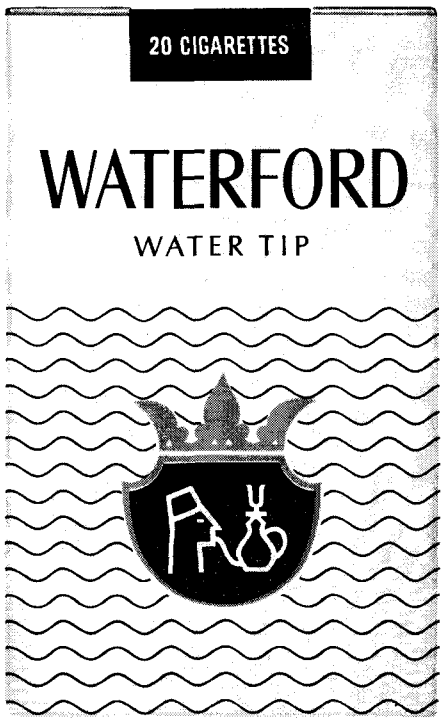

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DEATH IN OUR AIR

continued from page 35

Poisonous air is no longer just a city problem. It is invading the suburban sanctuary.

the wind shifted and the sun came out. House after house on streets all over town, the same thing happened. We were a coffee-colored town. After a couple of weeks of sunshine, the coffee color bleached out and then the paint was gray and peeling.

"So that's what would happen every time there was a dead calm or the wind came from the northeast—the house would turn coffee color, and inside we'd choke, eyes would weep, nose and throat would burn, you'd get nosebleeds. The worst thing was that you just couldn't get enough air.

"We called the sheriff and he took pictures, and we complained to the state Department of Health, and I complained to the mill. But they wouldn't do a damn thing. They'd say they were doing everything they could, but then it would happen again. They said, 'Well, it's a new process, and whatever happens to the houses is OK after the sun comes out.' I said, 'What about the people?' and they said, 'We don't know what we can do about it.'

"The town council didn't want to be too tough because the mill had hired four hundred people in town, and they'd hint they'd move.

"Well, I know Sen. Edmund Muskie, and when he started holding hearings on air pollution, I wrote to him, and he invited me to testify. I went down to Boston a year ago February, and I told the whole story.

"After that, the company changed the top management at the mill, they recovered some of the sulfuric acid they used to let out, and they put pine scent into the gases. But the stench still chokes you and wakes you up at night."

Last July Helen Briola died of cancer of the lymph glands.

"We suffered and suffered with these inflammations. Who can say how she got the cancer? Her death certificate says 'asphyxiation, edema, vocal cords.' Who can say? I can't. But it's something that you think of."

Mrs. Carter Henderson is a tall and handsome blonde from England who lives in circumstances quite different from those of Peter Briola. She and her husband—an executive in an electronics firm—and their five-year-old daughter have a $500-a-month apartment in midtown Manhattan. It is the kind of apartment most city-dwellers dream of: six rooms, two rooftop terraces on the 22nd floor with views of both sides of the great city, and inside the living room, two-story windows looking out at skyscrapers and New Jersey.

But the rooftop location is no longer such a blessing in New York, for it is next to the apartment chimney, one of 13,000 in the city; the chimney carries out the particles, gases and odors produced by burning all the apartment's trash and garbage. Nearby are four red-white-and-blue stacks of the Consolidated Edison powerhouse, one of the company's 11 around the city, most with pollution controls inferior to those in cities serious about clean air. The Hendersons also get more than their share—since they are affluent enough to afford a rooftop apartment—of the fallout from the 47 city-run incinerators, all of them operating in violation of the city's own air-pollution laws.

"My husband and I are early risers," Mrs. Henderson says, "and on some Sunday mornings at six o'clock you can see a lovely view—the George Washington Bridge and the Palisades in New Jersey ten miles away. About seven o'clock the chimneys and cars start up, and sometimes in winter by nine o'clock you can't see the Chrysler Building four blocks away."

When Mrs. Henderson first came to New York in 1956, she was shocked by the dirty air, though at that time it seemed a minor nuisance to natives. She was a founder of Citizens for Clean Air, Inc., a group of 1,000 business and professional leaders agitating for pollution control. They seem to have succeeded in launching the reform of New York's primitive anti-pollution laws.

Like Mrs. Henderson in New York, Peter Briola in Lincoln and Mrs. Rose in Denver, there are men and women all over the country organizing to fight for cleaner air. But theirs is a difficult battle. For the enemy known collectively as air pollution is really a complex of hostile ingredients, each of them extremely hard to vanquish. And each of these ingredients is more potent when combined with its fellow poisons than when found alone.

Of the total of 145 million tons of junk Americans put into their air every year, it is estimated that 52 percent is the colorless and invisible gas called carbon monoxide. That remarkable equipment of natural man—the dime-sized tissue at the top of the nasal passage that can detect some odors better than any device made by man—is useless when it comes to this deadly gas.

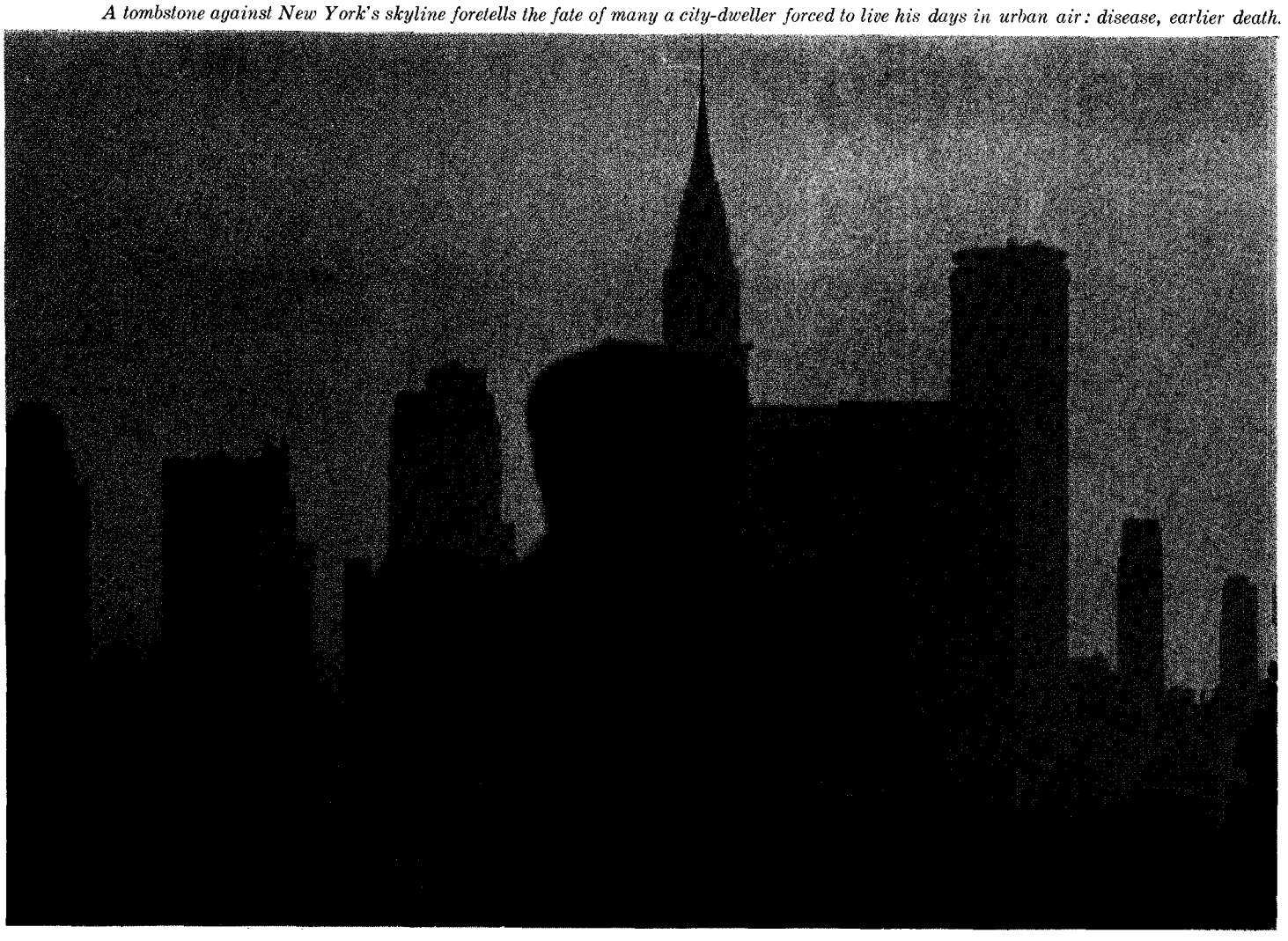
It is recognized that at 1,000 parts of monoxide per million parts of air, the gas kills quickly. At 100 parts it produces bad headaches and dizziness. At present, 50 parts is considered the danger point. But as we learn more, we are less sure. California found that 30 parts per million for eight hours seriously affects people who already have poor blood circulation. Since monoxide sickens and kills by capturing the oxygen carriers in the blood, people with heart disease, arteriosclerosis, asthma or emphysema, as well as heavy smokers, are unusually vulnerable.

The U.S. Public Health Service sampled air in six cities—Cincinnati, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Denver, Chicago and Washington, D.C.—during periods of heavy traffic. It found carbon monoxide at 30 parts per million in 10 percent of the tests; the average levels inside passenger cars during rush-hour range from 21 to 29 parts per million, and there were concentrations higher than 100 parts inside tunnels and garages.

The effects of monoxide at these "low," everyday levels may be profound, even on healthy people. In the Public Health Service's Taft Center in Cincinnati, Dr. Charles Xintaras studied the brain waves of rats. When his rats breathed monoxide in rush-hour concentrations, almost at once the "intellectually alert" pattern of the brain waves disappeared and was replaced by one typical of a dream state: The brain kept receiving impressions from the outside but did nothing about them.

In an even more startling experiment, Dr. John H. Schulte, formerly at the University of Cincinnati and

A tombstone against New York's skyline foretells the fate of many a city-dweller forced to live his days in urban air: disease, earlier death.



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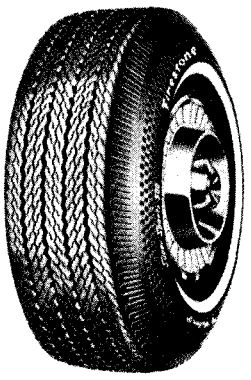
(our 125-m.p.h. tire, for one)

One glance at certain people and you can tell everything about them, by their manner, by their clothes. They know the difference between a two-step and a four-speed, between a six-pack and a rally pack, between lap seam and lap time. To them, standard equipment on an automobile means four-on-the-floor, wire wheels with knock-off hubs, tach, and dual four-barrels. It also means our 125-m.p.h. tire: The Super Sports "500." Anything less would be like dressing a four-



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now with the U.S. Navy, gave 49 healthy Cincinnati firemen-volunteers mild doses of monoxide, all well below the level of organic damage. Each man had several sessions before a panel which flashed a letter or a color, in response to which the man was supposed to push the button appropriate to that letter or color. Sometimes a man breathed ordinary air and sometimes varying mixtures of monoxide, but he never knew which.

Dr. Schulte's experiment produced nothing new for medical literature, with one exception. No matter what the level of mild monoxide, the men showed no physiological changes; their pulse, respiration and blood pressure remained the same. And their reaction time in pushing the buttons was the same, whether they breathed pure air or monoxide. The exception was that men getting monoxide made more errors in pushing the buttons, and the more monoxide they got, the more errors they made. At one percent monoxide in the blood they made 10 percent errors, at 20 percent monoxide they made 80 percent errors. Yet they seemed perfectly normal.

Many researchers believe that "turnpike fatigue," the lassitude that comes with long drives in cars without air conditioning, may be mild monoxide poisoning and may produce more accidents than supposed. One speculation is that, except for the results of new anti-pollution controls, increasing monoxide from increasing traffic could reduce alertness not just among motorists but in whole sections of the population.

The next heaviest portion of poison in the American air, 18 percent, is the sulfur oxides, which come mostly from the burning coal and oil in power plants, factories and homes. They have been the chief villain of every recent pollution disaster, like Donora, New York and London. They paralyze the tiny hairlike tissues that ordinarily protect sensitive lung tissues from dangerous invaders. They irritate the throat and damage the lungs. Their presence makes lung and heart work harder. In Nashville a study of 9,313 people showed that cardiovascular disease in people over 55 was twice as common in areas of the city with high sulfur readings.

The most recent studies show that quite ordinary sulfur-dioxide levels in the air do human and property damage. With an annual average of 0.01 to 0.02 parts per million in the air, there is increased cardiovascular illness, noticeable impairment of breathing among otherwise healthy people, and significant mental corrosion. At 0.02 to 0.03 levels for a year the death rate from respiratory disease begins to go up, and perennial flowers become chronically damaged. It is therefore alarming to note that the 1964 sulfur-dioxide mean in the following cities was: Chicago, 0.18; Cincinnati, 0.04; Los Angeles, 0.01; Philadelphia, 0.08; San Francisco, 0.02; St. Louis, 0.06; and Washington, 0.05. Vernon MacKenzie, chief of the Division of Air Pollution of the Public Health Service, says, "The sulfur-pollution problem in some sections of the country in our opinion has reached virtually a critical stage."

The next most common contaminators in urban air are the hydrocarbons, a large group of compounds coming mainly from escaped, unburned fuel, mostly invisible and mostly from cars.

They are known to cause cancer, though it takes higher concentrations than usually found in the air. Worse yet, sunlight causes hydrocarbons to combine insidiously with still another pollutant—the oxides of nitrogen—to produce photochemical smog (also called oxidant), the bourbon-colored haze that regularly blurs most modern cities. In photochemical smog, people breathe harder but get less oxygen. Very high concentrations for a few hours can produce impaired breathing and general malaise for days afterward.

All the ingredients of air pollution—monoxide, sulfur and the rest—might be less of a threat to human life if the air always moved freely. But some places are hemmed in by mountains so that air cannot move sideways. Big cities usually have tall buildings that fend off outside winds. Most places are enveloped periodically in extremely calm and unmoving air masses with almost no lateral movement.

Air trapped at the sides may move vertically, as in a chimney, carrying upward its load of floating dirt and making room for new air. This upward movement of air occurs because hot air rises and ordinarily the warmest air is next to the earth. From time to time, however, a layer of warm air slips in at an upper level—it slides over a mountain or on top of an air mass. When the dirt-laden air rising from the ground hits this intruding warm layer, it stops. This plug in the chimney, called an inversion because it inverts the usual change in temperature as air gets higher, is a lid that seals in a city like a plastic bag, keeping out the clear upper air and letting the aerial wastes accumulate down where the people are.

From the street the stable air mass under an inversion may look fairly clear, at least until the pollution has begun to collect and the nitrogen oxides and smog give it the characteristic yellow-brown haze. But from an airplane one often can see a sharp separation between the murky air below the inversion and the clear air above.

Inversions are not rare phenomena that occur only at a few strange places. On any given fall or winter day, half the United States has inversions lower than 1,500 feet; fall and winter are also the times of maximum burning of coal and oil. C. R. Hosler of the Weather Bureau calculates that air is trapped below 500 feet over all parts of the United States more than one fourth of the time in all seasons. Sometimes the situation becomes highly dangerous.

At about eight o'clock on November 27, 1962, Doyle Urban, a dark-haired meteorologist with a perpetual cigar in his mouth, came into the weather center of the U.S. Public Health Service complex in Cincinnati. He took off his jacket, read over teletyped weather reports from all over the nation and began looking for inversions that might cause an air-pollution disaster like Donora, New York or London—inversions as large as Nebraska or larger, and due to last 36 hours or longer, with low winds and no rain.

By noon on that November day Urban was sure he had found just such an inversion and he sent out a transmission to every American weather station: AIR POLLUTION POTENTIAL ALERT. BEGIN HIGH POLLUTION ALERT . . . and then described an area that covered 22 states with 87 million people from New England to Arkansas. The lid was on over 23 major American cities.

Urban's forecast turned out to be accurate. Hartford's level of particles in the air soon rose to 5½ times normal; Albany, 4½ times; Charleston, W. Va., 3 times; Detroit, 3 times. By the fourth day, particles in the Boston-New York area had reached 7½ times normal. In Washington, D.C., at the end of the first day carbon monoxide was 5 times normal. Philadelphia had 8 times its usual oxides of nitrogen, New York 7 times its usual sulfur.

No one knows the effect of this episode on life, health and property. All New York City's homes for the aged reported increased respiratory troubles. Allergists in Washington noted more patients. Massive tragedy may have been avoided by luck. In the middle of the episode a wandering low-pressure mass from Cape Hatteras moved in for two days, bringing fresh air, and then moved out, removing some of the bad air. Then the graphs of pollution began to rise again, but from a lower level.

It was important for local officials to have Doyle Urban's warning, yet most cities had no air-pollution agencies. Of those that did, only 65 percent got the alarm, and of those, only a third took any action, such as warning institutions with respiratory and heart patients and alerting industries that put waste into the air to stand by to cut back operations.

In most cities the inversion and rising pollution were not understood. But they were felt. Visibility was reduced, eyes watered, people had sore throats and coughed, those with respiratory ailments felt terrible and undoubtedly more of them died sooner than they otherwise would have. Yet there was no great complaint because, like Londoners before 1952, most Americans regard air pollution as the natural condition of man. They assume that city air was always like this.

Which is why the world owes a debt to kooky old *El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles de Porciúncula.* For it was Los Angeles, Calif., that woke the nation to the perils of air pollution.

Most of the people of Los Angeles came from someplace else in search of clean air, a forgiving climate, rich foliage and expansive views. But after the war, industry mushroomed, and automobiles filled the land. Suddenly Los Angelenos couldn't see their hills most of the time. And their beautiful air hurt them. It still does. Over half the days of the year, those with sensitive tissues suffer stinging eyes, 30 days a year half the people do, and about six days a year everyone has painful, watery eyes. About the same is true with ease of breathing.

Tradition has it that the revolt against stinging eyes and foul air began with the little old ladies from Pasadena. They saw and smelled nearby refineries and, blaming them, began mailing in their gasoline credit cards in protest. According to another tale it all started when Mrs. Norman Chandler, the most influential woman in the county, came out of her front door one morning, noticed that the city was no longer visible, and said to her husband, then publisher of the Los Angeles *Times*, "Norman, you simply must do something about this smog."

All this is a little bit true. The garden-club types in Pasadena did give the refineries a remarkably hard time. And the Los Angeles *Times*, along with the rest of the press, did push for pollution control. But the basic cause of the revolution was that the ordinary voter valued his voluptuous air almost as much as he did his car and freeway, a comparison not without irony.

Clean air became such a hot political issue no politician could avoid it. Mass meetings insisted on action. In 1947 the Los Angeles County Air Pollution Control Board was formed and given power to control everything released into the air in the 4,000 square miles of the Los Angeles basin. The basin, then with 45 separate cities (now with 76), is hemmed in on three sides by mountains and sealed on the fourth side by incoming sea winds, so that everyone breathes about the same air, and no one municipality can protect its own atmosphere. Once it had its law, Los Angeles attacked air pollution with more vigor and sophistication than any community had ever done before, or has since.

Its first discovery was that clean air begins and ends with politics. Unless there is solid support for pollution control and no political finagling with enforcement, the system quickly breaks down. In Los Angeles, as in most places, the initial response of polluters told to clean up was as predictable as religious ritual:

1. It is technically impossible;
2. It is economically ruinous;
3. If you bother me, I'll move my factory; and
4. Take me to your leader.

In most cities such objections win the day. Most political leaders are loathe to force added expense and headaches on big taxpayers and employers.

S. Smith Griswold, for years Los Angeles Air Pollution Control Officer and now a leading federal anti-pollution official, describes a typical experience:

"Some industry would show us their plans, and we'd tell them they wouldn't be permitted to release all that stuff into the Los Angeles air. They'd say they do it everyplace else, no one knows how to prevent it, it is uneconomical to do it any other way. We'd say we were sorry, but no one has a right to poison the air in this county. Then they'd smile and ask who my superior was. I had a list in my top drawer: the names of the five members of the County Board of Supervisors, the elected ruling body. Next day the industry would be back saying, 'OK. What do we do?' In all the years of our operations, the top political leadership never failed to back us up one hundred percent. And we were tough.

"And not one industry ever moved out, except for the makers of crude incinerators banned by law and people who burned junked cars, also banned. And not one industry that had decided to settle changed its mind because we put air-pollution permits into the picture. But a lot of them threatened to."

The second discovery Los Angeles made arose from a misconception. Everyone thought the watering eyes, gasps and stenches were caused mostly by the refineries. Refineries do emit an impressive collection of smells and gases. This used to be considered "inevitable." Los Angeles proved it is not, and today has the cleanest refineries in the world.

Despite a massive reduction in refinery, industrial and open-burning emissions, however, the smog did not go

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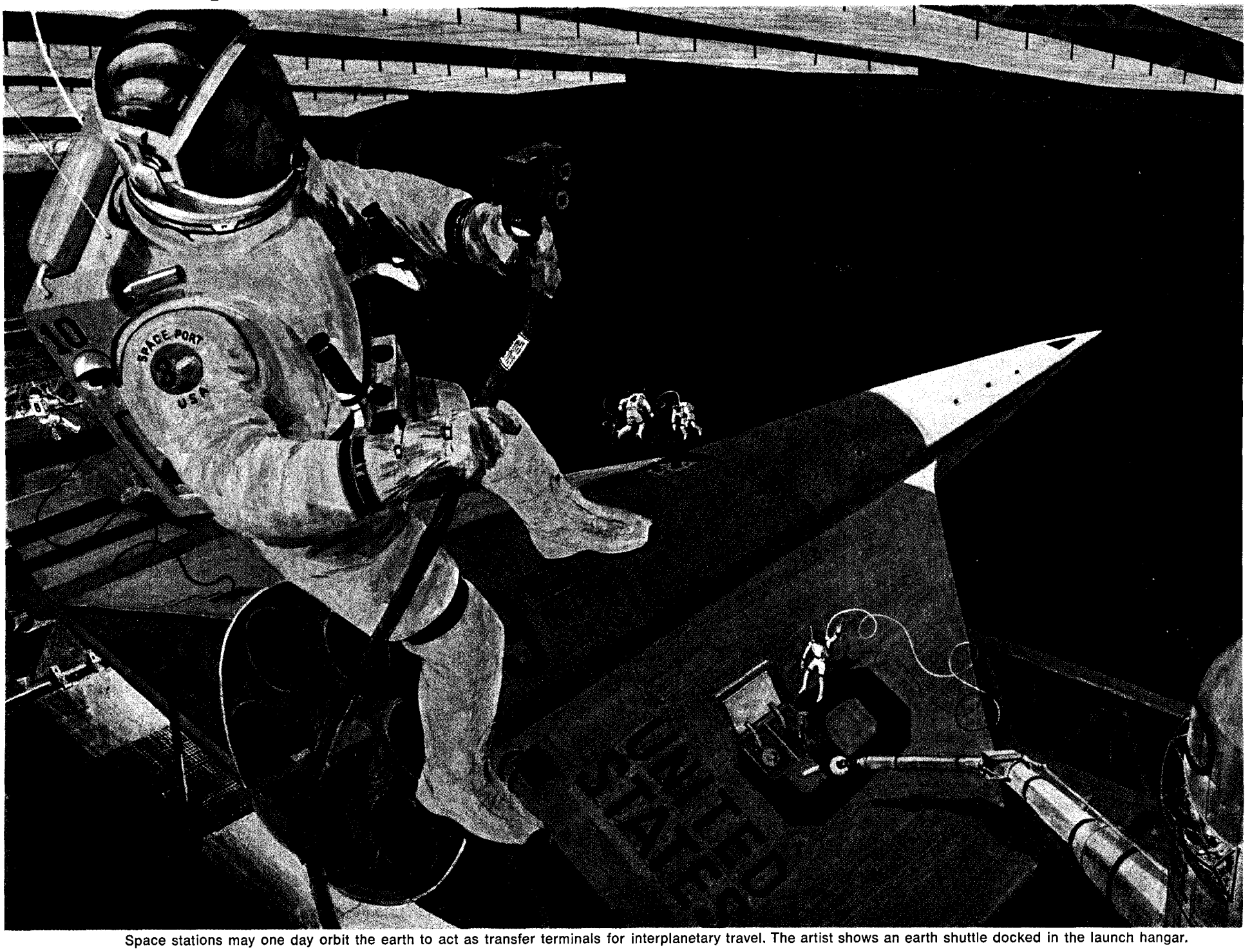
For earth travel, a Tiger in your tank...

for future space travel, radiation protection.



Space stations may one day orbit the earth to act as transfer terminals for interplanetary travel. The artist shows an earth shuttle docked in the launch hangar.

Humble research is working to develop an *anti-radiation pill* that could have great importance in military and medical use—and in safeguarding our astro-pioneers in the radiation belts of outer space.

Surprised? It's our job to help America get wherever she wants to go—by land, sea, air or space.

Of course, this same kind of years-ahead research also gives you an advanced gasoline for your car. High-energy Enco Extra has the high octane to meet the needs of the latest models and the power to clear away deposits and safeguard their engines for many extra miles of "Happy Motoring."®

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HUMBLE
RESEARCH WORKS WONDERS WITH OIL

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away. It got worse. Hydrocarbon pollution dropped with the refinery program but then in 1960 began to creep upward again, though refineries were putting out less than ever. Carbon monoxide kept right on climbing during the industrial cleanup, until today it is four times worse than it was in 1940. Why did the pollution turn upward?

Los Angeles originally had the same ratio of pollution as the national average for the country: 40 percent from stationary sources (chimneys, smokestacks and open fires) and 60 percent from cars, trucks and buses. Today Los Angeles is closer to 10 percent from stationary sources, though industry and population have more than doubled during this reduction, and 90 percent from motor vehicles.

To the public the most obvious vehicular offenders are the trucks and buses whose Diesel exhausts are clearly visible and unpleasant to smell. Los Angeles cracks down hard on them.

But despite appearances, Diesels are not the real problem. A large fleet of pollution control officers in cruiser cars checks on truck exhausts, but an even larger one checks on automobile exhausts, for it is the automobile that emits the great volumes of pollutants. Each car without anti-pollution devices produces an average of seven pounds of wastes a day, enough collectively to put down a lethal layer of poisons two feet thick over the entire basin. This discovery was enough to alarm Los Angeles, an area where winds are typically mild and inversions frequent and low.

A car pollutes the air in four ways: from its gas tank, from its carburetor (both give off evaporated gasoline), from its crankcase vent and from its tail pipe. Of the hydrocarbons, mostly evaporated or unburned fuel, 10 percent come from gas tank and carburetor, 30 percent from the crankcase vent and 60 percent from tail pipe, out of which also come all of the carbon monoxide and oxides of nitrogen.

Elimination of the 30 percent of hydrocarbons from the crankcase is relatively simple. A pipe can refeed the raw gas back to the intake manifold. Redesign of engines can reduce carbon monoxide by 50 percent and hydrocarbons by 65 percent. California required the automobile industry to produce such cars in that state beginning with 1966 models, and the result has been a marked improvement. The Federal Government followed suit for all cars, and the auto industry has applied its skills and money to achieving a solution.

Thus, as with so many modern air-pollution practices, Los Angeles became the model for the country. Today almost half of all professional anti-pollution workers for local government are in Los Angeles, 25 percent of all local spending in the country for clean air is spent in Los Angeles County (40 percent in California). And no place in the nation approaches the problem with more care. Every industry in Los Angeles County needs a pollution permit before it can build or operate, and this requires a showing of every pound of material going into the process and an accounting of every pound coming out, with the assumption that anything unaccounted for has gone into the air.

Los Angeles, and the country at large, still must cope with 95 tons of polluting gases and particles put into the air every year by motor vehicles. Transportation contributes 60 percent of all national contamination of air. Even when all new cars have some exhaust controls, the problem will be far from solved. There are 5 percent more cars in the country every year. In the 1980's automotive monoxide and hydrocarbons will be back where they are today. By 2000 they will be double the 1966 levels. The ultimate answer, in the opinion of most pollution authorities, is a basic redesign of the way Americans power their private cars.

Redesign is no longer considered too much to hope for, in the light of the Los Angeles experience. Faced with the strict law and strict enforcement, Los Angeles industries were forced to design their machinery with pollution in mind and to put high-caliber engineering talent on the job. From 1948 to 1965 Los Angeles industries produced 64 major air-pollution control techniques never known before. In most cases the initial insistence was that it couldn't be done.

One refinery used to make life miserable for surrounding communities with huge quantities of hydrogen sulfide that caused vomiting and turned house paint black. Now it captures it all, pipes it to a plant that sells the resulting sulfur and sulfuric acid. The profit from these sales has paid for the $1,250,000 cost of capturing the gas. The same refinery used to release tons of carbon monoxide. Forced to convert it to harmless carbon dioxide, it discovered this generated enough heat to make steam for the whole refinery, which more than paid for the $1 million cost of the control.

There is a steel mill which used to dump 15 tons of iron oxides and other dust onto its neighborhood every day and now drops negligible amounts. Because of this there is a low-income working woman who has everyday advantages of life that Mrs. Henderson, the penthouse dweller in Manhattan, does not have and couldn't buy for a million dollars. The Los Angeles woman, her face framed in pink plastic hair curlers, said, "I work the night shift in the glass factory, and sometimes I used to forget to bring my sheets in from the clothesline in the evening. By the time I got back from work in the morning, those sheets would be black, and I'd have to wash them all over again. Now if I can't take my wash in overnight, it's still clean in the morning."

There are steps any community can take now. It can sample its air to find what is in it. It can make a careful inventory of everything that goes into its atmosphere or drifts in from the outside. It can analyze its weather history to see how often and how severe its inversions are. And there is action that most cities need to take but have not:

- Open trash and garbage burning can be outlawed. About a quarter of all communities in the country are plagued by dump fires. Crude incinerators can be forbidden.
- Black smoke is still a menace, though there is no need for it. Eliminating it costs money, but so does fire prevention.
- Sulfur dioxide from burning coal and oil also is manageable, but it requires a basic change in the use of fuels. No feasible way has been found to remove sulfur from coal, but not all coal contains dangerous quantities of it. Natural gas has very little sulfur. Oil can be desulfurized, including the heavy residual oil used by many power stations. Desulfurizing fuel would accomplish a giant step in improving urban air.
- Most burning and discharges into the air can be drastically sanitized, as Los Angeles proved, by meticulous care in designing the industrial process and by a variety of devices for screening, washing or filtering wastes before their release to the outside.

Slowly the Federal Government has taken measures to try to reverse the upward curve of dirty air. It started in 1955 with an appropriation of $186,000. Thanks largely to Sen. Edmund S. Muskie of Maine, there is now a growing national program, begun in earnest with the Clean Air Act of 1963.

In accord with this program, the automobile industry is installing anti-pollution controls on all new 1968 cars sold in this country. Communities polluted by sources across a state line now can call for federal aid, as can any local government that says its own problem is beyond its capacity to handle. And the national government is developing techniques for controlling pollution and programs for training technicians so desperately needed in cities and states. It will double any money that localities put up to cleanse their own air.

Nevertheless, the national atmosphere continues to get worse. The country has more gasoline, more fuel oil, more trash to burn every year, more people to do it, more of them congregated in cities already polluted, but no more air than before. A third of the states have no one concerned with their air, and most of the remainder have only a token employee. It is estimated that a good local air-pollution program costs 40 to 50 cents per capita a year, but most places spend nothing.

A total program that with present knowledge could *reduce* the pollution levels would cost three billion dollars a year. Such a program might even stem the appalling growth of respiratory disease among urban Americans.

When President Johnson signed the Clean Air Act Amendment last October, he quoted author Rachel Carson: "In biological history, no organism has survived long if its environment became in some way unfit for it, but no organism before man has deliberately polluted its own environment."

This summer I was driving down a Los Angeles freeway with John Sheehan, a businesslike, 38-year-old graduate engineer who inspects refineries for the county air-pollution district. He pointed through the windshield and informed me that the Hollywood Hills were 10 miles in front of us and that years ago you could see them quite clearly most of the time. That day there was nothing but a light-brown blankness. The air-pollution index printed in the paper that morning had not been particularly high, but the surrounding haze obliterated the land, irritated the eyes and caused a dryness like the onset of a sore throat.

"Now look out your window, straight up," he said.

Directly overhead was a brilliant, blue, clear sky.

"The inversion today is at maybe one thousand feet," Sheehan said. "So straight up you're looking through only one thousand feet of smog. Down here you're looking straight through ten miles of it. And breathing ten miles of it. Just one thousand feet over us the air is clean and clear and full of that good old oxygen."

Sheehan shrugged. "But, of course, you and I are down here."

We're all down here. □

Hazel by Ted Key

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Because he's doing his homework!! Over."

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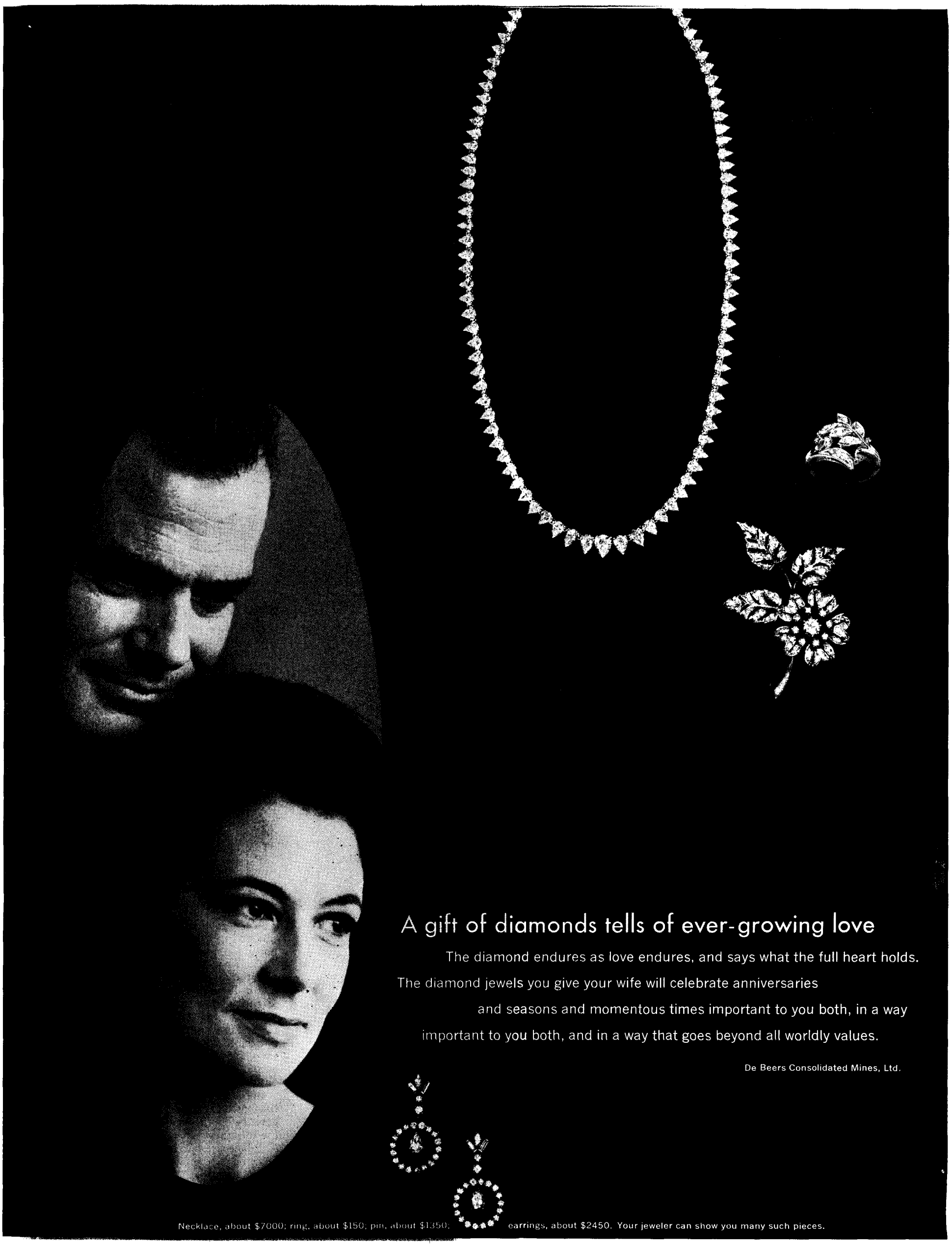

A gift of diamonds tells of ever-growing love

The diamond endures as love endures, and says what the full heart holds. The diamond jewels you give your wife will celebrate anniversaries and seasons and momentous times important to you both, in a way important to you both, and in a way that goes beyond all worldly values.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

Necklace, about $7000; ring, about $150; pin, about $1350; earrings, about $2450. Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.

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"Manhunts," says Sheriff Owen, "are like a rundown on the bases. You put pressure on and keep narrowing the area."

'I'VE BEEN LIVING WITH IT A LONG TIME'

The office of the sheriff of Greene County, Mo., is in the basement of the three-story, white-marble county courthouse in Springfield. It was 8:30 in the evening, and the sheriff was alone at one of the desks, and the deputy who had the duty in the dispatcher's booth had slid back one of the glass panels, and the voice of a woman—high-pitched and nasal—was coming over a radio into the room.

"You got an Indian down there named Sam?" the woman's voice was saying. "Don't know his last name. Carries a knife."

The sheriff, wearing a dark-gray suit but with one of those buff-colored, five-gallon Stetsons pushed back on his head, was studying the Item Report. He was going over those descriptions of wanted subjects and reports of stolen cars and of a fight at a drive-in. "Sheriff?" the deputy said. "This phone is for you."

"Yes, ma'am, this is Sheriff Owen," he said. "What can I do for you? . . . You what? . . . I see. Well, tell me this. Is that man your husband? . . . Then you're still married to him? Well, all I can tell you is that you'll have to bring some kind of charge. You're legally married, and there isn't much we can do . . . I understand that, but that's his home, too, and all we can do. . . ."

There had been, you see, this news paragraph in a sports magazine. It had said that Mickey Owen is now a sheriff in Missouri, and that he had hooked up with another sheriff on a jailbreak manhunt and tracked down the three fugitives. That was all right, but then it also had said that "considering how he had flubbed that third-strike pitch—and the whole 1941 World Series in the bargain—it was encouraging to see the old Dodger catcher hold onto something."

Of course he didn't lose the whole Series. He lost the fourth game, and the Series went into the fifth game before the Yankees wrapped it up, but that's the way they remember it.

"I believe I saw that item," the Mick said, when he came off the phone, "but it didn't bother me. Right after that thing happened—by the time I

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Just 25 years ago

Dodger catcher Mickey Owen

flubbed a third strike

and became

a World Series goat.

Today he's playing in a

bigger league—

and his catching looks

flawless.

By W. C. HEINZ

In '41 Series, umpire Goetz signaled 'strike three' on Yank batter Henrich. But ball skittered away from catcher Owen.

got to the clubhouse—I told myself I'd have to learn to live with it. I've been living with it a long time now."

On October 5, at 4:35 P.M., New York time, it will be exactly 25 years. They don't remember the names of the Army and Navy brass who, two months later, were looking the other way at Pearl Harbor, but they remember Mickey Owen. Eight years ago the Red Sox were playing the Orioles a night game, and Ted Williams was having lunch in a Baltimore restaurant. We were talking about the only good story there is in sports, or in anything, which is man against adversity.

"Take Mickey Owen," he said. "When he came home from playing in Mexico, to make a living he barnstormed from town to town, catching for what he could get. In one town he actually had to challenge a guy to a fight to get his money. The only thing they remember about him is that he dropped that third strike, but he was a helluva good ballplayer, and it's a shame."

The Mick is 50 years old now and about 15 pounds over his old playing weight of 170; his dark-brown hair is getting a little gray, and he's recently taken to bifocals. He's only been in office since January 1, 1965, but he's already had one break out of his own jail, and he's been in with his men and dogs on two others, and on one teen-age riot that just about wrecked a summer resort. On four manhunts they've helped track down murderers and kidnapers and bank robbers.

"These manhunts," the Mick says, "are like a rundown on the bases. You use the same tactics. You get in there and put the pressure on and keep narrowing the area."

In addition to the 13 years he played in the majors, he also played and managed in Mexico and in Puerto Rico and Venezuela, and then he lived through that barnstorming that Ted Williams talked about. To stay around the big leagues that long and catch 1,209 games, Owen had to have something going for him. What he had was a fine arm, and he was quick back of the plate and, although overhand righthanders gave him trouble, and there are a lot of those, he had a lifetime batting average of .255. He set the National League record for catchers of 511 fielding and throwing chances accepted without an error in regular-season games, and he made four All-Star teams. He played in two of those games, and in 1942, at the Polo Grounds, when the American League won, 3-1, he hit the first pinch-hit homer in All-Star history. In those 13 years in the majors he figures he caught more than 150,000 pitches, but the shame of it is that they remember only the one that got away.

"I don't get any mail on it anymore," the Mick says, "and people who know me don't bring it up, but when I meet new people they'll somehow get around to it.

"The way it happened," he says, and he's told it so many times that it comes out almost as a recitation, "was the Yankees won the first game at the Stadium, 3 to 2, and we won the second by the same score. At Ebbets Field the Yankees beat us, 2 to 1, and now we're in the fourth game, and we're ahead, 4-3, in the ninth inning with two out and nobody on base and three balls and two strikes on Tommy Henrich.

"Hugh Casey was pitching—he'd come on in relief—and he had two curves. He had the big sweeping curve that he'd tried a couple of times earlier in the game, but it had hung. Then he had the quick curve that was working real good. When I called for the curve, I was looking for the quick one, but Casey rolled off that big one, and it really broke."

Tommy Henrich, now a stock broker in Columbus, Ohio, remembers it that way, too. "With the count against me," Henrich says, "I'm just guarding the plate. It came in chest high, and that ball broke like no curve I'd ever seen Casey throw. As I start to swing I think: 'No good. Hold up.' That thing broke so sharp, though, that as I tried to hold up, my mind said: 'He might have trouble with it.' If you take a look at the picture of it, you'll see that I'm already looking back over my shoulder. I'm expecting him to lose that ball."

"Anyway," the Mick says, "you know that Henrich swung at it and missed, and it took me by surprise too. I just didn't get my glove turned enough, and the ball bounced off the heel and rolled over to the Brooklyn dugout. By the time I got it, there was no play on Henrich at first base."

After that, instead of the game being over and the Series tied at two wins apiece, it was Custer-count-your-men. Joe DiMaggio singled. With two strikes on him Charley Keller doubled. Bill Dickey walked. Joe Gordon doubled. The Yankees won that game, 7 to 4, and the next day they won 3 to 1 and closed out the series.

"My first feeling," the Mick says, "was surprise and then disgust. After that I was kinda numb, like I'd been hit with a real good right-hand punch. I kept asking myself: 'How did I do it? How did I do it?' Then I made up my mind I'd have to live with it. I'd always been able to take adversity pretty good, and I reasoned that I'd been trying my best. At other times I'd dwell for weeks on a pop fly I hadn't gone back on, or if I hadn't backed up first base, but this time I had tried."

By the time the sportswriters got to the clubhouse, somebody had started the word that Casey had thrown a spitter, but the Mick denied that and, with Casey dead now, he still does. Then Leo Durocher, who was managing the Dodgers, said that if the cops hadn't rushed right onto the field to protect the infield, the Mick might have thrown Henrich out, but the Mick refused that too.

The banner across page 21 of *The New York Times* read: OWEN SHOULDERS ENTIRE BLAME FOR BLUNDER WHICH OPENED GATES TO YANKS.

"They came to interview the goat of the series," Arthur E. Patterson wrote in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "and many of them left with the feeling that the battered catcher was a hero—heroic in the courage he showed by taking all the blame for the latest misfortune of his teammates."

"Then the people were nice," the Mick says. "I got about 4,000 wires and letters from all over. I had offers of jobs and proposals of marriage. Some

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Dodger pitcher Ed Head (23) tries to assist teammate Owen (10) during brawl with Cardinals' Walker Cooper.

Old Diz said, 'As long as you're afraid of losin', you'll never be a winner.'

Sheriff Owen briefs his deputies in Springfield, Mo., headquarters after alert was sounded for a missing child.

MICKEY OWEN

girls sent their pictures in bathing suits, and my wife tore 'em up. Actually, I was a better ballplayer after that, because I knew I could take it—like a fighter takes a fella's best punch—and maybe a better man too."

I don't know what kind of a man he was before it happened, but I have a pretty good idea of what kind of man he's been since. I mean, we all drop a third strike at some time, but most of us do it, at the worst, in semiprivacy. On that hot and humid Sunday afternoon, though, the Mick dropped his on the big stage of sport with the whole country knowing it and never forgetting, and that kind of thing could take a permanent tuck in a man's try.

"Not with me," the Mick says. "I don't know, but maybe it made me try even harder. Dizzy Dean once taught me something that I never forgot. We had this pitcher with the Cardinals who wasn't going too good, and he said to Diz, 'What changes should I make?' Old Diz said, 'Don't change a thing about your pitchin'. The reason you don't win is that you're afraid to lose. As long as you're afraid of losin', you'll never be a winner.' I'm not afraid of losing."

Owen certainly wasn't afraid of losing when he ran for sheriff—a Democrat in a Republican county, with no experience in law enforcement, going against a man who had 16 years in the job. Long before that he wasn't afraid of losing, either, when he jumped the big leagues to go to Mexico.

That was in April of 1946, right after the Mick got out of the Navy, and he was one of those 20 big-league ballplayers who went to play for Jorge Pasquel, the Mexican millionaire who, with his four brothers, tried to start their own major league. Most people thought the Mick went for the money, but he says that's not so. He says he's never done anything just for the money, that he's been broke most of his life, and that he still is. He says he went to find out what it would be like, and he found out one day when Jorge Pasquel's bodyguard pulled a knife on an umpire, and another day when he found himself wrestling a pitcher for a gun.

"That was when Babe Ruth came down as a guest of Jorge," the Mick remembers. "They had the biggest crowd I'd ever seen in Mexico, so Jorge asked the Babe to hit a few. Now we had this pitcher who was no good for batting practice because he had a delivery that was just hard to hit. He's out there throwin' and throwin', and the poor Babe is out there swingin' and swingin'.

"Finally the manager of the other team comes out with his pitcher that anybody could hit. That started one of those Latin arguments, with one pitcher tryin' to push the other off the mound. Finally they quiet that down, and the new pitcher throws one up, and the Babe hits it nine miles up into the stands, and the crowd goes crazy.

"After the game we're in the clubhouse, and the fight starts all over again. I'm bare naked, and I'm trying to get them apart, and one of them is still in his uniform, and he's stepping all over my feet with his spikes. Finally we stop that, but all of a sudden here he comes again with this hogleg revolver—one of those big, old western type forty-five's. Now I'm wrestling him all over again, with my feet getting stomped on some more, until we push him out the door, and the police get there."

That Mexican excursion lasted only four months, but when the Mick got back he found that, like the other jumpers, he was banned from organized baseball. That next spring—the spring of 1947—he decided to become a livestock auctioneer, and that's how he got into barnstorming.

"I'd heard about this fella up in Creston, Iowa, named Harv Duncan," he says. "He was about seventy-five years old, and he ran Duncan's Auctioneering School, and he was an expert on shorthorned cattle and Poland China hogs. The trouble was that at the time I went up there the shorthorned cattle were being taken out by the Herefords, and the Poland China by the Spotted Poland China and the Hampshire and the Duroc. These other fields had their own auctioneers, but I'm at the school about two weeks when they ask me to play at a ball game in Woodbine, Iowa.

"I figured they might give me fifty dollars," the Mick says, "but they had a big crowd, and in the middle of the game this old boy came around with a fistful of bills. He says, 'Would you be disappointed with $135?' I told him that'd be all right, and while I'm sitting on the bench the other manager comes up and asks me if I'd like to play ball for his town, and that's the way I got into it."

That first year the Mick auctioneered, helping Harv Duncan sell the purebreds, and played ball games too. The next year he made a deal with Humboldt, Iowa, to catch two games a week for them and manage their team. They guaranteed him $5,000 for the season, and everything over the guarantee that he made barnstorming he could keep. Also, there was an old funeral home there that they let the Mick and his wife, Gloria, and their boy, Charlie, live in rent-free.

Charlie is their only child, and he's 26 now and has three children of his own and is a guidance counselor for the state of Missouri in Springfield. But he was only eight at the time. "I had a uniform for Charlie," the Mick says, "and he was sort of my equipment manager. We had this light blue wreck that wore out a pair of front tires every 4,000 miles and that I tried to sell in every town we hit. Sometimes we'd drive 500 miles for a game, and many's the time I've played an afternoon game in one state and then driven 150 to 175 miles and played a night game in another state."

The Mick says they'd dress in the car, in filling-station rest rooms, in people's homes, in churches, and under the stands where they keep the equipment. He says they dressed in grain trucks that had those closed-in beds, and in Iowa, when the corn was high enough to hide them, they dressed in cornfields. They took baths in horse troughs and in livestock watering tanks and in creeks.

That's the sort of thing that impressed Ted Williams, especially when somebody would mention that third strike. There was Ted, making $100,000 a year playing big-league ball and realizing what the Mick went through in towns like Mitchell, S. Dak., and Pipestone, Minn., and St. Paul, Nebr., with everybody expecting him to hit a home run every time he got up to bat, and those country pitchers trying to get a local reputation by striking him out. Most of them were just big strong-arm kids who could throw a ball through the side of a barn if they could hit it, and sometimes it would be worth the Mick's life just to get up to the plate.

"We ran into some peculiar situations," he says. "In one town the umpire was a Catholic priest, and he put the chest protector on over his habit. On one close play he called this fella out and this fella

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called him a 'blind ——— ——— — ————.' That priest just said, 'All right, I'll accept that because I'm an umpire, but next time remember that I'm also a priest.'"

Emmons, Minn., was the place, though. The Mick had this letter from there, guaranteeing him $200, but he says that when he got there he found out that the manager knew nothing about the business end, and that made him suspicious.

The Mick says they didn't have much of a crowd that day, and he didn't have much of a day. The Mick walked three times, and the best he hit was a fly ball to left field.

"Now the game is over," he says, "and I still haven't found the fella who signed the guarantee. They've got black dirt up there, with a little sand in it, so I'm dirty, hot, itchy, unpaid and angry. I drive the car into town and park it, and I tell Charlie. 'Now you stay here, and whatever happens don't get out of this car.'

"The first place I go," the Mick says, "is the Emmons post office, but they tell me they don't know the fella there. Then I go to the Emmons grocery store and the Emmons implement company and the Emmons lumber yard. The last one is the Emmons hardware store, and I know everybody's giving me the go-round. In fact, I can tell from the women and children in the windows how I'm doing. When they leave the windows, I know I'm not doing so good, but as I get close to the hardware store, I see them all watching, so I know my man's in there.

"Now in this store there's seven or eight men, and when I ask for this fella nobody says a thing. There's one there behind the counter, though—about six-two and 225 pounds—that, for some reason, I figure is the one I want. I go up to him, and I ask him right to his face, and he says yes, he's the fella who wrote the letter, but he's not gonna pay me. I said, 'All right. I may not get my money, but I'm gonna get some satisfaction.'

"With that he comes around the counter and I start for him, but there's an old fella there. He says, 'Wait a minute. We don't want any trouble.' He goes into his pocket, and then he goes over to the cash register, and he says, 'Will you take a hundred?' I said, 'Yes.' I put that hundred in my pocket and, with those women and those kids still watching in the windows, I got into the car.

"Charlie said, 'What happened?' I said, 'We got $100.' They were still looking out the windows when we drove off."

That could have been some go-round with the big guy in that hardware store, because the Mick has never backed off from a fight. One day, while he was still catching for the Dodgers, the Dodger pitchers were throwing at the Cardinal hitters, and big Walker Cooper, who was catching for the Cardinals then, spiked Augie Galan crossing first base, and the Mick jumped him. The Mick stands five-ten, and Cooper must have had five inches and maybe 40 pounds on him, and he just picked the Mick up and dumped him on the ground, and it was one of the great brawls of baseball. The Mick says that Ed Head, who was his roommate, was belting Walker Cooper in the rib box, and that Leo Durocher kicked him as hard as he could in the kidney, but it didn't slow Walker Cooper.

"I took quite a beating," the Mick says. "My body protector was torn to pieces, and my shirt was ripped off, and my shin guards were gone and, I'll tell you, the next day I had some trouble getting out of bed."

Then there was the time in Brooklyn when four fans got into a fight with an usher. One of them stabbed the usher in the neck with a fountain pen, and another knocked his teeth out, and the Mick and Dixie Walker and Pete Reiser and Arky Vaughan went right up into the stands. Each of them picked a man, and the Mick landed so hard with a left hook that his man went over the railing and his head hit the concrete. They carried all four fans out on stretchers, and the one the Mick hit sued him for $10,000. The case was settled out of court and the Mick remembers that they just exchanged dollar bills and signed some papers.

In June of 1949 the Mick quit barnstorming when he and those other Mexican jumpers were allowed back into organized ball. He caught for the Cubs and then the Red Sox until 1954, and in the winter he managed in Puerto Rico and Venezuela. He's the one who changed Hank Aaron from a second baseman to an outfielder, and there's another major-leaguer who owes something to him too. "Down in Puerto Rico," he says, "we had this shortstop. All they were paying him was $400 a month, and he had a family back in Washington, D.C., and one day he came to me and said he couldn't live on the money, and he wasn't getting anywhere, and he wanted to quit.

"So I sat him down and I said, 'Now, you can make all the plays at shortstop, and you're the best base runner I've ever laid my eyes on, but your hitting keeps you out. As a right-handed hitter, when you're up against a right-handed pitcher with a good fast ball who can get the curve outside, you look like you can't hit Molly Putts. You've gotta try switch-hitting.'

"So for a week I pitched batting practice to him," the Mick says. "I threw until I couldn't throw anymore, and the first game I called for him to hit left-handed he didn't want to try it but he got three-for-four. He got nine hits in three games—more than he'd had all season up till then."

That ballplayer is Maury Wills, and he broke Ty Cobb's record for most stolen bases in a season, and they say that Los Angeles is now paying him $75,000 a year.

When the Red Sox let the Mick go in 1957, he started scouting for the Cincinnati Reds and then the Baltimore Orioles, and that's what got him into his baseball school, which is now one of the two biggest in the country. "When I was scouting," he says, "the parents would always have me behind the stands, catching some kid pitcher and coaching some kid catcher, and that gave me the idea."

The Mick opened the school, for boys 8 through 18, in 1960 at Miller, Mo., 25 miles west of Springfield. He has seven baseball fields now, four of them lighted, and an instructional area and cabins named after the major-league clubs, and a clubhouse. The school is open from the end of May until the end of August, seven days a week, 9:30 A.M. until 11:30 at night, and in a summer 600 kids from all over the United States will come and go. Up to now nine of those kids have signed bonus contracts, the highest for $75,000 and one for $60,000 and another for $40,000. Several got $20,000 or a little more, and a lot of them have college scholarships.

Of the $250,000 invested in that school, the Mick says, about $100,000 hasn't been paid off yet. When the Mick ran for sheriff two years ago, though, one of the school properties was a

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Deputy George Wester, left, and Owen with two members of canine corps. His dogs have bitten the Mick twice.

The old man reached for his .30/30 rifle and said, 'This is all the law I'm interested in right here.'

beat-up station wagon, and he figures that could have made the difference in the election.

"It had 120,000 miles on it and a dead battery," the Mick says. "You see, when I filed for sheriff, nobody gave me a chance. They said I couldn't make it because people would regard me as just an old ballplayer, but that only made me more determined. I'd drive around in that old wagon, talking to people, and as I'd finish beatin' on them I'd say, 'Are you gonna help me get elected?' They'd say, 'Yes!' Then I'd say, 'Well, you can start out by helpin' me push this car.'

"I was so broke," he says, "that many times I went on campaigning because I didn't have the money to buy lunch. Instead of eating I'd keep campaigning, and that was a good thing because I was elected by less than 1,800 votes out of 52,000. Those could have been the votes I got when I was talking because I couldn't afford to eat."

The Mick was born April 4, 1916, next to a blacksmith shop in Nixa, Mo. That's in Christian County, which adjoins Greene County on the south. His father was a career Navy man, and when he drew regular duty at San Pedro, Calif., the Mick and his mother moved to Los Angeles. When he was 14 his father died, but the Mick finished at Washington High School, playing ball there and also semipro.

"I'd get seventy-five cents to two dollars and fifty cents a game as an infielder," he says, "so I converted to a catcher, because a catcher got from three dollars to ten dollars. When I got out of high school, no major-league club was interested in me because I was so small, so I went to work loading steel derricks for the oil companies. I guess I built myself up a little, and the next year the St. Louis Cardinals signed me."

It took the Mick just two years to make the Cardinals. That first year he played in Springfield, and while he was in the majors he always lived around there, so he wasn't exactly a stranger when he ran for sheriff.

To understand what this sheriff's job is about, you have to know something about that southwest quadrant of Missouri, and the people who live there. There's industry in Springfield, but outside Springfield it's rolling country with black loam in the bottoms, and there's dairying, and grass farming and poultry raising.

In a lot of counties in these United States about all a sheriff does is sell dog licenses and hand out honorary badges to visiting movie stars, but not in Greene County. Once you get outside of Springfield, about 80 percent of the homes have firearms in them. The people who own the rifles and shotguns are law-abiding citizens, most of them, but every now and then, instead of letting go at the deer or the quail, they'll let go at one another.

"One day," the Mick says, "I get a call from the power company. They've got permission to go through this old fella's property, but he doesn't like the way they're doing it, so he's sitting on his porch with a rifle and firing at them. So I go out there, and I sit down with him and the fella from the power company, and I just get that straightened out when the fella from the power company waves this piece of paper and he says, 'Besides, I've got the law on my side.' With that, the old fella reaches for that thirty-thirty again and says, 'No, sir. This is all the law I'm interested in right here.' It took me three hours and a whole package of Beech-Nut chewing tobacco to talk him out of it."

Then they've got U.S. 60, U.S. 65 and U.S. 66 running right through Greene County, which means they also get their share of interstate crime. Take the Mick's friend, Buff Lamb. Buff Lamb broke his left leg 11 times as a rodeo cowboy and used to drive autos off ramps and motorcycles through buildings in a thrill show, and now he's the sheriff of Christian County. One night Buff Lamb stopped a car that turned out to be loaded with $33,000 worth of loot from Tulsa, Okla., six rifles, two shotguns and three pistols. The driver shoved one of those pistols into Buff's stomach and pulled the trigger, and Buff caught the hammer, as it fell, on the skin between his thumb and the index finger of his right hand. That's how close it was. "You just name your crime," Buff says, "and Mick and I got it."

George Spencer is the chief deputy under the Mick now, but he's been in law enforcement there since 1932, or ever since the Young Brothers Massacre, when Harry and Jennings Young shot and killed the sheriff of Greene County and two of his deputies and the chief of detectives and two other members of the Springfield Police Department. In New York City, not 10 percent of the cops ever fire their guns except on the practice range, and I asked George Spencer how many people he's shot at. "Well," he said, "I tried to count up here a year or so ago. I have shot at and hit eleven men. Only killed two, but three or four of those others I've forgot their names."

The Mick has 50 under him in his department. Although he admits it was all new to him when he got the job, he says deputies are a lot like ballplayers. "You always have the ones who give you a lot of motion," he says, "but that's all it is. You know. They make the easy ones look hard, so I realized I had to make some changes."

Running a sheriff's department, you don't have any farm clubs, but the Mick spoke to a neighbor, the old Yankee scout who signed Mickey Mantle for $1,200, and Tom Greenwade touted him onto a milk-route salesman named George Wester. The Mick says Wester is now one of the best deputies he's got, and he was one of those the Mick took down to Taney County last year when he heard that teen-agers were wrecking Rockaway Beach.

"They estimated 2,500 teen-agers," George Wester says, "and they tore that town up like a tornado hit it. They'd gone into stores and knocked windows out and stolen everything, and they'd even turned the marshal's car upside down in the street. We went down there with six dogs, and Buff Lamb came over with one, and you might say seven dogs controlled 2,500."

The dogs were one of the first things the Mick put in when he became sheriff. He's got a dozen trail dogs and attack dogs and a two-tone trailer for them with each dog's name over its compartment. In the office there's a plaque, and each month one of the dogs is named "Dog of the Month" and gets its name on the plaque.

The trail dogs are bloodhounds—he paid $600 for one pair—and a Doberman pinscher that they call Psycho Joe. He says Psycho Joe looks like he's half asleep on the job, but that he's a great searcher. "His head weaves as if he's got the palsy," the Mick says, "but he gets the job done."

Then he's got his attack dogs—one Weimaraner and the rest German shepherds. He gets them from the dog pound, or from people who call in to say they have a dog they can't handle. "To get a good attack dog," he says, "you want a dog that's had a hard life. You want a dog that's been starved down and abused, but still has a lot of nerve and bite to him."

Every one of the deputies who have charge of these animals has been bitten—not by his own dog but by somebody else's—and the Mick's been bitten twice. The first time was when they went into a house after a burglar, and just as the Mick brought his foot up to kick in the door, one of those German shepherds took a hold on the Mick's rump. The second time was on a manhunt last November, over in the hills of Jefferson County, south of St. Louis.

Eight convicts had broken jail there, and they'd picked up five, but three were still at large and armed when they called for the Mick and his dogs to handle them. It took them three days, because the convicts had put black pepper and deodorant on their shoes, and they searched out over 200 buildings and found three stolen cars and four house-breakings at summer camps before they cornered the three in a farmhouse and sent in the Weimaraner and two of the German shepherds.

"I was the fourth man in," the Mick says, "and those dogs had the subjects lined up all right, but then the two German shepherds tangled. I mean, it was a real dogfight, and they had each other by the jaws, so I reached in, and the next thing I knew one of them had me by the ring finger on my left hand. That's the finger where I wear my wedding ring, and that dog almost had me divorced. I was trying to get my hand out, when some old native came in and he said, 'Blow in his ear. He'll

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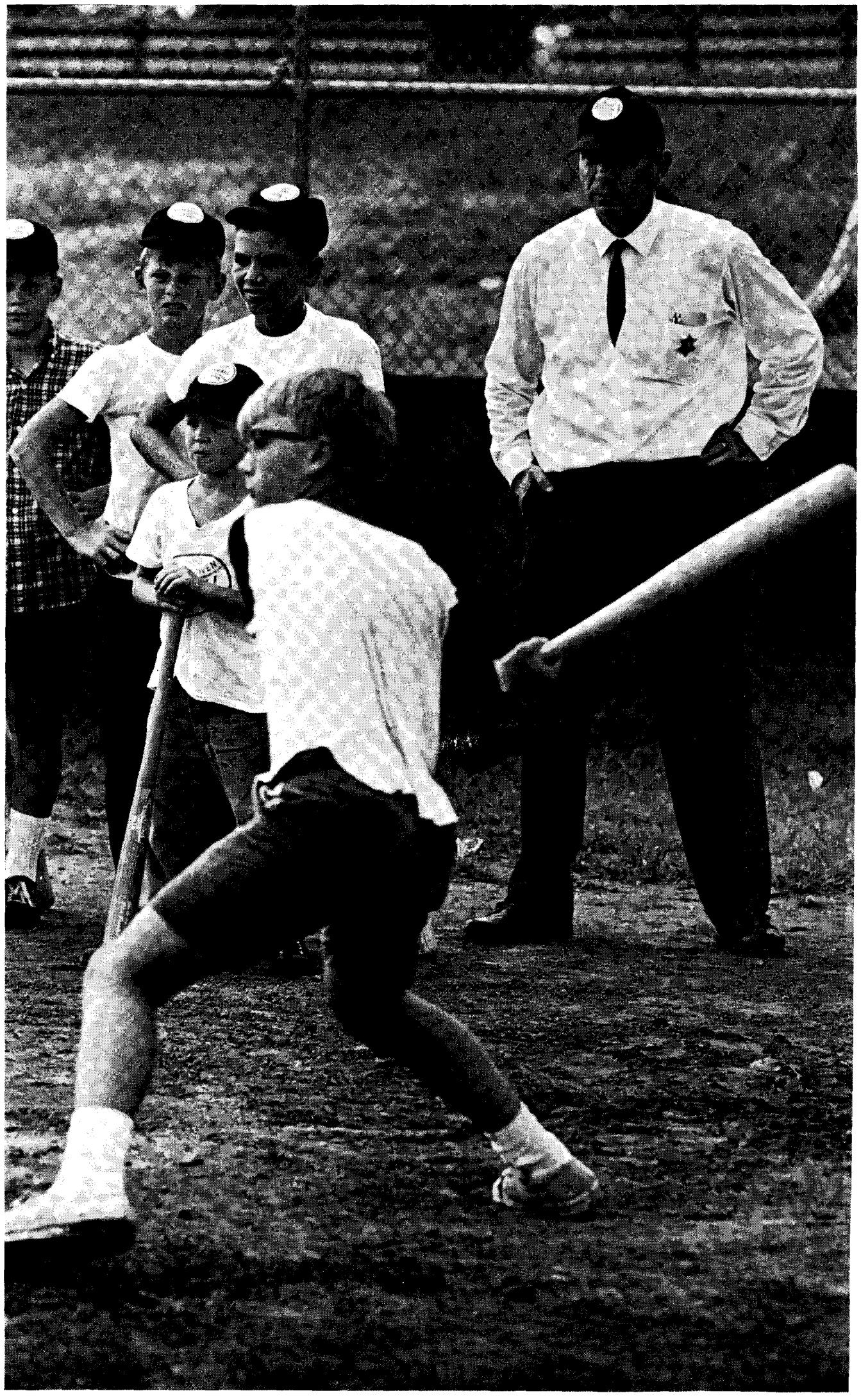
Future ballplayer, or maybe deputy, takes cut at Mick's baseball school. Some 600 youngsters attend each year.



open his mouth.' So I got down there on my knees with that blood running and I blew in his ear and that dog opened his mouth just long enough."

The Mick has spent $4,500 on that canine corps, but he says those dogs are more than worth it, and when a man worries about how much it's going to cost him to do a job, he doesn't get the job done the way he should. His pay is $11,000 a year plus $100 a month housing allowance, but because a prowl car wears out in a year, he had to buy a whole new fleet of 14. The county pays nine cents a mile for the cars, which is the way the cost is retired, and supplies the radios. "All the rest old Mick has to furnish," he says, "but I swore to protect life and property."

In addition to his canine corps, the Mick put in three groups of unpaid volunteer deputies. He's got 48 in his Squad Ten, trained in hand-to-hand fighting for riot control, and they're also used on roadblocks. Then he's got his auxiliary, 12 men who can fill in as dispatchers and patrol with regular deputies in an emergency. Finally he's got his mounted patrol, 36 businessmen who not only don't get paid but also supply their own horses and trailers and uniforms. They wear chaps and cowboy boots and Western hats, and they carry saddle guns and frontier-model Magnums, and on that man hunt last March some of them drove up hauling their horse trailers behind their cars.

The Mick always wanted to be a major-league manager, but he never found the management that believed in him. He says that when the people elected him sheriff, they showed they believed in him, and that being in his job is like being back in the majors. Now he talks about law enforcement the way he used to talk about baseball.

One afternoon at the Glidewell elementary school I heard him speak to 15 women and two babies and two men. And in the Hood Methodist Church in Republic, I counted 56 women and three men. He stands up there in a suit, white shirt and quiet tie, with his right hip bulging a little from that .357 Magnum, and he tells them that, in running his baseball school, he's discovered that when a boy brings cards and dice with him he's usually from the western section of the country, and how boys from the South are more courteous but have such high tempers that, when there's a fight, one of them will usually be in it.

"The ones from the East," he tells them, "are the sharpest. They'll beat any dispensing machine you bring in, and they'll even beat the telephone. As a matter of fact, I've had Easterners tell me to take the machines out because they could not only beat them but actually make money on them."

Then he gets on his favorite subject, which is that too many judges are too lenient, and too many parole boards turn too many criminals loose. "I say, put some of these intellectuals in a prowl car," he says. "I respect them, but I disagree with them because they don't see the criminal the way we see him. When they see him he's captured and contrite. When we see him he's armed and arrogant."

"We're living in a time," he tells them, "when the law violator has a loud voice speaking for him. For instance, we had a child-molestation case, and I couldn't get in my door for the people coming in to plead for the suspect—civil-rights groups, church groups, friends. There was nobody pleading for that little girl and her two parents who'll have to live with it the rest of their lives. When they left they said, 'We are the ones on trial. We are guilty in the eyes of the people.' "

"I don't know," the Mick says later. "I'm doing my best, but when these law-enforcement groups ask me to talk to their kids, I know what they're looking for is five minutes on juvenile delinquency and fifty-five minutes on how to hit the curve." □

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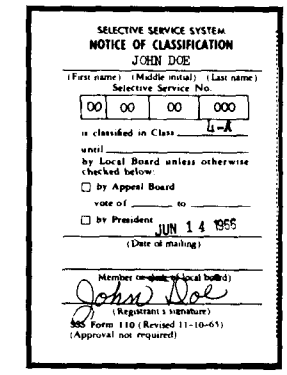
Editorials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The unfair draft

As the draft cuts more and more deeply into the normally placid routine of American life, there have been many assertions that our system of military conscription is unfair. "A monstrosity" is the way Stewart Alsop describes it in his column on page 24 of this issue.

It can be agreed at the start that there is a certain unfairness in any system whatever that compels one young man to confront enemy machine guns in the jungles of Vietnam while another young man continues to enjoy the comforts of civilian life. But if one assumes that the Government has a right to conscript as many soldiers as it needs for military service, and that every able-bodied American citizen has a duty to serve when called, the question is not whether the draft is unfair but whether it is more unfair than alternative systems of conscription. And aside from all questions of fairness, is the Government following the most efficient and sensible course in obtaining the conscripts that it needs?

Critics of the draft offer two alternative plans. One is to abolish all exemptions and conscript everyone of draft age; those not needed for military service would be put to work performing other useful tasks. This has the advantage of reducing the gap between the fate of the drafted and the non-drafted, but it has a much greater disadvantage: Government regimentation of millions of people for no compelling reason of security.

A second alternative, which Sen. Edward Kennedy and others have urged, is a draft by lottery. At first glance, this may seem like an equalizing reform, since many young men who now are exempt would be packed into uniforms and shipped overseas. But although some people may get a vindictive pleasure out of the idea of fragile college students being put through rigorous training, it may be genuinely doubted whether this kind of roulette game really serves the national interest. Lt. Gen. Lewis Hershey, who has directed Selective Service for a quarter century, very definitely feels it does not. "If we want skills that may be critical tomorrow," he recently testified before a House committee, "we should be prepared to defer them [college students] when the needs of the armed forces permit." And even more important, he said, draft by lottery is "the substitution of chance for judgment in an area where we need much more wisdom than we have—the proper utilization of our manpower."

Granted, then, that the draft imposes hardships on a certain number of young Americans, granted that there may be serious differences between various draft boards, and granted that no bureaucracy operates without its share of faults and errors, we think the present system of selective service works better than the proposed alternatives.

U Thant's price

When U Thant announced his retirement as Secretary General of the United Nations, he left open the possibility that he might be persuaded to remain beyond the expiration of his term on November 3. He also indicated, when he spoke of Vietnam, what form that persuasion might have to take: "The cruelty of this war and the suffering it has caused the people of Vietnam are a constant reproach to the conscience of humanity. Today it seems to me, as it has for many months, that the pressure of events is remorselessly leading towards a major war, while efforts to reverse that trend are lagging disastrously behind."

So far, U Thant's role as a peacemaker has been primarily to listen in helpless silence while each side professed its willingness to end the war if only the other side would give up. To U Thant, that role is clearly a frustrating and discouraging one. Of all the crises that confront the U.N., the most difficult and the most painful is that war in which it is permitted to play no major part.

When U Thant became Secretary General five years ago, he seemed a pale shadow of his martyred predecessor, Dag Hammarskjöld. In the years since then, he has done little to capture the world's imagination or its affection, but he has performed a more important service, showing how much can be accomplished by a Secretary General of quiet patience, goodwill and true neutrality. If he cannot be persuaded to remain in office, we shall have a hard time indeed in finding a replacement. If the price of persuading him is to take him more seriously as a mediator in Vietnam, it may be a price well worth paying. If we fail to do so, we may rue it.

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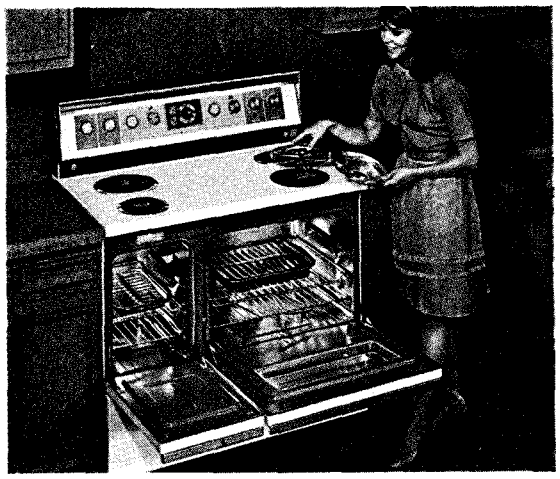

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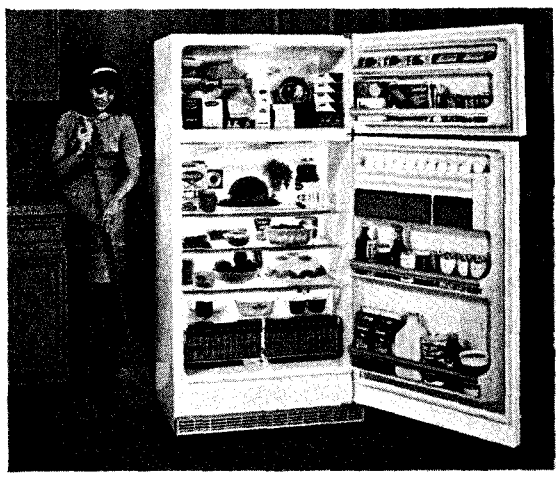

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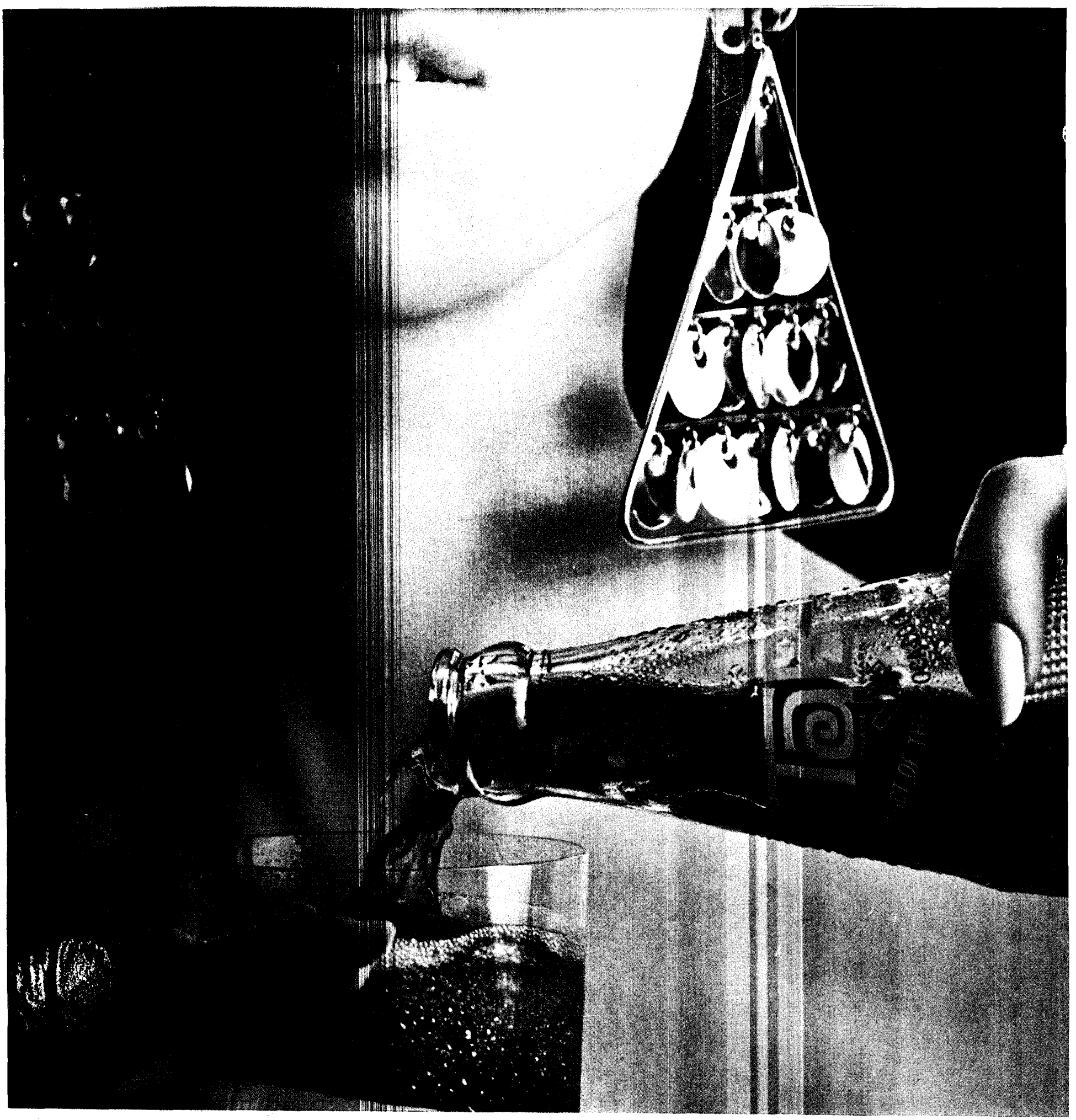

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